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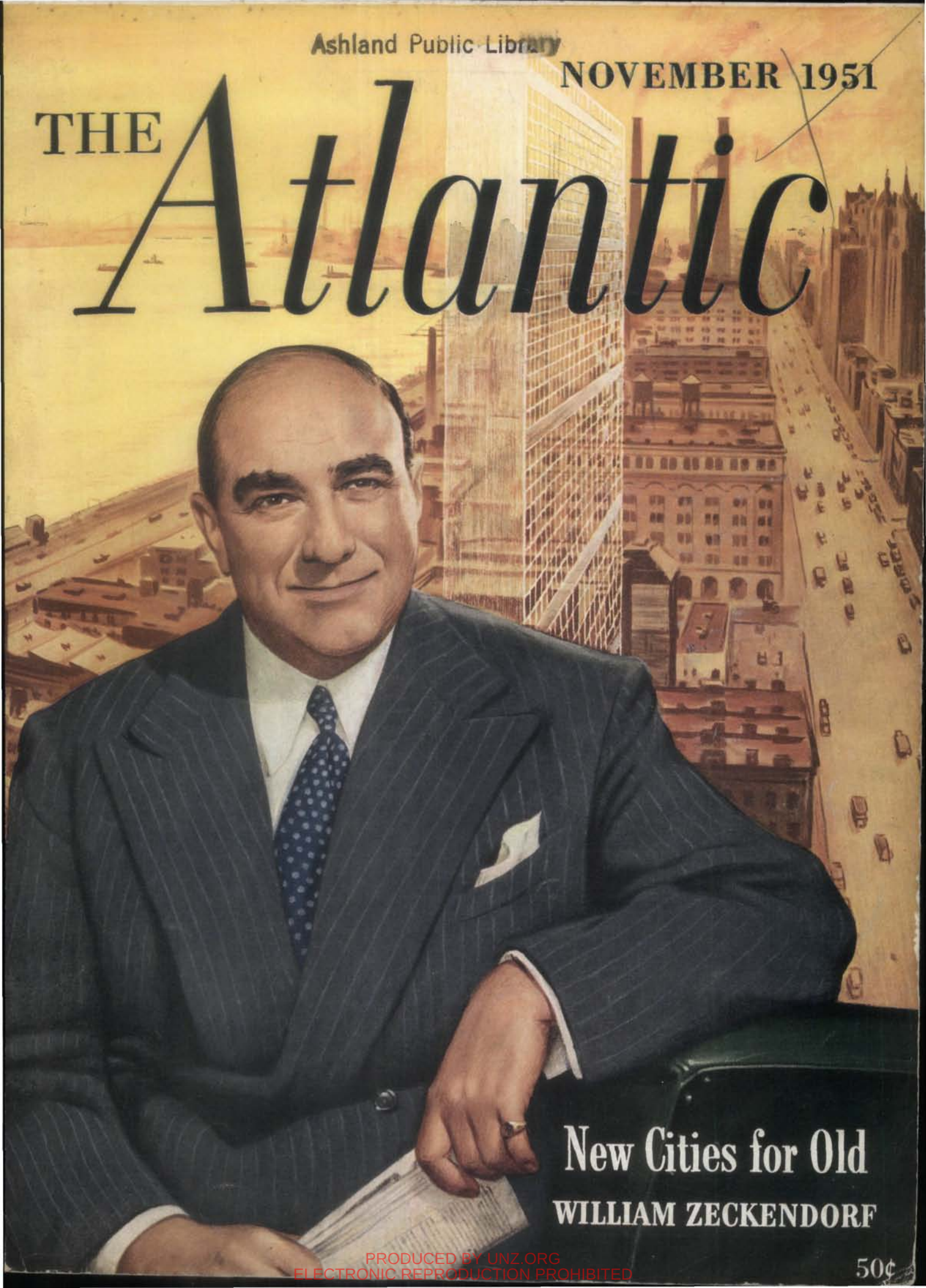

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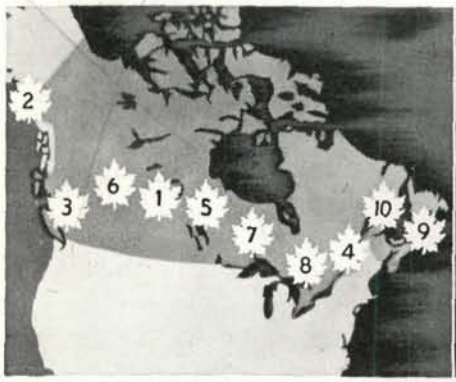

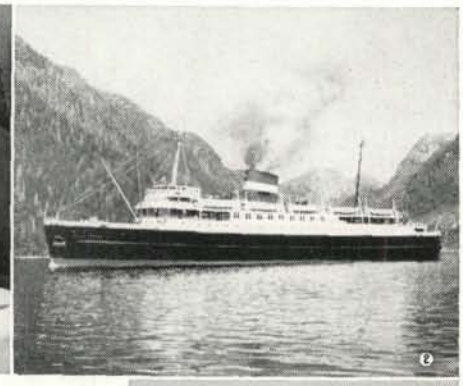

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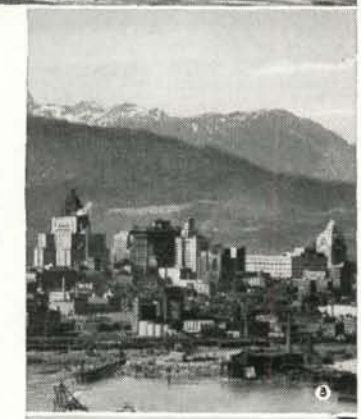

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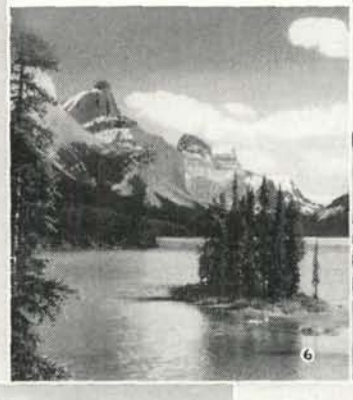

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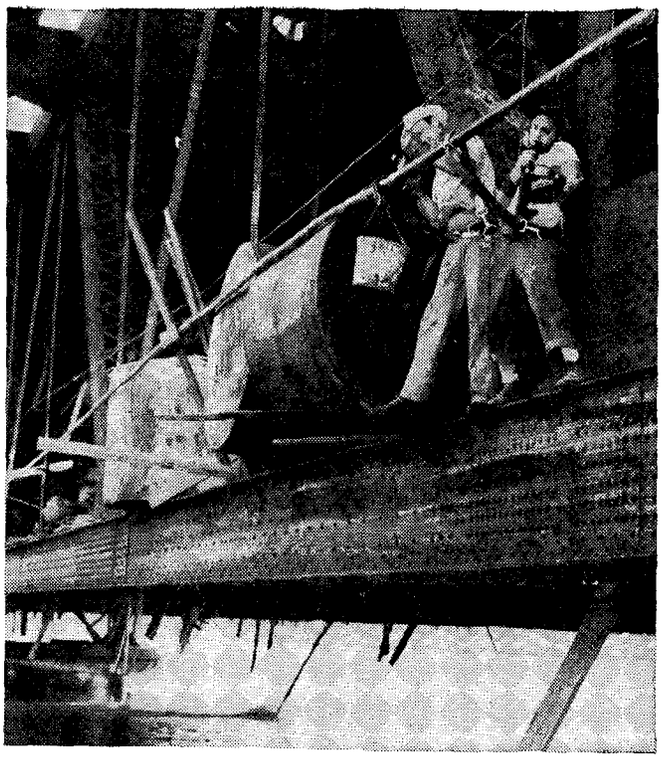

Above the Flooded River. Poised a few feet above the swirling flood, a telephone repairman tests a cable on a bridge between Kansas City, Kansas, and Kansas City, Missouri, while his companion uses a walkie-talkie to co-ordinate repair work. In other places, telephone men were forced to take to boats.

Meeting the Emergency. Telephone people not only worked valiantly to restore service but to keep it going. Dikes were thrown around telephone offices. Switchboards raised above rising waters. Emergency power plants set up. Mobile radio telephones rushed to towns where telephone offices were washed out.

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This points up again that it takes a financially strong telephone company, with a strong supply organization like Western Electric, to give the Nation the service it requires.

Flying to the Flood Front. Part of one hundred Long Distance operators who were flown from NewYork, Louisville and Chicago to Kansas City, Missouri, where a flood of calls followed the flood of waters. With traditional Bell System speed and teamwork, they pitched in to help at busy switchboards in the stricken areas.

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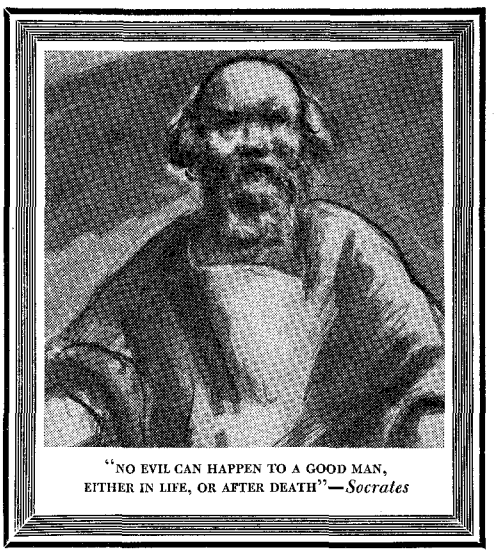
How the Wisest Men of Yesterday Can Help You Today



"NO EVIL CAN HAPPEN TO A GOOD MAN, EITHER IN LIFE, OR AFTER DEATH"—*Socrates*

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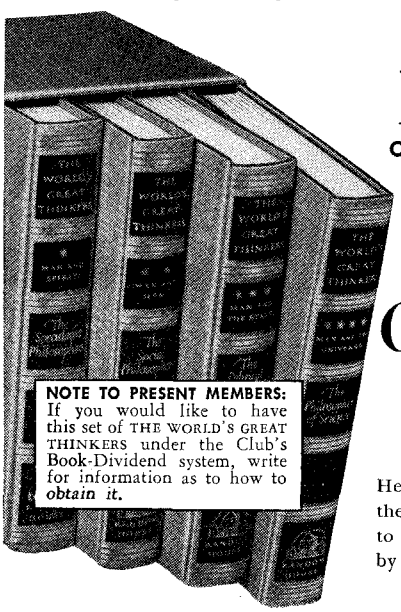

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Washington

SECRETARY ACHESON'S stock has been lifted out of the slump as the result of his performance as presiding officer of the world conference on the Japanese treaty. It seemingly took the television spectacle of the Secretary of State konking Gromyko (and his Polish and Czech aides) on the head to convince millions of Americans that Acheson is no Communist.

The reaction to Acheson's performance has had an extraordinary effect upon Acheson supporters as well as upon the man in the street half indoctrinated with McCarthyism. The Secretary is held to have proved himself a statesman as a result of his perfect exhibition of gavel-banging. President Truman led the chorus. From his statement that Acheson will remain his Secretary of State, it almost seems that Truman hopes to translate Acheson into an asset instead of a liability in the 1952 campaign.

Actually Acheson had little to do with the San Francisco conference. He had left the negotiations and the preparation for the parley entirely in John Foster Dulles's hands. And the conference itself was Dulles's conference. Acheson thought he might be a jinx and did not want to go to San Francisco at all. Aside from his personal feelings, he has always thought that a Secretary of State should stay in the Department, leaving duties outside Washington to others. He came to that conclusion while he was deputy to the globe-trotting Secretary Byrnes. He was persuaded to go to San Francisco by, among others, Mr. Dulles.

Even when Acheson got to San Francisco, he felt he should not take the chair, and again bowed to persuasion. He knew he would have to be the hatchet man, and he has no zest for such a role. To be sure, the State Department denies any such reluctance on Acheson's part, but the word quickly got around, and it came from the delegates themselves. According to the *Manchester Guardian*, Acheson "spent a part of Tuesday evening offering the chairmanship to the highest ego." But the delegates would have no substitute.

Acheson wielded the club with all the quickness of mind and the urbanity of which he is capable, and the "Good old Dean!" comments of the television audience were faithfully recorded in the newspapers. In the public mind the conference had become a battlefield, and public acclaim went to Acheson as a St. George.

There is a chance that Acheson's authority may be further reasserted if there is a deterioration of our relations with Formosa. A scandal has come to light in Chiang Kai-shek's bailiwick. He has discharged two high officers who were his representatives in Washington; but instead of going back to Formosa, these officers are staying here, feeding the press with stories of corruption in Formosa.

The corruption puts some of the Americans associated with Formosa in a poor light and the so-called Formosa-Firsters appear to be alarmed. Senator Knowland and Representative Judd are Chiang's principal backers in Congress. Yet Knowland has publicly complained about Chiang's "inactivity" toward the countercharges of the two Chinese officers, and Judd says that the Chiang-denounced officers are "honorable and loyal."

The results of San Francisco

Le Figaro headed its report from San Francisco "Gromyko Disappoints His Adversaries," and the

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Manchester Guardian headed its story "Mr. Gromyko Declines to Reveal His Hand," saying that the Russians came, saw, and "declined to conquer." Mr. Gromyko simply blustered and blew.

But on second thought, why should the Russians be displeased? They may be secretly delighted, because they live in fear of neighbors ganging up against them, and this treaty, with its alliances, must seem to them an assurance against any get-together by Japan and China.

The defense arrangements in the Pacific are not the counterpart of those in the Atlantic. They are distinct as well as separate. The pacts in the Pacific are all bilateral, with the United States a common signatory. The pacts that the United States has signed with Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines, respectively, are aimed at assuring these countries of America's protection against any revival of Japanese militarism. The pact that America has signed with Japan is aimed at the Soviet Union. Perhaps a Pacific concert may some day be achieved, but that day is far off.

The European army

The Atlantic concert, on the contrary, seems to be drawing near to some degree of political unity. Such a prospect took a great leap forward when the foreign ministers of France and Britain, meeting with Secretary Acheson in Washington shortly after the windup in San Francisco, agreed upon a European army including German contingents. A European army will mean that there will be a supranational authority over the men in uniform contributed by the sovereign states. This is bound to lead to other sacrifices of national sovereignty in order to complement and complete the European organization of military force.

A European army is seen more and more to be the only solution to the general problem of Europe. When Paul Hoffman wanted to make European unity his crusade, he was deterred by the State Department. And Senator Fulbright year after year pleaded for an American declaration, but he never got any aid or comfort from State. Now, however, State regards unity as the only hope for Europe — Europe exclusive of Britain.

The Germans, of course, cannot have their peace contract without some assurance, nor can we get manpower aid out of Germany without a preliminary peace contract. Here is the analogy with the Japanese. The Japanese could not have had a peace treaty without an engagement which would assure them and us that no power or military vacuum would remain in Japan. But there the likeness ends. What we want from the Germans is agreement to join with their fellows in protecting the integrity of Europe, whereas we are content with an exclusive alliance with us by the Japanese.

German participation in a European army is, also, seen as the only way of absorbing any residual demand for the restoration of the lost territories. There would be little hope of preventing such a move by Germany alone if the incentive were to be left to a sovereign German army.

Lovett succeeds Marshall

General Marshall goes into retirement in good health, in good relations with President Truman, and in sympathy with Truman foreign and defense policies. It is Mrs. Marshall's health that has persuaded him to quit. She seems to have almost a physical reaction to the traducers of her husband, who, taking their cue from Senator McCarthy, are charging him with furthering the Soviet plan of conquest.

It is interesting that the President appointed as the new Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett, Marshall's deputy. Hitherto Secretary Lovett hasn't been too well liked at the White House, for he put the crimp in the Truman plan in 1948 to send Chief Justice Vinson to Moscow. Now, however, the White House recognizes that Lovett has a great fund of ability and a dedicated patriotism. Though he works from morning to night, Lovett can delegate work, and this is all to the general good, for his successor as Deputy Secretary of Defense is William C. Foster. Foster, who has been Under Secretary of Commerce and ECA Administrator, is said to be one of the best administrators in Washington. The Lovett–Foster duo will bring about civilian supremacy.

Wilson wants more scrap

Defense Mobilizer Wilson, who began his mobilization career by raising the ire of organized labor, is now upsetting organized business, recently the steel industry. Steel is the centerpiece of rearmament, and Wilson is not satisfied with steel production. The criticism was somewhat surprising. For eighteen months past, the industry has been working virtually at capacity, and output at the year end is estimated at the fabulous amount of 106 million tons. By comparison there is said to be little more than 30 millions of output in Soviet Russia. Plans for expansion of the American industry are likewise being realized on schedule. However, there has been

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a cutback in metal allowed for expansion, so that if there is any lag in this respect, the blame, according to the industrial chiefs, cannot be attached to the industry itself.

The truth is Wilson is afraid of a shortage in scrap metal, one of the ingredients of steel production. Plenty of scrap exists, but Wilson feels that supplies are not being mobilized. Factories, apparently, like housewives, don't bother to turn in used material. Wilson is now thinking of governing raw material allocations to individual manufacturers by the amount of used material turned in.

Other schemes for scrap mobilization are under consideration. Dealers in scrap are smart traders, and it is felt they are hoarding for higher prices. If there is price control, then they may become convinced they cannot get better prices, and unload. Experiments, finally, are being conducted on new methods of screening slag heaps not only for scrap iron but also for manganese, which, it is said, can be reseparated.

All the anxiety in the Capital under this head shows the superimportance of steel. Our allies want access to our steel for fulfillment of their rearmament goals. Wilson caused an outcry with a statement attributed to him that he intended to let Britain have a couple of million tons. He never said any such thing.

And what if steel were exported? The United States imports steel from Germany — special-purpose steel. Why the hue and cry about steel exports to Britain? Surely, as among allies, the criterion of trade should be *economy of effort*, just as the criterion of trade with Iron Curtain countries should be *balance of advantage*.

Teamwork in the West

Neither criterion is considered by some of our narrow-minded legislators, even by officials in the Pentagon. Take, for example, commerce with countries back of the Iron Curtain. There has been much grumbling about British trade with Russia. But Britain simply must have timber and coarse grain from Russia if we do not supply her minimum needs.

To be sure, Britain has done some foolish things in the past, such as allowing excessive rubber exports to

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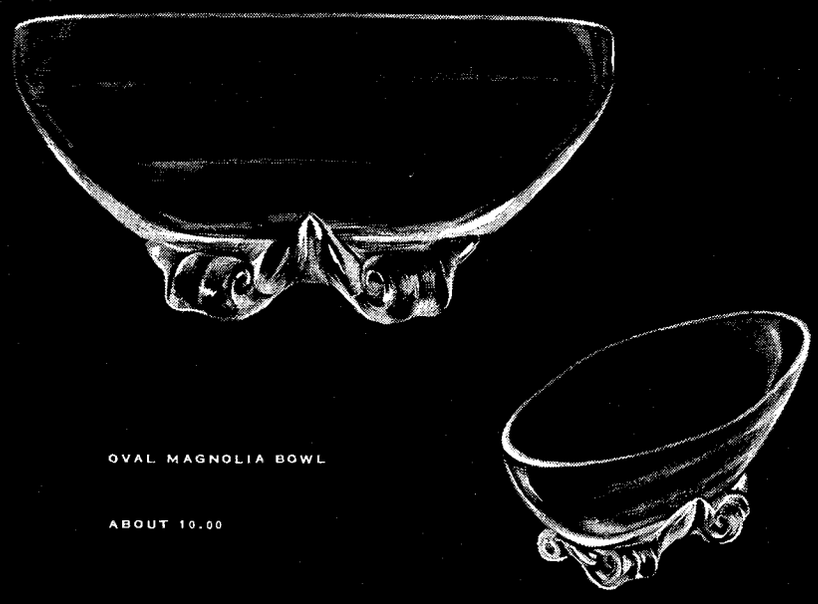

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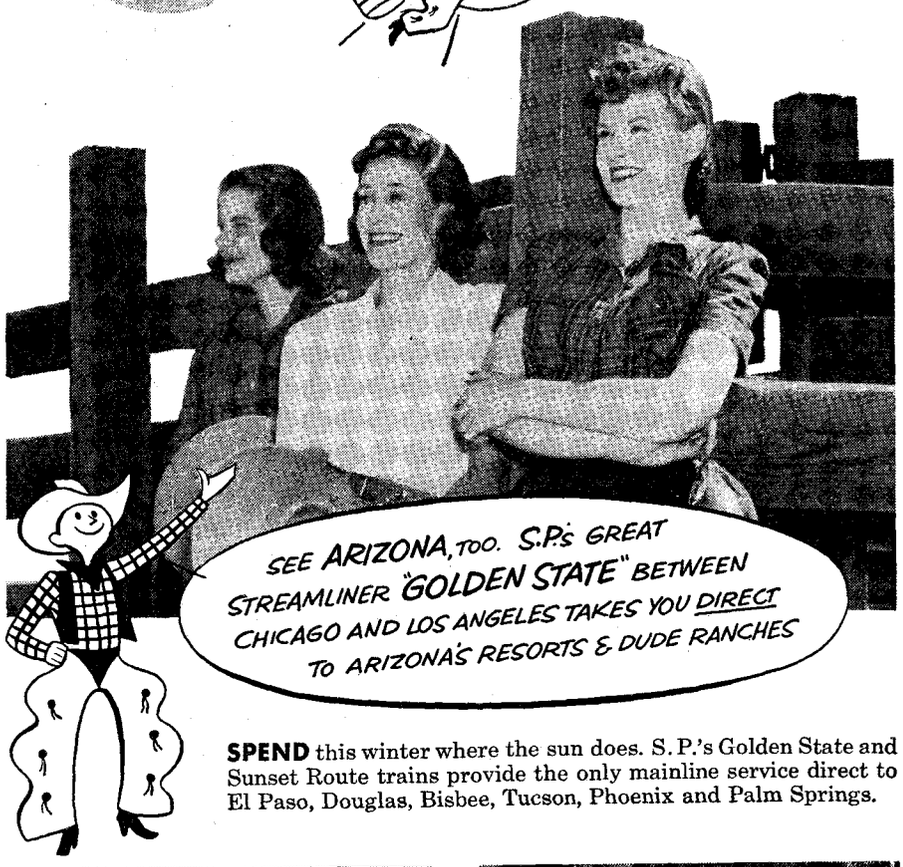

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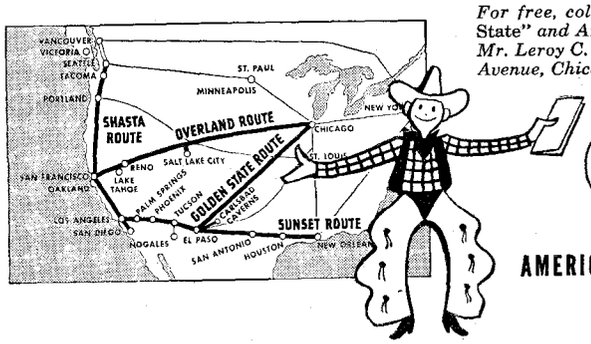

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Red China, and this is undoubtedly one reason why Britain's commerce is regarded nowadays with suspicion. But a sense of proportion is now lacking in the prevailing suspicion.

As for economy of effort, there had been no such thing from the time the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was set up until the September conferences in Washington and in Ottawa. Unused capacity is to be found in almost all the countries in Europe, as, for instance, in the vital ball-bearing industry. There are many workers without jobs in northern Italy. Why cannot they be put to work in making silk for ammunition bags and parachutes for all the member nations? France still pokes along making prototypes for heavy artillery, and Belgium likewise is lagging. The tendency, as General Eisenhower has said, is for the nations to look over each other's shoulder and see what the other fellow is doing.

René Mayer, France's Deputy Prime Minister, was the only European leader who came to Washington and Ottawa with a constructive solution for the lag in arms production. He granted the justice of the disappointment over European performance. He granted the justice of the help for self-help theory underlying our mutual-aid program. But he suggested a mobilization balance sheet.

The Frenchman had a further contribution. If, he said, the United States, out of its fabulous arsenal, produced all the heavy stuff, then the nations in Europe could be made responsible for maintenance and spare parts. This may sound a trifling contribution. But maintenance nowadays means not only care of things: it means staking airfields out of home farms, provisioning for foreign soldiers on home soil, and the like.

The proposal is said to have impressed Wilson and other top officials. If it is adopted, it would mean that the United States would become a sort of mother arsenal. Clearly there would also be an end to the foolish competition for raw materials among member nations of the NATO. In this respect, what the nations have hitherto been doing is selling inflation to each other. However, sound as would be some such scheme, the problem of unused capacity in Europe cannot and will not be neglected.

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Islam

THE Islamic world is in the grip of a revolutionary, anticolonial fever that is rapidly undermining the interest and the prestige of the Western powers in the Middle and Near East and in North Africa. To give some idea of the state of revolutionary ferment, it is necessary to cite only one fact. In the past two and a half years, no fewer than ten prominent personalities have been assassinated in the Near East, the most important of whom was King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan. In many cases the victims were suspected of being too friendly towards one or another of the Western powers.

This atmosphere of intrigue, conspiracy, and assassination has existed in more or less acute form ever since the collapse of the Ottoman Empire in 1918, which created a vacuum of power in the Near East just as it did in the Balkans. To fill it, Lawrence of Arabia dreamed of founding an Arab empire composed of seven associated principalities, but his dreams were shattered by the fanatical individualism and provincial jealousies of the Arab princes who sprang up out of the desert after the tide of Turkish power had receded.

To this day it has been the constant aim of the British Foreign Office to further the cause of Arab union; to this day all efforts in this direction have failed. Each Arab state has jealously guarded its frontiers and maintained a vigilant watch against any imperialistic or ambitious designs on the part of its Arab neighbors. A kind of automatic mechanism, reminiscent of the European balance of power, has tended to league together the weaker states whenever they have thought themselves menaced by a stronger Arab power. Similarly, whenever a non-Arabic country has begun to assume too much influence over any Arab state, that state has instinctively tended to favor the chief rival of the intruder.

French and British rivalry

The two principal foreign rivals for influence and power in the Near East have for a long time been France and Britain. Where the influence and authority of Britain have been great, as in Egypt, there has existed a strong pro-French sentiment by way of resistance and protestation. Similarly, when Syria and Lebanon were French protectorates between the two wars, the British were very popular there. It was, in fact, due to the rivalry between France and Britain that these two states achieved their independence at the end of the last war.

In the course of the war Britain overran them and took them from Vichy France. But few Frenchmen, however anti-Vichy, were willing to see the British step into their shoes. Britain was unable, therefore, to establish a protectorate over them, as she would have liked to do, because that would have alienated France completely. All she was able to do was to prevent the French from coming back by giving these states their independence, an arrangement which the French government was reluctantly forced to accept at the end of the war because it was too weak to reassert its authority in the Near East at the time.

Since that time the Foreign Office has tried to accomplish its design in a more circuitous manner by cautiously encouraging Abdullah in his aims of creating a "Greater Syria," in which, of course, Great Britain would continue to exercise as much influence as she had in Trans-Jordan.

The assassination of King Abdullah temporarily put an end to all these hopes. But temporarily only. The Foreign Office seems likely to pursue the same aim that it has consistently followed for over thirty years — the creation of a "Greater Syria" where it can maintain a firm position of military power and the consolidation of the Arab League to reduce interstate friction to a minimum in the Near East. There is already talk of the possibility of Feisal II of Iraq (Abdullah's great-nephew) assuming the role in the Near East of his great-uncle, inasmuch as neither of Abdullah's two sons has the stature to take his father's place. On September 6, Abdullah's elder son became King Talal and the British clung to the hope that he would follow his father's policy of maintaining friendly relations with them.

The British will certainly not have an easy time making up for the loss of Abdullah, even if they

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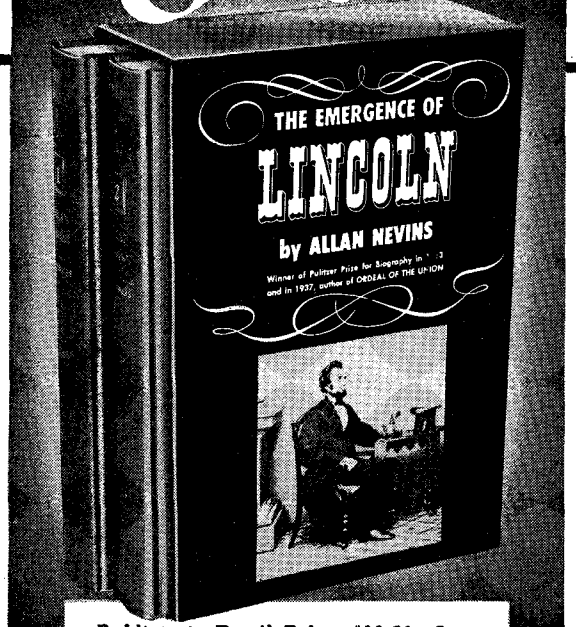

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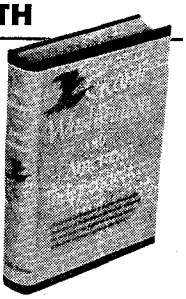

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transfer their favor to the ruler of Iraq. The creation of an Arab Legion by a man like Glubb Pasha was possible twenty-five years ago at a time when the British Army enjoyed honor and fame among the Arabs for having driven the Turkish armies back into Anatolia.

But today the souvenirs of Turkish rule are fading away, and the presence of British officers, businessmen, and engineers, who have not come as liberators but as colonizers and organizers, clouds out all memories of the past and draws attention to the present.

Whether or not the Foreign Office will succeed in re-establishing Great Britain's position in the Near East, which Abdullah's death has gravely undermined, remains to be seen. But its fundamental aim will be to maintain the supremacy of British diplomatic influence in the Near East. To do so, it will continue to urge close coöperation with the United States, while pursuing an independent policy at the same time, and it will pour cold water on any French attempt to have a say in Near Eastern affairs.

French resentment

Today, as in the past, the French resent these efforts intended to make the Near East a private diplomatic reserve for Great Britain. To some extent this resentment is the expression of irritation and jealousy caused by the past triumphs of a more successful rival at the expense of France.

There have always been some Frenchmen ready to put the blame for any French reverse in the Near East on British intrigue, just as there have always been some Englishmen who have had the same attitude towards the French.

Last year, for example, when two Air France planes crashed into the sea on two consecutive days when coming down to land on the airfield at Bahrein, it was rumored some time after in Paris that this was the work of British Intelligence agents working at the airfield, who had deliberately given false altitude information to the incoming planes in order to lure them to disaster. Their object, it was claimed, was to shatter the prestige of Air France and thus to remove French air-line competition from this area.

Whether or not this rumor had any foundation in fact (the official investigator's report on these accidents was never made public, strange to say), it was symptomatic of a readiness to believe the worst of the British which is common to a lot of Frenchmen.

Arab nationalism backfires

But quite apart from the inveterate Anglophobes, there are some Frenchmen who have more serious reasons for opposing British policy in the Near East. Rightly or wrongly they think that the Foreign Office has been maintaining Britain's influence and prestige in the Near East by encouraging Arab nationalism. In this way England, they feel, has tried to pose as the Arabs' firmest friend. She has supported the Arab League from the beginning, and even in the case of Israel has shown herself remarkably pro-Arab.

Now, however, this encouragement of nationalist sentiments has gotten out of hand and is backfiring. It has grown into a fanatical spirit bordering on xenophobia and more and more directed against Great Britain herself. In Iran, as in Egypt and elsewhere in the Near East, the British are now reaping what they have sown.

But the instance of this policy which most alarms the French is that which touches the interests of France most closely. It is the case of Libya, which the British are trying to turn into an ostensibly independent state, with the real intention, many Frenchmen are convinced, of implanting British "advisers" there and of making it a British protectorate in disguise.

Whether or not these suspicions are justified is another question. But even if they are not, the French are not happy to see an independent Arab state take form next door to the French provinces of Algeria and Tunisia. Such a situation will inevitably encourage the Arab inhabitants of these provinces to demand their own independence and the end of French supremacy throughout North Africa.

Algeria and Morocco

For the past year the increase in nationalist agitation in Algeria and Morocco has been a source of anxiety

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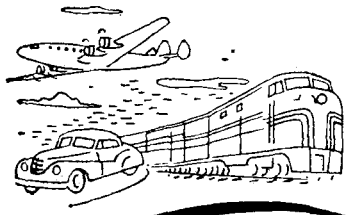

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to those Frenchmen who are immediately concerned with these questions. The French colonies in North Africa are a case by themselves, and the problem there cannot be solved by the application of solutions which have worked out successfully in other countries.

When the spirit of insurgent nationalism reached a fever pitch in Indonesia and in India, the European colonizers chose either to stay on under the new indigenous regimes or to pack up their bags and leave. It meant great hardships for quite a few, but the number of European inhabitants was so small that those who chose to remain were an insignificant minority dissolved in a great ocean of natives.

In North Africa, on the other hand, there are over a million French inhabitants, who have constructed great cities, built up important industries, and transplanted their own civilization onto African soil. This civilization they wish to preserve at all costs, but they feel they cannot do so if all control in the administrative field is suddenly handed over to the Arabs, who have little comprehension of what it takes to keep the complex apparatus of modern technological civilization going.

The French inhabitants of North Africa regard the Arabs — just as do the Italians — as religious fanatics, still living in the Middle Ages, who are doomed to go on vegetating as they have done for hundreds of years unless taught how to live otherwise by European colonists. And the French are persuaded that it will be some time before they can raise the Arabs to the level where they can sensibly shoulder the responsibilities of administering a modern society.

Find a ruler to trust

The British, who have never colonized the Near East or the North African coast in any strength, have been confronted with fundamentally different problems.

They have never been concerned in these areas with the problems of educating relatively backward peoples to the point of being able to participate actively in a modern society. Their only concern has been to find trustworthy native rulers whom they could subsidize and upon whom they could rely to safeguard their interests and investments in these lands.

That is why the Foreign Office, for example, feels no qualms about giving Libya its independence now under a tribal chieftain whom it has assiduously prepared for the role and who can be expected to favor the interests of Great Britain for some time to come.

The need for coöperation

But times have changed, and what happens today in Teheran re-echoes all the way to Casablanca. There is no longer any insulation between the various Arab states. What the British may decide to be the best course in one area may have adverse repercussions in neighboring or even distant Islamic lands. That is why the French want so much to have a voice in the formulation of Near Eastern policy and why any suggestion that this area be a privileged Anglo-Saxon diplomatic preserve immediately alarms them.

The Iranian oil crisis alone suffices to show to what an extent even a rudimentary commercial coöperation in the Near East has been lacking. Had the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company been paying the same royalties as the other oil companies in the Near East, the Persians could never have complained that they were being exploited. For different oil companies to offer different terms of payment to different Arab governments is bound sooner or later to arouse explosive jealousies and resentments which end up by damaging the interests of Europeans and Americans as well.

The same need for coöperation among the interested Atlantic powers exists in diplomatic as much as in purely commercial spheres in the Near East. But to keep France out of the diplomatic discussions that concern this explosive area, on the pretext that the French are not immediately involved here, will certainly cause more harm than good in the long run. The Islamic world has become too volcanic an area for the Atlantic powers to be able to maintain any longer a doctrine of diplomatic *laissez-faire* in this region.

The Kremlin's stake

Moscow cannot be blind to the fact that the Islamic world is today in a

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state of explosive fermentation. But if there should be an explosion it is the countries of the West, not Russia, which would suffer from it. Soviet Russia contains some 30 million Moslems, but they are kept well in hand and do not present much of a problem to Moscow.

Last summer it was admitted in a radio program broadcast from Baku in the Russian Caucasus that one word from the religious leader Ayatollah Kachani would be enough to rally the Mohammedans of the U.S.S.R. to the Moslem cause. Ayatollah Kachani is the spiritual head of the Shiite Moslems, one of the two great religious factions of the Mohammedan church, and he is one of the most influential men in the Islamic world. His cause is nothing less than the formation of a religious league uniting the 450 million Moslems who at present inhabit the earth; a league which he claims will be a "third force," neither capitalist nor communist.

But the practical, hard-boiled men of the Politburo are probably not much impressed by the military threat that such a league would present, even if it could be formed. For they know very well that today an effective army can only be created on the firm foundation of heavy industry, and none of the countries of Islam has any industry to speak of at present. It is probable, therefore, that Ayatollah Kachani is not much of a headache to Stalin and his associates.

He is a very much greater threat to the British (he is a Persian and rabidly anti-British) and also, though less directly, to the French and the Americans. The formation of a Moslem League with the avowed aim of remaining independent of both the Communist bloc and the West would certainly prejudice the strategic strength of the Western powers in the Middle East.

It would make difficult, if not impossible, the further extraction of oil from this area by Western oil companies and the maintenance there of those air bases which the U.S. Air Force today needs for any possible strategic bombardment of Russia. That is no doubt why Radio Baku was permitted to mention the name of Ayatollah Kachani.

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Poland

THE final stage of Poland's Sovietization began on November 7, 1949, when by a sleight of hand Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky of the Soviet Army became Konstanty Rokossowski, Polish Marshal, Minister of National Defense, and a member of the Polish Communist Party's Politburo.

There is a direct line of development from that "transformation" to the latest events in Poland, which show the grim, relentless struggle against complete domination by the men in the Kremlin. Rokossowski's task was not merely to push through the full Communist program in Poland but also — and perhaps above all — to eliminate Polish Communist leaders who, though convinced Communists, hesitated to drop everything Polish in order to become totally Sovietized. He brought with him a number of Russian Army officers whom he made his Chief of Staff, Chief of the Air Force, Chief Inspector of Artillery, and various other important lieutenants.

While Russians occupied such key positions of the Polish armed forces, old-time Polish Communists were purged. Mihal Rola-Zymierski, whose Communist affiliations dated back to the Spanish Civil War, disappeared and was replaced as Marshal, Commander-in-Chief, and Minister of Defense by Rokossowski himself.

Next to feel the axe was Zymierski's Deputy General Marian Spychalski, a soft-spoken, not very military-looking intellectual in his early forties with two decades of Party service to his credit. For almost two years nothing was heard of Spychalski until he appeared as government witness in the trial of nine high-ranking former officers of the Polish military forces last August. He, like all other seventeen witnesses, was brought to the courtroom from jail. It was the first indication that the one-time Communist army boss had been arrested. The four generals, three colonels, one major, and one lieutenant commander of the Navy against whom Spychalski was made to testify were accused of and later condemned for "conspiracy to overthrow the government, rebellion, high treason and espionage for the imperialist Western powers."

It is generally assumed that the trial of the officers was merely a forerunner of much bigger trials of former Communist Party leaders such as Spychalski and Wladyslaw Gomulka, the deposed Deputy Prime Minister and Secretary of the Communist Party's Central Committee. This may depend on the course of events in Poland. If the show trial of the military men should turn out to have sufficiently cowed the "nationalist" elements in the Communist Party, Gomulka and Spychalski may not be tried. Otherwise the regime is likely to stage a big show with Gomulka and Spychalski as the main figures.

It is significant that neither of them is a London Pole; they owe their indoctrination and their careers to the Kremlin. During World War II Spychalski personally handed over to Stalin the keys to the city of Warsaw. Now he has become the symbol of the Polish brand of Titoism. It was Spychalski's sin not to have followed Marshal Zhukov's advice that the Polish soldier must be "trained in the spirit of boundless loyalty to the motherland and inviolable friendship with the Soviet Army."

Titoist rebellion in Poland

One of the "confessing" generals on trial also named Spychalski and Gomulka as the alleged leaders of a Titoist rebellion in Poland. It is Rokossowski's task to stamp out the last trace of any such "nationalist" trend.

As support for his mission, two of the biggest guns of the Soviet Union, Deputy Prime Minister V. M. Molotov and Marshal G. Zhukov, were dispatched to Warsaw to tell the Polish people on their national holiday last June that there can be no thought of breaking away from the U.S.S.R. and that Tito would not last long in Yugoslavia. Many political observers accepted this rather unusual prediction by Stalin's Deputy as a threat, perhaps even a warning of a forthcoming invasion of Yugoslavia. But the past few months have indicated that Molotov wanted to frighten the Poles. He felt he had to make his warning dramatic.

This incident, the military trial that followed, and the violent campaign against Spychalski and

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Gomulka, show how intense is the "nationalist" feeling in Poland. There is always the rankling anger at Russia for having been a partner to the destruction and partition of Poland not only in 1939 but also three times in the eighteenth century. Suspicion that Russia might again make a deal with Germany at the expense of Poland still persists.

The Catholic resistance

Unlike the Soviet Union, Poland is a Catholic country with a very strongly religious population. If one can trust official pronouncements of the Communist regime, there are still some 2000 monasteries and convents in Poland today and the number of nuns has considerably increased during the past twelve months. Whether or not these figures are correct, the bulk of the people is as deeply religious as ever. This is one more obstacle in the way of Sovietization, not only because of the antireligious attitude of the Communists but because of the Rome orientation of the Catholic Church.

This has been a major problem in other Eastern European satellite countries. Consequently the Communist regimes have been trying to establish Catholic Church groups independent of the Vatican and therefore more easily controlled by the national government. Threats and promises, pressure and minor concessions, elimination of Church leaders and government control of Church finances, have compelled the Church in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Poland to make formal arrangements with the Communist regimes. But this has not reduced the hostility of the individual Church member. If anything, it has made him more bitter.

With the death of Poland's Cardinal Sapieha in July, there remains no priest of cardinal rank behind the Iron Curtain, and it is expected that the campaign for full domination of the Church will be stepped up before long. Successful conclusion of this drive is imperative for a full Sovietization because a country whose overwhelming majority has close spiritual and organizational ties with the Vatican cannot become an organic part of the Byzantine Russian Empire, be it under the Czar or Commissar.

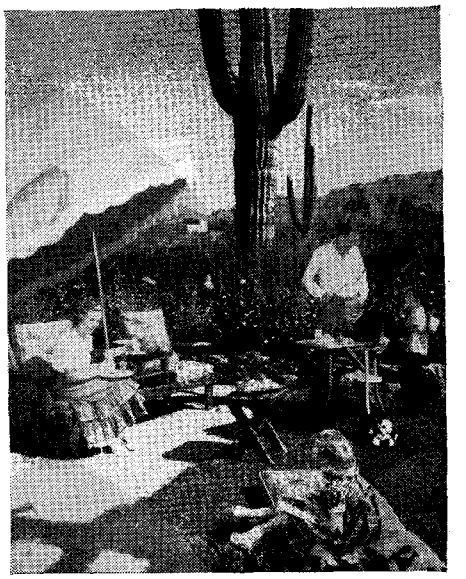
Thus the international influence of the Catholic Church stands in the way of amalgamation of a satellite nation with the Soviet Empire and strengthens what Moscow calls "national deviationism." The Polish Communist leaders made allowances for the religious, historic, and psychological obstacles against Sovietization. They went comparatively slowly from 1944 to 1949. Two years ago the program was stepped up. The appointment of Rokossowski and the purge of faithful, Russophile Communist leaders — simply because they desired to preserve some tokens of Polish national tradition — marked the beginning of the new era.

The campaign is still far short of its objective. But about the nature of that objective there can be no doubt. It has become clear in the charges made against General Spychalski in the military trial. It has also been brought out in the charges leveled against former Party secretary Gomulka, the other leader of the fictitious revolution. His crime was that he "did not have faith in the strength of the Soviet Union," as *Nowe Drogi*, chief organ of the Party's Central Committee, put it some time ago. This, incidentally, happens to be the same unforgivable sin of which Vladimir Clementis, ex-Foreign Minister and most prominent purgee, stands accused in neighboring Czechoslovakia. He, too, is in jail awaiting trial.

The river of Stalin's wisdom

Thus while nationalism is the trump card in the U.S.S.R. it is frowned upon as deviationism, Titoism, and Spychalskiism in the satellite countries. Extravagant eulogies of the Soviet Union and of Stalin take the place of patriotism. One of the would-be poets of the Polish regime expressed it as follows: "The wisdom of Stalin a wide river, in heavy turbines conducts the waters, flowing, it sows wheat in the tundras, builds gardens. . . . The wisdom of Stalin comes out of the depths, a subterranean river. . . . You overflow them, river of wisdom, you breathe of health, with the wind of beauty; you break through mountains, subterranean river, you UNITE NATIONS."

That river of Stalin's wisdom not only "unites" but swamps nations, submerging their traditions and their individual characteristics under the uniform dullness of the Soviet flood. Thus the Polish Army, for example,



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has been reorganized as a miniature copy of the Russian. Even the new soldiers' oath passed by the Sejm (Parliament) a year ago refers merely fleetingly to "People's Poland" but the soldier pledges to fight alongside the Soviet Army.

Russian patterns are being set in every form of life, industry, trade, and agriculture. The shipping conference at Gdynia decided to adopt Soviet methods of cargo handling. In order to improve Russia's strategic position a strip of Polish land was desirable. Poland quickly ceded the land in a deal with Moscow.

But it was made to look like a proof of Soviet help for Poland. Wrote *Izvestia* last May: "The Government of the Polish Republic recently applied to the U.S.S.R. Government with a request to exchange a small frontier district situated on Polish territory for a frontier district of equal size situated on the territory of the U.S.S.R. . . . The U.S.S.R. Government agreed to the proposal of the Polish Republic." And on June 7, two days after the treaty ratification, *Izvestia* wrote: "The Poles took the initiative. The Soviet Government willingly took up the offer."

The small farmers balk

The entire Polish economy, too, is shaped according to the needs and plans of the Soviet Union. With the majority of the population engaged in agriculture, the Polish Communists hesitated to rush toward their goal of collectivization of farms. They felt it would take time to break the opposition of the peasants without creating economic chaos.

On January 1, 1950 — shortly after Rokossowski's arrival — there were only 250 farm coöperatives. Then Sovietization started under tremendous pressure, and twelve months later the number had multiplied almost tenfold. The state has coerced farmers to join by increasing taxation of those who refuse to yield, by lowering prices of farm products bought up by the government, by boosting prices of equipment which only the government can sell the farmers, by withholding machinery or fertilizer from peasants who do not coöperate, and by collecting fines for alleged black-market activities.

Brute force has compelled some farmers to sign up. But it has failed to convince them. A few months ago the daily newspaper of the Communist peasant movement complained that the small farmers, who would be expected to be the most ardent followers of the regime, were particularly reluctant to come in. "In our Party," wrote *Wola Ludu*, "there is an insufficient number of small farmers. They constitute 61 per cent of the peasants in Poland, while in our Party they number only 27 per cent."

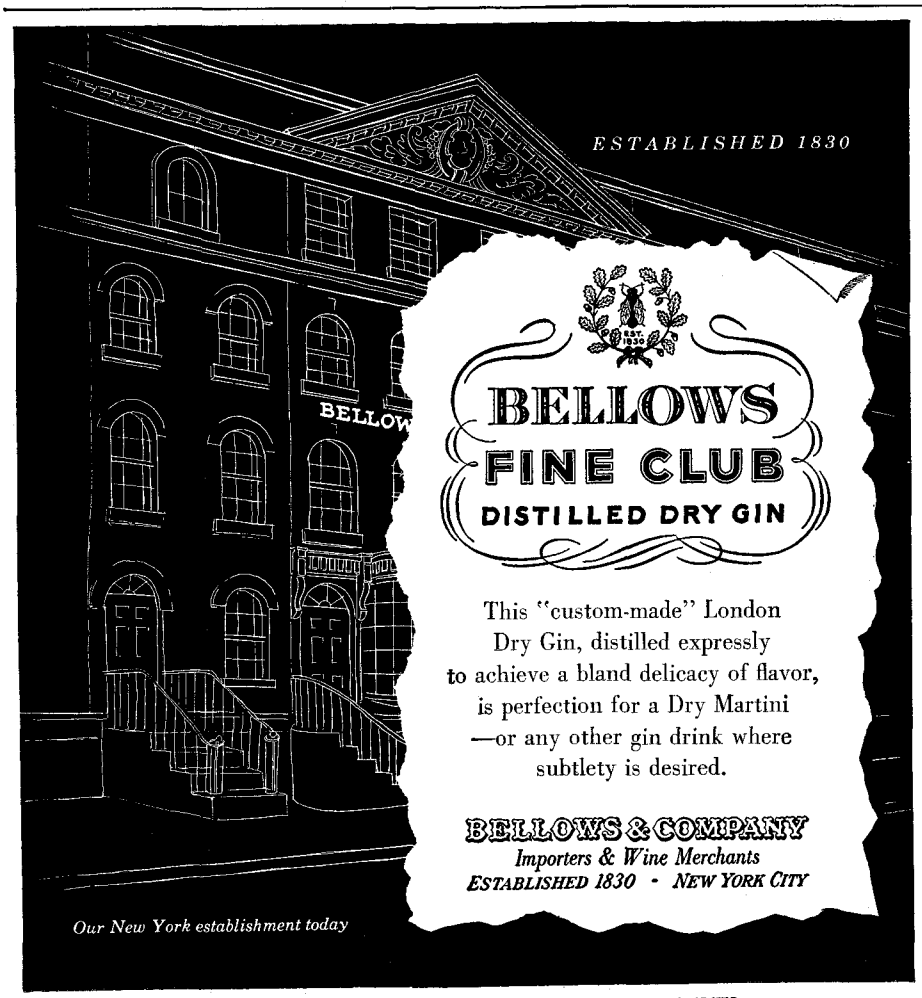
Not even the most concerted pressure of the state has been able to make farmers rush for the collectives. Today, about three fourths of the arable land in Poland still consists of individual holdings, and well over 10 per cent of it is owned by kulaks, farmers who have more than 25 acres. In fact, government planners have resigned themselves to the fact that even by 1955 no more than 20 per cent of the nation's wheat will be grown on state-owned land. Perhaps this explains why Deputy Minister Chelkovski announced in the Party monthly that it is a violation of the Party line to persecute kulaks merely because they are kulaks.

To be sure, the Sovietization continues with undiminished vigor, but economic realities have made it plain to the Kremlin that while a living kulak may reluctantly produce food, a dead or imprisoned kulak would not produce at all, and that food is badly needed. Harvests have not been too good in years past. Crop failures cannot indefinitely be blamed on "the imperialistic American beetle" allegedly dropped from U.S. planes. Even if people believed such propaganda, it would not solve the problem of feeding the population.

Women in the mines

The picture in industry is not much brighter. All factories with more than fifty employees have been nationalized. Big projects have been discussed and promised for the future. But it appears that steel production hoped for by 1955 is no more than 4 million tons despite the acquisition of the heavy industry in what was formerly German Silesia. The 1955 target for coal has been set at 100 million tons (75 in 1949).

Whether these goals will be reached remains to be seen. At present the



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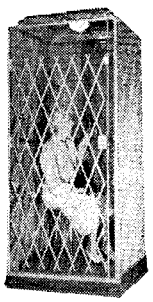

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output per miner per hour is considerably below the pre-war mark and a serious labor shortage has produced frequent, desperate appeals for volunteers. *Glos Pracy*, the labor union daily, however, reported regretfully that 40 per cent of the volunteers arriving at the mines have been women.

Production of consumers' goods is utterly insufficient; and since Russia takes much of them under the euphemistic term of imports, still less is left for the people of Poland. Consequently, living standards are extremely low. Despite the fact that agriculture is the main sector of the national economy, Monday has recently been declared a meatless day. There are shortages of many items, and even if goods are available they remain beyond the reach of most people.

Fifteen dollars a week

The monthly income of the average worker or government employee is about the same as the price of a lady's winter coat or a better skirt. It is equivalent to the price of 40 pounds of butter, 80 pounds of bacon, 4 tons of coal, or the cost of soling 13 pairs of men's shoes. Thus it has roughly the purchasing power of $40 to $50.

The Communist State provides free of charge certain services for which an employee in this country would have to pay. However, allowing for this difference, the average Polish worker's or government official's income is roughly equivalent to $15 a week. Even the most modest support of a family of four requires from three to four times the basic earnings of a worker in Poland today. Thus, to make ends meet somehow, he must either work extra hours and earn a special bonus or derive some profits from black-market deals.

Workers in certain industries receive a limited amount of goods they produce at wholesale prices. But the worker sells them at black-market profit. Complaints are being met with terror or with the promise that Sovietization would bring improvements and lift Poland to the level of prosperity existing in the Soviet Union. Terror succeeds in keeping people quiet.

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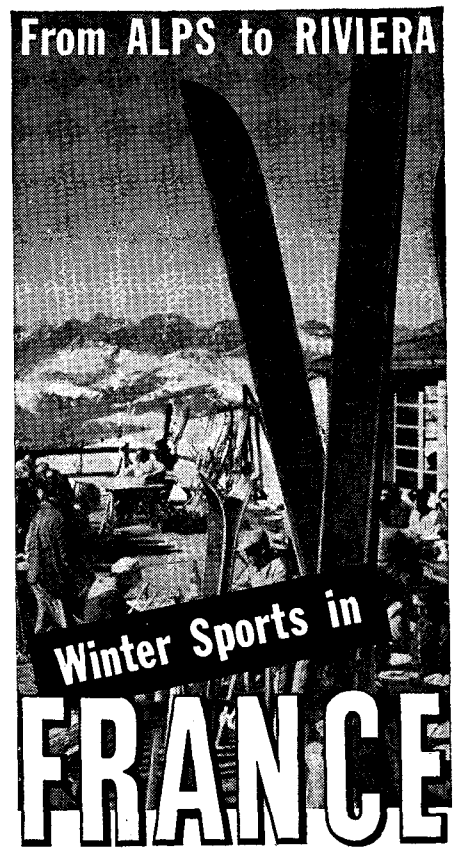
throughout Poland, indicates. Jan, the story runs, has just returned from the Soviet Union. His friends ply him with questions: Is life in the U.S.S.R. really as wonderful as they say? Did he see those supermodern workers' homes, those stores full of exquisite clothes, those luxurious resorts for workers, those flourishing collective farms? Yes, Jan replies, he has seen all these. And where is Wladyslaw — why did he not return with Jan from the Soviet Union? "Well," says Jan, "Wladyslaw did not see all this and so he was arrested in Moscow."

The grim part about this little tale is that it refers to two painful points of the current campaign for Sovietization at any price. Moscow has found many ways of draining the resources and reserves of her satellites in order to raise the living standard of the motherland. One of them is a peculiar system of trade agreements reminiscent of the barter deals Hitler made with his junior partners.

Russia robs her satellites

Marshal Tito revealed the details of those trade practices after his break with Stalin. He told how Russia fixes export prices high and import prices low, thus deriving a double profit at the expense of her unfortunate satellite who is compelled to accept the Russian terms. With more than half of all the Polish trade going to the Soviet Union, such trade is an annual tribute exacted from the weaker neighbor. Besides, trade agreements which determine production and distribution in Poland or in any other satellite nation also set the course of the national economy according to the wishes and needs of the Soviet Union.

In the long run such practices are bound to reduce the living standard in the satellite country to a level below that of the motherland. This is one main aspect of Sovietization; after all, the Kremlin cannot arrest all those who, like Wladyslaw, fail to see happiness in Stalin's paradise. Nor can it permit Jan to go home and tell his friends that thanks to what they have left from the capitalist era, their living standard is still high compared with the life Jan lives in the U.S.S.R. Consequently the peculiar "trade" practices are a vital part of Sovietization: they rob the satellite and enrich Russia.



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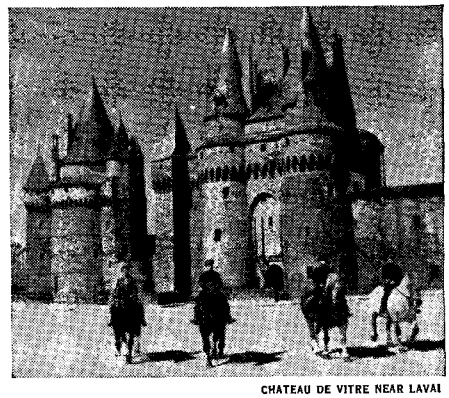

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

India's Food Problem

SIR:

Having lived in India for a number of years, I read "What Will India Eat Tomorrow?" by W. H. Forbes in the August *Atlantic* with special interest. He has stated the case exceptionally clearly.

The present dangerous position of India is not a new thing. It was pretty well concealed up to the time of partition with Pakistan, although it had been made fairly obvious for those who could read the signs when the Japanese entered Burma. In the old days when the subcontinent was a political whole, it was organized to fight famine as soon as the possibility of it became apparent. The transportation system — roads as well as railways — was laid out for this almost as much as for ordinary commerce and security.

A crop failure occurs annually in some part of the area, but almost always there were places of surplus from which suitable food grains could be drawn. And grains have to be suitable, for Indian food habits are so strong that parched grain eaters of the West and North cannot be satisfied with rice even when they have learned not to try to eat it dry. But of rice there was never a shortage in those days, for Bengal could always be supplied from the vast shipping surpluses of Burma or even, if necessary, Siam. There have been occasions, however, when enough wheat could not be had in all India. Then the right kind, the flinty hard wheat from which macaroni is made, had to be imported from North Africa. In those days money could buy almost anything, creating a false impression of its power. This efficiency of transportation and unity of policy eventually took the sting out of India famines. In the years of monsoon failures of the twenties, famine measures had reached a point where, although there was hardship, death by starvation was rare and, in relation to population mortality, hardly significant.

The great Bengal famine in 1941–1942 was the first after the political breakup began. And that catastrophe had its beginning not in crop failure but with the destruction of the vast reserve store at Negapatam by a tidal wave of unprecedented size. By then there was no Burmese rice surplus to be had, for the Japanese had arrived. And the people of Bengal must have rice or soft cooked grain to live. They starved because they could not eat hard wheat or meat.

So today there are surpluses in Pakistan and possibly in hagridden Burma and in Siam. But any political unity is gone and the world can see what before had been hidden.

The solution is a complicated one. It is based on birth control, I am sure, but a reduction or even a leveling off of population is not by any means the whole answer. India must have fewer mouths to feed and fewer people with whom to share the relatively small available resources. There must also be a race of stronger and more intelligent men with a higher standard of living. Only then can India take her place with the free countries of the Western world. The weak, the undernourished, the poor, can never be wholly free.

A. WILLIAM SMITH, Vice President
The Conservation Foundation
New York City

I Personally —

SIR:

Thurman Arnold's "Bullying the Civil Service" in the September *Atlantic* is most timely and greatly needed in these days of cynicism and universal criticism of our Federal Government.

A Civil Service employee (U.S. Forest Service) for over thirty-five years, I was stationed mostly in the West, but during the last ten years in Washington, D.C., retiring in 1943. I have known many hundreds of other Civil Service folks, and I found the vast majority of them to be faithful workers, trustworthy, loyal, and with pride in their work and in the service; those that weren't didn't last.

JOHN D. GUTHRIE
Charlotte Court House, Va.

SIR:

"I Bought a Dress in Paris" by Sally Iselin, in your September issue, seems really quite uncalled for.

She admits that Paris is capable of creating worthy works of art in the fashion line, since she is willing to go to a *copyiste* to procure one. But she resents the creator's attempts to protect these original designs from what amounts to highway robbery. She has only praise for those who manage, by hook or crook, to acquire an original design and to copy it perfectly.

Unfortunately, many of my compatriots — I am an American though I lived in Paris for twenty-five years and was for a long time in the rag racket there — have a feeling of inferiority in regard to Old World patterns. They like to believe that American culture is superior to European culture and that the latter is

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something to be discarded like an out-of-date model. They do not realize that American culture is based on Old World culture and can, under the influence of mature minds, become the complete fulfillment of it.

Let Mrs. Iselin reflect on what the causes of her resentment are before she bursts out again.

FANNY VENTADOUR
New Orleans, La.

SIR:

I think Sally Iselin's piece in the September issue was a knockout.

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SIR:

Dean John W. M. Bunker in "After an A-Bomb Falls" (September *Atlantic*) writes: "But it is an inescapable fact that if the energy released by a new bomb is twice as great as that of the old ones, the destructive effect is increased by only about one quarter." As Dean Bunker explains, destruction increased "by only the cube root" of the increase in power.

The statement in this form will, I am afraid, mislead the nonmathematicians among your readers. To be sure, the effective *radius* of the roughly circular explosion increases by the cube root. The trouble is that people don't live on a radius, but in the area outlined by that radius. Hence, if the explosive power of a bomb is doubled, the area of destruction will increase by 59 per cent (the square of the cube root), not by only about one quarter.

HANS ZEISEL
New York City

"In the White Giant's Thigh"

SIR:

I seldom write to magazine editors, but I feel so indebted to you and to Dylan Thomas for that magnificent poem of his, "In the White Giant's Thigh," in the September *Atlantic*, that I would be an ingrate not to speak of my appreciation. I am only hoping that he will send you other poems from that wild and lovely work that must be seething in his mind.

I am a struggling and not often inspired poet myself, but I have enough critical faculty to know great poetry when I read it; and Thomas, to me, is by far the most original and exciting poet writing today.

ERIC BARKER
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

When I glanced through the two pages of the September *Atlantic* which offered space for the lines entitled "In the White Giant's Thigh," a vivid picture came to mind.

It was of an old man I once saw seated on a bench down on the Battery. He wore a top hat that no longer held either sheen or shape, his trousers were lopsided, and his coat showed vestiges of breakfast on one lapel.

However, the cane on which he leaned still bore on its head the untarnished evidence of quality. But the language he uttered was gibberish, for senility had crept in and taken possession of what had once been a brilliant mind.

Call this picture a metaphor if you wish. Who wants gibberish? Should it be looked for in the *Atlantic*?

MILDRED C. TALLANT
Glendale, Calif.

SIR:

The human comedy which Dylan Thomas too often describes in his poetry shows only one side of the picture. The human comedy is not all total depravity and a world that has killed itself. There is still a longing for truth expressed in terms of beauty and goodness, and a consciousness that such virtues are not foreign to human nature.

For the past few decades we have had too much verse based on horror stories and sex. The wind is changing. Sordid verse is on the way out, and people are looking for truth expressed in purity rather than nastiness — clever as the nastiness may be.

ERNEST BRADLEY
San Rafael, Calif.

SIR:

I owe you an apology and a congratulatory remark as well. I thought the pages of the *Atlantic* were forever closed to the newer and more vital developments of contemporary poetry. While it is true that you have printed much accomplished poetry, I have often felt that these poems were the more negligible works of their authors. Of course, there are exceptions to my generalization — Mr. Frost's poems, notably.

"In the White Giant's Thigh," however, is precisely the kind of poetry that ought to be available in a "quality" magazine. Here is a poetry in the forefront of contemporary development, a poetry which extends

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the bounds of language itself, and through which human experience is enriched and illuminated.

GENE BARO
New York City

SIR:

My family and I all agree that the *Atlantic* reaches a new low in the offering (I dare not call it a poem) entitled "In the White Giant's Thigh." We are wondering if America has no good poets, that you must go abroad to import the work of British eccentrics.

We have tried hard to understand Mr. Thomas's work, but fail to see either its meaning or its poetry. Perhaps you have a clearer idea than we of what is implied by "a torch of foxes foams," the "ducked and draked white lake that harps to a hail stone," or "the dunghill sky." Personally we think that readers of the *Atlantic* deserve something better than a dunghill sky. We also believe that there is something wrong, if not with Mr. Thomas, at least with the editors who are taken in by his work.

FLORENCE B. COBB
Mill Valley, Calif.

Dylan Thomas cannot be understood in the sense of an ordered progression of ideas, for he evidently has no intention of providing such a thing. He appears to start with a purely emotional premise, which he then reinforces and elaborates by means of images — the whole process is rather like an explosion of fireworks, the sort that go up with a bang and expand into large orange daisies. The method is particularly noticeable in "In the White Giant's Thigh" because the piece is only one portion of a much larger projected work, as Mr. Thomas explained in the note with the published poem. The premise is that the life force is a wonderful thing, eternal, undeviating, and beautiful in any of its possible manifestations. This is Thomas's excuse for combining skies and dunghills, and we think it a good one.

—THE EDITORS

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The Apostles' Creed, for instance, is not merely a pious prayer. It is not just an idealistic declaration, based on conjecture and guesswork. It is a summary of truths revealed to us by God Himself. It is not something which we are free to believe only in part, for to do so is to set our own opinion and will against the specific command and will of God.

This, obviously, is not the intention of people who believe in God and wish to please and serve Him. It is due usually to the fact that many sincere people . . . while familiar with the words of the Apostles' Creed . . . do not understand its full meaning and tremendous significance.

As far as Catholics are concerned, the Apostles' Creed sums up our attitude toward God and our religion. We believe, as the Creed says, not only in God, the Father Almighty, but "in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary . . ." We believe that Christ died for our redemption . . . that He arose from the dead . . .that "He shall come to judge the living and the dead." We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting.

We believe these things because God has told us so. And because we believe them, our faith . . . and our hope for everlasting life with God . . . are founded not merely upon a vague and general belief, but upon absolute certainty. As we see it, the words "I believe" in the Apostles' Creed might just as well be "I know!"

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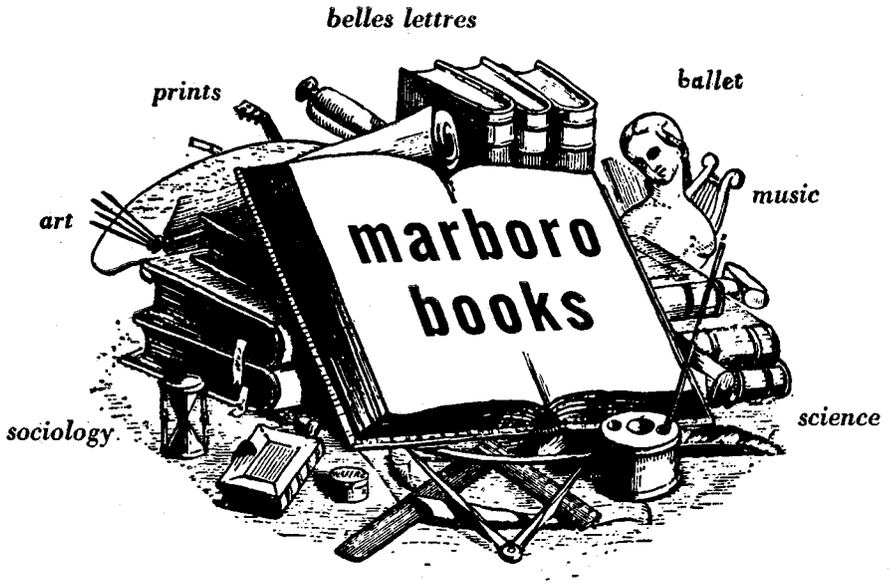

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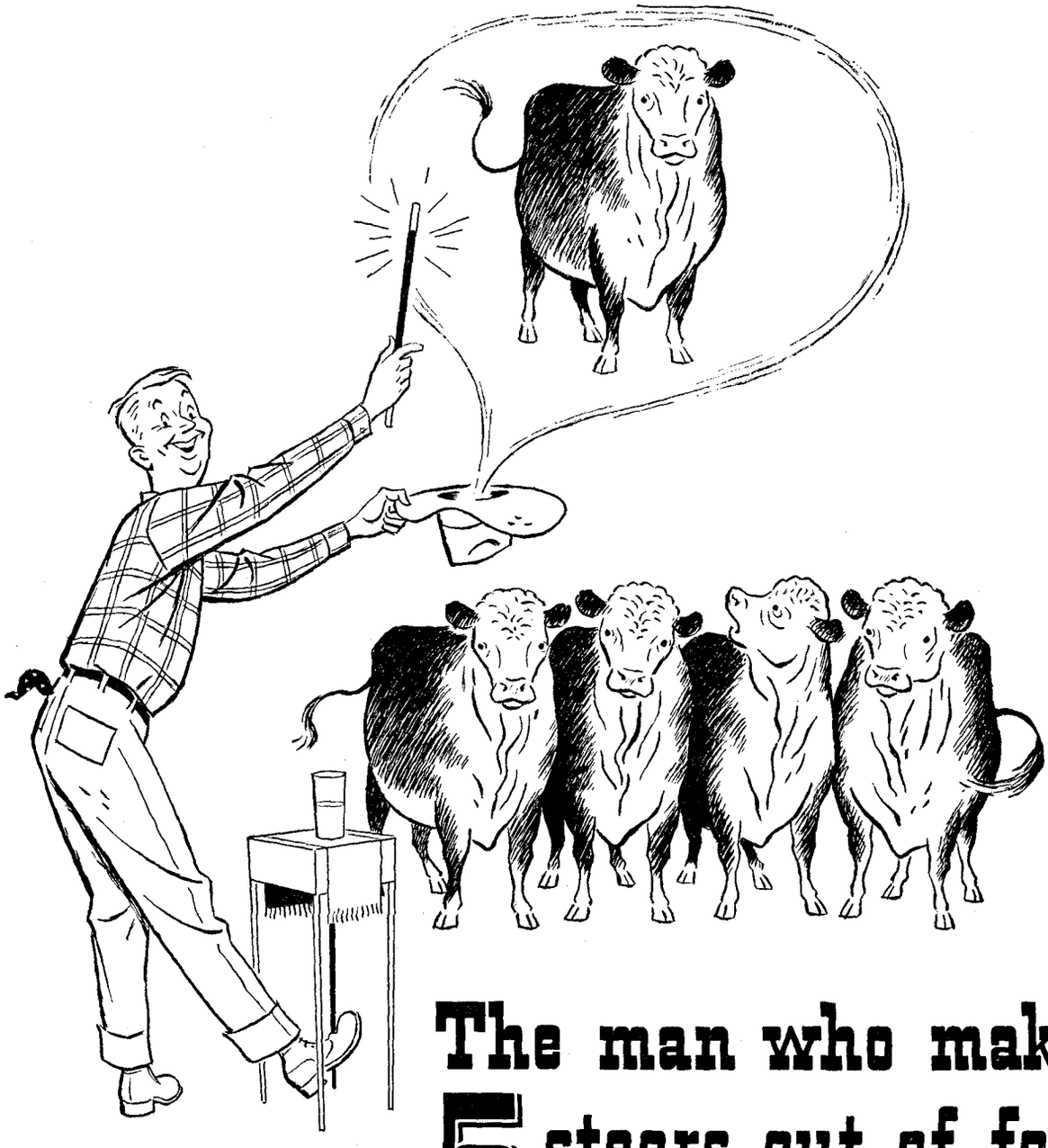

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TO MAKE MEN FREE

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

"ENGLISH," said John Keats, "ought to be kept up." He meant, by those who use it to write with. He could equally well have meant, by those who use it to govern themselves.

In a country the size of ours, faced with the problems which face us, public discourse tends to conduct itself in a currency of words like blank checks: unspecified drafts upon intellectual credit like Freedom and Democracy and Americanism. Unless the language is "kept up" by constant scrutiny and challenge, meanings will be falsified either by negligence or by such deliberate tampering as characterizes the methods of at least one notorious contemporary politician. In Russia, where such tampering is official practice, the word democracy, which once meant the government of the people by themselves, has been falsified to mean the government of the people by the political police.

The word freedom is in danger of the same debasement here. Freedom, in American usage, means the freedom of the individual human being to think for himself and to come to the truth by the light of his own mind and conscience. It is the freedom defined by the American Constitution. Congress is forbidden to make any law abridging the freedom of speech. There is to be no establishment of religious authority or supervision. There is to be no meddling, in other words, by state or by church with a man's thoughts or what he chooses to say about them. When it comes to thoughts, when it comes to ideas, when it comes to opinions and their expression, a man is free. His freedom is guaranteed by the fundamental law of the Republic. The opinions of others are not to be imposed upon him, no matter whose opinions they may be — the opinions of a church or the opinions of the government or the opinions of his fellow citizens — even the opinions of a majority of his fellow citizens.

A man's freedom to believe, that is to say, does not depend on *what* he believes. It does not depend on his being "right" as others see the right, no matter how numerous they may be or how well entrenched or how powerful. Right and wrong as others judge the right and wrong are irrelevant to the American conception of freedom to think and believe and say. That, of course, is the nub of the whole matter, and the essential distinction between freedom as we mean it and freedom as it is meant in certain other quarters of the earth. In the American conception of freedom, the man and his conscience come first and the established opinions, the accepted verities, the official views come after.

Strangers to the American tradition find this aspect of our historical belief in freedom difficult, if not impossible, to accept. Their inclination is to interpret freedom to mean freedom to think *right* thoughts. Which means, freedom to think as they

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think, and, by enlargement, freedom to think as their friends think, or their party, or their church, or their veterans' organization, or their union, or their professional association, or whatever. The majority, the institution, the accepted opinion comes first with them and the man and his conscience nowhere. Freedom is freedom to be like everybody else, to think as the majority in the town or state or country thinks, to teach what the legislature or the dominant political or religious opinion wants taught, to conform.

The pressure which the word freedom has been under in the past few years is a pressure of this character: a pressure from those who have never really accepted or wholly understood the meaning of the word in its American use. There are some, of course, who deliberately reject the American meaning — who would destroy it if they could, replacing it with an interpretation more amenable to their own beliefs — but they are not numerous as yet. The real danger to freedom in the United States — to the word and to the thing — is the danger of the impairment of the American usage by negligence and default. Unless we can maintain the pure traditional meaning of the word — unless we can understand in common and as a nation that the only opinion established in this country by the Constitution is the opinion that a man is free to hold *any* opinion — unless we can agree among ourselves that by freedom we mean precisely *freedom*, we may end by finding ourselves "free" in the sense in which the Russians now find themselves "democratic."

2

The process of debasement of the coinage has already gone some distance. Freedom in America has begun to mean not freedom itself but the majority view of freedom: the view held by most of us that freedom, under the conditions of the world we live in, is first and foremost freedom from the Communist police state. The consequence is that freedom is no longer the right of any man to hold whatever opinion he pleases. Freedom is the body of opinion opposed to the establishment of the Communist police state; and the right to hold pro-Communist opinions is, therefore, not included or protected. The recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Communist leaders, and the reactions of the public and the press to that decision, make the point. Justices Black and Douglas asserted in their dissenting opinions that the effect of the decision was to make opinions and their advocacy punishable without more, and thus to restrict freedom of opinion and freedom of belief as they had not before been restricted in American history. The majority opinion admitted, though it undertook to justify, the restriction. And nevertheless the decision was applauded in the press and throughout the country as a victory for freedom.

To applaud a restriction of freedom as a victory for freedom is — whatever else may be said of it — to corrupt the word. And the case of the Communist leaders is not the only indication that just such a corruption has occurred in the common usage of the word in the United States. Not only legislative committees of the state and federal governments but vigilante groups of private citizens have undertaken, in the name of freedom, to conduct what are, in effect, raids on the essential freedoms of the citizens of the Republic. And political caucuses and conventions have applauded, as services to the cause of freedom, actions which men who understood the meaning of the word could only condemn as offensive to the fundamental concept of individual liberty.

The justification for all this, of course, is a justification with which we are only too familiar. Communism is the mortal enemy and Communism must be destroyed even at the cost of certain of our own liberties — even at the more lasting cost of the integrity of the word central to our purposes as a people. Freedom-from-Communism is now more important than freedom itself, and since we must choose between the two it is the first we must elect. The difficulty with this position is that, even if it provided a convincing justification for the acts committed under cover of its rhetoric, it would not be true. When freedom is sacrificed, freedom-from-Communism suffers also. For the most powerful defense against Communism in any country is precisely the people's realization of the distinction between Communism in action and freedom itself.

What men detest in Communism is its denial in theory, and its destruction in practice, of the human attribute we have declared in our constitution, and asserted in our actions, we value above anything in this world: the singularity, the uniqueness, the spiritual personality of the individual human being. Men hate and detest Communism because it turns men into Members: because it suppresses and eradicates those differences and those distinctions between one man and another which we have defended as the principal worth and richness of human life: because it imposes on all men the kind of intellectual conformity, of subservience to official opinion, which we have rejected in our fundamental law and which earlier generations of Americans rejected in their lives.

To blur or to smudge this distinction between the Communist world and our own is not to injure the Communists but powerfully to assist them. And the moment we tamper with the meaning of the word freedom to make it describe conformity instead of individuality — the moment we speak of the mutilation of individual freedom as a victory for freedom — the distinction begins to disappear. The United States Senator who is applauded in freedom's name for assaults upon the individual freedom of American citizens — assaults even upon

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their means of livelihood and their dignity as men — is obscuring the distinction between the Communist tyranny and the democratic hope; and those who applaud him are helping to obscure it.

The Texas legislature which votes, 130 to 1, to demand the ouster from the State University of a professor who has described free enterprise as decadent, and which cuts by $6500 the salary of the University Chancellor who, supported by his Board of Regents, refuses to comply, is turning freedom in Texas into something which begins to resemble what the Communists also call freedom.

The majority of the Board of Regents of the University of California which attempts to impose a special loyalty oath on the University's teachers, in order to protect the freedom of American institutions, is bringing American institutions that much closer to those very different institutions which special oaths and special penalties protect — the institutions of the totalitarian world: Stalin's and Franco's and Perón's and Mao's.

The California Court which passed on the constitutionality of the Regents' action had the courage to say as much: "While the Court is mindful of the fact that the action of the Regents was, at the outset, motivated by a desire to protect the University from the influence of subversive elements dedicated to the overthrow of our constitutional government . . . we are also keenly aware that, equal to the danger of subversion from without by means of force and violence is the danger of subversion from within by the gradual whittling away and disintegration of the very pillars of our freedom."

The Court's language is worth pondering. Why "subversion from within by the gradual whittling away . . . of the very pillars of our freedom"? What "freedom" was being whittled away by the action of the Board of Regents of the University of California? The freedom of those to whom their action applied: the University's teachers. But what freedom of the University's teachers was affected? The freedom to think for themselves without the meddling of the state or its authorities. But why is the freedom to think for one's self — the mere freedom of a teacher to think for himself — why is this freedom a "pillar" of the great freedom which is the Republic? Because the freedom of the mind is the freedom of the man and the freedom of the man is what the Republic *is*.

But why is the whittling away of this freedom of the mind, of the man, "subversive"? Why is it "subversive" even though it is undertaken in the name of the defense of the United States *against* subversion? Because it is this freedom of the mind, of the man, which is the rock on which the United States is founded. To diminish it is to diminish the country. Even though it is diminished in the country's name. Even though those who diminish it declare their opinion that, without some limitation upon the freedom of the mind, the freedom of the man, the country will be lost.

The Court's reasoning is plain enough. The moment you allow a government's conviction, or an institution's conviction, or a majority's conviction of its own rightness to justify its power to silence those who disagree with it, just at that moment you surrender the fundamental American Proposition, and the moment you surrender the American Proposition you surrender the Republic. There is no stopping place beyond: no halfway mark. It makes no difference whether the conviction of self-rightness is religious, as it was with the majority in Massachusetts Bay three hundred years ago and has been since with majorities made up of other sects, Protestant as well as Catholic; or whether the conviction is economic, as it is now with the believers in economic determinism and was once with the believers in laissez-faire; or whether the conviction is political or racial or social or whatever it is. Once you permit those who are convinced of their own superior rightness to censor and restrict the opinions of others, you open the gate to the silencing and the suppression of the opinions of others, and once you permit the silencing and the suppression of opinions because governments or institutions or majorities don't like them, just at that moment the citadel has been surrendered. For the American citadel is *a man*. Not man in general. Not man in the abstract. Not the majority of men. But man. *That* man. *His* worth. *His* uniqueness. His quality in himself. That in him which is uniquely his and which enriches, therefore, the world.

You cannot defend that citadel, and you cannot defend this country, by ambiguity either of word or action. Above all you cannot defend them by giving freedom a double meaning — by saying that freedom in the country has won a great victory when freedom in the man has suffered a mortal wound. Freedom in American usage means freedom *of* the man, and freedom of the man means freedom of the man's mind. The man comes first and everything else comes after — the establishments of opinion — the official views. The American Proposition refers not, as the editors of *Fortune* magazine have recently suggested, to American industry, but to the American people. It is an American Proposition as to man's place in the universe, not as to the production of durable goods. And what it advances is the worth of man, the worth of the human individual — not the superiority of a given economic or religious or political system.

3

The American Proposition is the proposition, advanced at the beginnings of the Republic and enacted into law when the Constitution was adopted, that a man's freedom to be a man, and to find and

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speak the truth that is in him, is more important than the protection of any accepted belief, any official verity, against criticism, against challenge, against dissent. More important not only to that man but to all men, to the society which all men compose, to the nation, to the world, to life itself. It is a proposition, in other words, which rests upon an act of faith, the most courageous of all earthly acts of faith — an act of faith in man and in the God whom man, in the freedom of his conscience and his thought, can find.

When it was first enacted into law the American Proposition was new. It is still new: the one wholly new and revolutionary idea the modern world has produced, for all its triumphs in science and technique — an idea so new and so revolutionary in its literal and explicit meaning that half the patriotic societies which celebrate their attachment to the American Revolution have yet to understand it or accept it. But it is new and revolutionary, not solely because it proclaims human liberty, nor solely because it founds its conception of human liberty on the freedom of the individual human mind, defending that freedom in the most explicit and peremptory terms against the tyranny of organized opinion. It is new and revolutionary because of the act of faith which it expresses.

Our reliance in this country is on the inquiring, individual human mind. Our strength is founded there: our resilience, our ability to face an ever changing future and to master it. We are not frozen into the backward-facing impotence of those societies, fixed in the rigidness of an official dogma, to which the future is the mirror of the past. We are free to make the future for ourselves. And we are free because it is the man who counts in this country: always and at every moment and in any situation, the man. Not the Truth but the man: not the truth as the state sees the truth or as the church sees the truth or as the majority sees the truth or as the mob sees the truth, but the truth as the man sees it, as the man finds it, for himself as man. Our faith is in the infinite variety of human beings and in the God who made them various and of many minds; in their singularity, their uniqueness, the creativeness of the differences between them. Our faith, in simple, sober truth, is in the human Being, the human spirit, the hungers and the longings that lead it toward its images of truth, its perceptions of the beauty of the world.

Those who launched the great human adventure which this Republic is, dared to put their trust in the individual man, the man alone, the man thinking for himself. They dared to believe in a *people*, which is a nation of individual men constituting among themselves a society; for a people is not what the totalitarians call "the masses"; a people is an agreement of many alone to make together a world in which each one of them can live as himself. The founders of the American Republic believed in a people. They not only provided no censors for the thoughts of those who were to come after them: they prohibited censors. They not only provided no moral or intellectual or religious authority to govern the beliefs of their successors: they rejected forever the establishment of any such authority. They trusted men.

It is in that trust that the Republic can still be defended. Indeed it is only in that trust that it can be defended as the kind of country it is. To attempt to defend it otherwise — to attempt, above all, to defend it by debasing the coinage of meaning in which its nature is expressed — is to lose both the country itself and the struggle against Communism which is cited as justification of the fraud. If freedom can come to mean something less than freedom in the general mind, it can come to mean the opposite of freedom. If freedom ceases to express the American faith in man and in man's unqualified right to find the truth for himself, it will shortly express a faith in established truth, in the rightness of official opinion. When that happens we shall have lost both the American Proposition and the fight against Communism. For the one idea that can triumph over the police-state notion that the truth is already known, once for all, and that the truth is therefore entitled to impose itself by force, is the American Proposition that a man is free to find the truth for himself. It is the one idea that can triumph because, as long as it is held, man himself is the cause of those who hold it. And against that cause no enemy has prevailed for long.

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Audacious

Although he was born in Paris, Illinois, and his grandparents hailed from Arizona, New York claimed WILLIAM ZECKENDORF *at the age of two, and in the driving force of his maturity he has had much to contribute to the rejuvenation of that city. Now in his forty-sixth year, he is the President of Webb & Knapp, real-estate developers, who invest and finance for their own account and who have put new life into old property in many metropolitan areas across the country. This article is an enlargement of a talk which Mr. Zeckendorf gave before the Harvard School of Design.*

NEW CITIES FOR OLD

by WILLIAM ZECKENDORF

1

How can we keep cities that represent the toil and sweat and invested labor and invested capital of generations from becoming ghost towns? It is wonderful to talk about going out into the country — as I see some of you have done here — to build a perfect city on a plateau; I don't say that that is easy, but I do say that it is much more of a challenge for somebody to tell you, "Here is a city in which there are five billion dollars or more invested. Try to save it from disintegration and economic blight, which cannot miss if you do not do something about the core which you are permitting to rot; never mind doing something gaily and theoretically about the periphery."

We are all building these wonderful means of ingress to and egress from the central and urban areas, which simply means that we are developing easier and easier means of escape. They are roads from, not to, because people come to the town for reasons of necessity and leave it as fast as they can. That is the really greatest challenge that we've got in this country. People speak of inflation and of the results that will follow inflation, of economic and social waste and the fact that we are going to pass on to generations to come the errors of our ways through high debt, inflated money, dislocated economy. That is nothing compared with what is going on by attrition; attrition in the sense that the cities of the country are being permitted to die on the vine; cities that have been built and paid for, cities against which billions of dollars of municipal bonds have been levied in good faith and bought by citizens who have saved their life's labors to invest in these municipal securities and mortgage bonds, and indirectly through the life insurance companies which reinvest their savings to make these cities go. If this attrition continues, these savings are going to be wiped out.

Inflation has almost no greater threat than the threat that has taken place in cities like Boston, one of the worst examples I know. Our firm is so concerned about Boston that it would not buy any real estate here. It is no joke. We believe that Boston, with its tax rate what it is and justified because of the expense in comparison with the potential revenue, is going to go broke.

You have already put through a semiconfiscation of private property by your levied tax. Your tax rate is such and your assessment rate is such in the City of Boston that you have practically confiscated the assets already. It is not something that you have to wait around for. And the first depression will find half the city on the town tax roll, because only the high occupancy, the extraordinarily high rents due to a scarcity resulting from an unusual situation, make it possible to run these properties and pay the taxes and operating charges with some modest return on the investment. You have a town here that is completely dislocated, where your people work in one community and spend their money in another community that pays nothing to the town in which their labors are expended. There are other cities in this same dilemma. But Boston is an outstanding example.

I want to talk about the possible cure. That is more important. The cure, in my opinion, is really the greatest challenge to the imagination, much more challenging than going out in a pasture and building a city, and much more satisfying from a constructive and a creative standpoint than abandoning the core to eventual ruin — anybody can do that if given enough boondoggling subsidy. But it takes real thinking, real energy, courage, and imagination to work within the confines of an existing problem. As a matter of fact, you will find in your experience, as you go into architectural life, that the greatest results you can get in ingenuity are those which are dictated in alterations where the restrictions of existing conditions force you to do things that you would never do if you had a completely free hand. Working within limitations will often produce more striking results, because of

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the provocative problems that arise, than if you have no limitations.

2

Let me give you three examples of constructive developments which our firm has put through in the heart of New York City. The first begins on the day a broker called and offered us at a price of $700,000 the old riding academy at 66th Street running through to 67th Street just west of Central Park West, a piece of property consisting of some 40,000 square feet. We turned down the offer with the comment that it was impossible at that price — we could not afford to build apartments in that area at that square foot figure — to which the broker responded that the buildings themselves were very valuable. We pointed out that we would pay more for the property demolished than with the buildings on it, as they had outlived their usefulness, and let it go at that.

Some weeks later I happened to be driving through 66th Street, and what follows illustrates the old adage that it is better to be lucky than smart. Because of a traffic jam my car was stalled in front of the academy. I decided that as long as I was there I might as well take a look at the property. I noted that the main building — the riding arena — was 92 x 200 with a great high vaulted ceiling and no interior columns. I said to myself, here is a perfect place for a television studio. Upon my return to the office I called the broker and we bought the property at his price, $700,000 with 20 per cent cash, balance on purchase money mortgage.

We circularized all the radio companies immediately, offering the property for television purposes, and to our dismay received letters from all declining the proposal. This put us in the horse business. We bought 150 horses and went into the market to buy hay and sell manure, running a regular monthly loss of $3500 to $4500. This went on for almost a year, when one day the phone rang and a rather uncertain voice announced that he was Mr. E. J. Noble. Knowing by reputation that he was the owner of the American Broadcasting Company, I promptly told him that I had never heard of him. He said, "Some time ago you suggested that we buy your barn for a TV station. Perhaps we'd better have a look at it."

To make a long story short, we leased the academy to him and subsequently sold it to him at a profit of $600,000. He converted it into the most modern TV station in the United States. Some months later when we were lunching together at "21" he said he was going to invite me to become a director of ABC. He asked me if I knew why, and when I replied that I did not he said, "Because you're the first man to make money out of TV."

We had a much longer struggle in the transaction which we recently consummated in the 34th Street midtown shopping center of Manhattan. There we found an unusual situation in that Macy's, which is the largest department store in the world, doing an annual business of up to $200,000,000, is separated from its chief competitor, Gimbel Brothers, by a single block running from the south side of 34th Street to the north side of 33rd Street. It seemed to us that if a large assemblage of smaller properties within this block could be engineered we could redevelop the property in the form of an arcade or through-street merchandising so that the customers of both great merchants, as they passed back and forth from 33rd to 34th Street, could do window shopping or comparative shopping on their way.

Such assemblage, however, held many obstacles because of the existing leases. There were a variety of buildings, including a firehouse, a hotel, and a theater, all of which would have to be removed. In order to acquire the firehouse, Webb & Knapp had to persuade the city that it was in the interest of efficiency and that it would ease traffic if the patrol at 29th Street was combined with the one at 33rd Street in a new station at 31st Street. We offered to build a new firehouse 75 feet wide in accordance with the specification of the city and exchange it on an even basis for the fifty-year-old, 50-foot firehouse standing on 33rd Street. The city agreed.

We have just signed leases with the F. W. Woolworth Company for a new building that will occupy part of the site of the old firehouse, the Herald Square Hotel, and the Savoy Theater, and which will be the largest store in the Woolworth chain throughout the United States. This new Woolworth's will serve as an arcade; it will syphon off customers. Thus there will be a steady current instead of the log jam which exists between Macy's and Gimbel's; all will receive the benefit of greater customer circulation. Incidentally, it has taken us nearly ten years to clear the block.

Our most challenging project in Manhattan involved the land that is now called the United Nations zone. This area runs north from 42nd Street to approximately 48th Street, and east from First Avenue to the East River. It is a rectangular section of about 500 feet east and west, and about 2000 feet north and south — roughly a million square feet.

At the time that we first heard or thought of it, the property easterly from First Avenue from 42nd to 49th was called the slaughterhouse district of New York, and was occupied by the abattoirs of the Swift and Wilson companies. They had been there since the 1870s or '80s. Prior to that time it was a pesthole, and when it came to granting a privilege to slaughter cattle on Manhattan, it was decided that the best place for it was that pesthole area to the east. The slaughterhouses were built there then. They were the best that were built at the

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time, and probably for slaughterhouses they were pretty good-looking. But as time went on, the Grand Central zone came into concept, the subsurface rapid transit was developed, and the Grand Central Station was conceived. That 42nd Street zone became probably the most intensive and the most interesting new development of any urban area in the United States. It was a great tribute to the planning and the foresight of the people who recognized its possibilities. I don't know of anything more important in long-term thinking than what was done at this place in the first decade of the century.

When the old steam railroad line was submerged under Park Avenue, which was a slum area, and air rights were built over the railroad tracks, there took place one of the most magnificent pieces of urban redevelopment ever seen. And it was so important and so virile that it overcame everything in its way — except the slaughterhouses. Its zone of influence moved easterly about as far as Second Avenue. It couldn't take in any more than that because the physical stench of the slaughterhouses prevented it. But those slaughterhouses remained there while they built apartment houses that rented in the '20s for $500 and more a room, almost within niblick shot of the slaughterhouses.

But nobody did anything about the slaughterhouses. They stayed there indefinitely. I recall when I first went into the real-estate business as a broker that they said of the slaughterhouses, "They will never be sold," because nobody could ever get a franchise to build a thing like that in Manhattan again anywhere, even though from time to time the properties were offered to us for sale. They never could be delivered, and every time somebody talked of it, it became a joke.

In the early part of 1946 when a broker called up and said he wished to offer the slaughterhouses I asked him to see one of my associates. This had been going on in my own experience for over twenty years. He came and went, and a few minutes later the man to whom I had assigned him came in, and I said, "What did that fellow want?"

"Oh," he said, "the old chestnut, slaughterhouses."

"I presume you gave him the usual brushoff."

And he said, "Yes, sure, nothing to it. By the way, he said he was related to the Swifts."

"What?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure? Let's get him back here," I said.

So we got the broker back, and I said, "What makes you think you can deliver these slaughterhouses?"

"Well," he said, "my daughter is the sole heir to the Swift fortune and I think I can do it."

I said, "Sit down." Which he did. I said, "What do you want for them?"

He said, "Swift and Wilson have agreed that they want $17 a square foot, take one, take all. They have pooled their properties."

"Are you sure you can deliver?"

His reply was "Yes."

"What is the best price?" I asked.

"Seventeen dollars."

"Are you aware of the fact that the properties on the other side of First Avenue, running up and down and westerly all the way over to Second Avenue, are selling for $5 a square foot and less?"

He said, "I know it's a ridiculous price but that is what they want."

"Will you take back an offer of a lesser amount?"

"No," he said, "I've got to keep on offering it until I get a buyer."

I asked, "Have you offered it anywhere else?"

He replied, "No."

"Well," I said, "I'll talk about it with my associates if you'll wait a few minutes."

So I went inside and talked with my partners. "Here is the greatest opportunity that I have ever seen in my life," I said, "and I never expect to see one like it again. This is the situation. Regardless of whether the properties are selling for $5 per foot, $1 per foot, half a dollar a foot, $3 a foot, around this area that they want $17 per foot for, that has nothing to do with it. The only reason they are selling for $4 a foot or $5 a foot is because the slaughterhouses are here. If you can think in *pro forma* terms of *X*, the slaughterhouses, there is no excuse for the $5 land and there is no excuse for the $17 land. The whole thing is worth $50. Actually, by eliminating the abomination, you can pull the whole thing up by its own bootstraps."

A very simple rule of real-estate economics. It was so centrally located, so beautifully located, with the site and size and dimensions of the property such that there were limitless potentials. Regardless of whether you could see them all the way through to the end at first view, you knew that they were there. "Therefore," I said, "I advocate buying the property for $17 a foot." Which we did. We also bought the $5 land. We bought some land for less, some for as little as $1 a foot.

There was one fellow, an Italian, who had put his life savings into a purchase for $10,000 of the only outstanding property on the east side of First Avenue that did not belong to the slaughterhouses. That was the northeast corner of 42nd Street. Fifty by one hundred — $10,000. That is $2 per foot. We sent the broker over to buy that property, and his wife said she wouldn't sell it for less than $12,000. He came back and said, "Wife wants thirteen!" I said, "Buy it." This little dialogue went on between the broker and wife until finally we paid her $100,000. And that piece of real estate today would be worth a minimum of $500,000. A minimum! It would be a bargain at that price.

And it all happened the moment we said, there

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are no slaughterhouses. Just say it. Wipe them out with a piece of rubber. Here is the new concept of this development — this Grand Central zone at the East River point. Seventeen dollars a foot was meaningless. So was anything else. When you have a plot that size, located that way in an urban area, the values are almost infinite, limited only by your imagination, your courage, your ideas and your ability to execute them.

3

We had a concept for the development of what is now the United Nations area which was very much publicized. That concept arose after much study in which Mrs. Zeckendorf was a great aid because her thinking from a woman's viewpoint was of enormous help in projecting the residential phase of this development, which started commercial at the south and wound up residential at the north end at Beekman Place. We developed this plan, and the plan came into model form and was given a lot of publicity. On December 6, 1946, I read in the paper that the United Nations were going to Philadelphia because they were unwilling to go to the Flushing Meadows that New York offered them, they were rejected in the Westchester-Greenwich area where they wished to go, and the Russians had said that no "first class" diplomat would go to San Francisco. That morning I told Mrs. Zeckendorf that I was going to put those birds on the platform. And she said, "What birds on what platform?" And I said, "Those UN birds on the platform on the East River."

I called the Mayor that day and he said, "What's your idea?"

I said, "I hereby offer you —" I said, "Do you want to keep those fellows in New York?"

And he said, "Yes, I'd give anything to do that."

"Well," I said, "put this down. I'll offer you seventeen acres of land on the East River from 42nd Street north at any price the United Nations wish to pay. That will be their new home."

Now, the important thing about this whole thing is the value of the visualization of a concept. Thanks to *Life* magazine, a few other magazines, and a lot of newspapers, a great deal of publicity was given to the design that we had for the redevelopment of the area, so that when they brought around the Site Committee of the United Nations, no two of whom spoke the same language — and they were all ready to build a Tower of Babel — they were shown first the property and then the visualization of the plan. They saw this development along the East River and they recognized that it could look like what they had always dreamed of for the United Nations. I am sure that if they had just been shown those red brick slaughterhouses with no concept, they never could have understood what we were talking about. But they did understand it because they saw it in print. And within eight days, notwithstanding the eighteen months of previous searching, Mr. Rockefeller, who recognized its potential, offered the money to buy it for the United Nations. The United Nations approved the site, and eight days later it was a *fait accompli*.

When it came to the development of an approach to the United Nations — a monumental boulevard that was going to be grand enough, beautiful enough, functional enough, as would be warranted by such a basic conception — we proposed a minimum concept for redevelopment. We said that as a minimum the city should do the following: it should use its power of eminent domain, its right to redevelop communal area, and it should resell the surrounding zones so that the benefits of automatically increased valuation would go to the community and not to the guys who did nothing to get it. That may sound communistic or socialistic. But I cannot see any reason why the people who own those cold-water tenements in the area of the United Nations should be permitted to get a free ride or to hold up indefinitely, at their own will and whimsey, the redevelopment of an area that should be rededicated.

We presented that idea to the City Fathers. "Condemn the north side of 46th Street to the south side of 49th Street from First Avenue to Third Avenue," we said. That area would involve six square blocks: the north side of 46th to the south side of 47th, the north side of 47th to the south side of 48th, and on up to 49th; three blocks north, two blocks east and west, from First Avenue to Second, Second Avenue to Third. Those blocks are precise, gridiron blocks, 200 feet north and south each, roughly 800 feet east and west, and the intervening streets are 60 feet.

We said, "Take the two central blocks, the ones from the north side of 47th to the south side of 48th from First Avenue to Second Avenue, from Second Avenue to Third Avenue, which means a strip 200 feet long and 1600 feet wide plus the intervening street beds of 60 feet each, the street bed of 48th and the street bed of 47th. You have 120 feet of street bed, 200 feet of block, or 320 feet north and south by 1600 feet east and west. Redesign that for a great boulevard: 320 feet is 230 per cent of New York's widest street, Park Avenue, which is 140 feet. Let that be a great boulevard for pedestrians and for well-designed traffic, with subsurface traffic and subsurface parking. And then you will wind up with these four blocks which you also condemned, from the north side of 46th to the south side of 47th, and the north side of 48th to the south side of 49th. Then take those four blocks, rezone them, dictate what may and may not be built, and say that they shall now go up at auction to the highest bidder, providing they are built that way. To assure you, the city, that you

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will take no loss for your speculation in having bought six blocks, but that you will get the two central blocks, plus the streets that you are going to use for this great boulevard, absolutely for nothing, we will guarantee to make a bid ourselves for a minimum figure which will equal 120 per cent of the assessed valuation of all six blocks, land and buildings. That 120 per cent is what we shall pay for the four blocks, so that you get the two blocks for free."

I also proposed that the four blocks should have levied against them a land assessment which would equal the full tax assessment of all the land, of all the buildings, of all six blocks, and that any improvements on top of that should be levied at the regular rate of assessment. The *pro forma* value of those four blocks fronting on that communal way and their plottage assembly value, which has been achieved by a single condemnation, is so vast as to make it a good real-estate investment for hard money, not boondoggling money. Here is a case where two thirds is greater than three thirds. Here is a case exactly like the situation with the slaughterhouses at $17 a foot against $5 surrounding land value. It is a subtle redevelopment by a new concept, and the center of New York could have been vastly improved at no one's expense, not even at the expense of the fellows who were condemned, because they would have gotten more than they ever dreamed of getting at 120 per cent of assessed value. The City Fathers made one of the greatest mistakes of their lives when they turned us down, but we are still hopeful they will come to their senses and reverse their decision before the opportunity is wholly lost.

Again it comes back to concepts. I don't believe that cities are lost unless we are prepared to abandon them. The present tendency indicates that we are ready to abandon them. I deplore that. I think that if any great challenge exists in this country for the architects and designers, the real-estate economists and builders, the urban redevelopers and the city planners, it is the saving of a city.

I am not against decentralization. I think every new means of transportation that comes along in the progress of mechanized development causes farther and farther flung communities. I believe those communities have to go out to meet the problem that arises from the new mode of transportation. But I do not believe it is necessary to have cities die on the vine and rot at the core. I think they can be things of beauty, light, and economic functionalism; but they have got to be attacked by a combination of three kinds of thinkers: the real-estate economist, the designer and engineer, and the city planner and civic thinker.

SPACE

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

For beauty, for significance, it's space
We need; and since we have no space today
In which to frame the act, the word, the face
Of beauty, it's no longer beautiful.

A tree's significant when it's alone,
Standing against the sky's wide open face;
A sail, spark-white upon the space of sea,
Can pin a whole horizon into place.

A candle only in the darkness flowers,
Creating space around it as it towers,
Giving the room a shape, a form, a name;
Significance is born within the frame.

A word falls in the silence like a star,
Searing the empty heavens with the scar
Of its significant and lovely flight
Against the dark and speechless space of night.

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Cities Grow

No New Yorker has a longer or more distinguished record of public service than ROBERT MOSES. *He joined the Bureau of Municipal Research in 1913 when John Purroy Mitchel became mayor, and ever since has worked uninterruptedly for city and state. Today, as City Construction Co-ordinator, he handles the hundreds of millions which are spent on the parkways, public beaches, housing developments, the bridges, throughways, and other improvements required by the most active city in the world. Two years ago he was appointed to the Mayor's Committee on Management Survey; gradually the press spread the word that when the Committee made its report there would be enormous economies all down the line. This was too much for Mr. Moses and he spoke out.*

THE BUDGET MUST GO UP

A Letter from ROBERT MOSES

1

HON. LAZARUS JOSEPH
Comptroller of the City of New York

DEAR SIR: —

The Management Committee of which you are Chairman and of which I am a member has now been in existence for almost two years. The City has approved an expenditure of more than $2,000,000 for the surveys thus far authorized, not including overhead contributions of City agencies.

I accepted membership on this Committee reluctantly at the insistence of Mayor O'Dwyer. At one of its early meetings, I strongly urged that its activities be confined to a few definite, specific subjects where technical advice from outside would bring about genuine improvements in administration and actual economies. I suggested several such subjects. Some were adopted but, generally speaking, the scope of staff work has been greatly expanded and, as I feared, extravagant expectations have been aroused as to anticipated achievements. The public is beginning to believe that sufficient savings can be made in various departments to meet the increased cost of salaries and services.

The time has now come to take stock, to inform the public as to what we are actually driving at, whether or not there will be any substantial savings, to correct misapprehensions, and to fix attention on the basic problems of the City.

I have had considerable personal experience with the improvement of forms of government and have for some years followed efficiency and economy studies, in the federal field from Mr. Taft to Mr. Hoover, in the State from Governor Smith to Governor Dewey, and in the City from John Purroy Mitchel to the present Mayor. I was responsible for the staff which prepared the plan of State reorganization for Governor Smith, and was recently identified with Mr. Hoover's Commission.

I have also had responsibility over the years for administration on a fairly large scale and for the expenditure of considerable sums of public and quasi-public money, and have even drawn from ultraconservatives the grudging comment: "What you build costs a lot, but we get something for our money." Bearing in mind that some of our wealthier citizens regard all government as an organized conspiracy against the taxpayer, this comes as close to praise as anyone who toils in the vineyards of Uncle Sam, Mother Empire State, or Father Knickerbocker can get.

This experience has taught me to be wary of salvation by new organization charts and efficiency installations and extremely suspicious of extravagant claims of net dollar savings in government. Men, not charts and measures, make good government. The ideal thing, of course, is to have first-class men operating first-class machines, but first-class men can operate any machine and third-rate people can't make the best and most modern gadgets work. Budget, efficiency, and planning surveys usually avoid the big immediate problems in favor of small economies or propose long-range revolutionary plans not realizable in our lifetime.

I have learned that government is not just another business with the profit motive left out — a business which, once divorced from politics, can readily be improved by itinerant experts armed with the lingo of efficiency. The electorate is not exactly like a group of stockholders who choose directors to run a corporation, and the Mayor is expected to have qualities, loyalties, and compulsions quite different from those of a bank or business president. It has even been suggested that the Mayor is the conscience of the community as well as its housekeeper!

Capitalism, whose practices government is asked to imitate, has not always been internally healthy

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and without sin, and it has even been whispered among the unregenerate that great corporations have their own diseases paralleling those of government, including politics, deadheads, nepotism, illusions of grandeur, hardening of the arteries, gout, and the Chinese rot.

My hunch is that Mr. Waterman, the fountain pen manufacturer, who ran against the Honorable James J. Walker for Mayor in 1925 and is the only honest-to-God businessman in my memory who actually took the plunge, would, if he had won, have been the greatest flop in the history of City Hall. I am supported in this cynical observation by practically every reporter, taxi driver, bartender, and other trained observer, philosopher, and pundit in a fairly wide acquaintance.

2

With these generalizations, let me turn to the big problems of New York City's administration and financing. We must keep in mind that the City is still growing in population, that it has 8,000,000 people today, that the population in five years will be 8,225,000 and in ten years 8,555,000. Recent metropolitan increases have been accompanied by tremendous geographical shifts from the City to the suburbs, from central areas in the City to outlying areas, from one borough to another, and public and quasi-public housing have brought about complete changes in entire neighborhoods. With these shifts enormous problems involving old and new schools, recreation facilities, hospitals, roads, transportation, health, sanitary and other services have arisen.

It should be noted in passing that the City has plans and specifications, some preliminary but many detailed and final, for well over a billion dollars in capital and assessable improvements, none of them extravagant or frivolous, and that Civilian Defense will require additional capital and expense appropriations. Increased appropriations are also required to pay for the installation and upkeep of new facilities. Debts must be amortized and interest must be paid on them in the expense budget, and personnel and maintenance must be provided for. Recently high prices and inflation, for which the City certainly is not responsible, have raised costs, and federal controls have made orderly city planning difficult.

Meanwhile, the demands of the people have increased. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness have acquired new meanings in terms of municipal expenditures. People are no longer satisfied to live in slums. They properly demand a fair share of the good things of life and look to government, and particularly to municipal government, to provide them. There are more old people than there used to be, and there is more leisure time for recreation. No administration can be elected, and certainly none can survive, which does not recognize these facts. This is the democratic process as we practice it.

New York had a disgracefully inadequate borough park system when Mayor La Guardia took office in 1934. Since then we have doubled its acreage, raised the number of playgrounds from 117 to 550, and quadrupled other recreation facilities, but we have had no proportionate increase in our budget. We have so few attendants and police that vandalism and violence are rampant and cannot be checked. The rank and file of our men are scandalously underpaid and are hardly able to pay for their overalls. Our receipts have risen from $373,773.24 to $1,855,747.

What would the people of the City do? Reduce these facilities? Stop the growth of the system? Leave the old neglected and newly populated neighborhoods as they are? Would they raise the entrance charges at swimming pools and cut out the free periods? Would they put turnstiles and meters on beaches such as Coney Island where we have 10,000 people to the acre on good summer days? We can indeed raise our revenues and in the process freeze out a third of our children and adults. Shall we feed sawdust to the animals in our zoos? Is *that* what the City wants? Will itinerant management experts from Oshkosh who never operated a peanut stand tell us how to run one of the greatest municipal recreation systems in the world?

We are in the midst of a $150,000,000 hospital expansion program. The new beds must have doctors, nurses, equipment, bandages, food, heat, and current. New parks and playgrounds must have attendants. New schools require teachers, janitors, and supplies. New streets must be swept and lighted. Expressways must be policed. Slums, parking, traffic congestion, smoke, dirt, pollution, disease, gambling, ignorance, dope, organized crime, rackets, vandalism, the law's delay — everyone demands a sustained drive against them, but nobody wants to pay the bill.

Business and industry also make demands on the government for the many improvements which require the power of eminent domain and the expenditure of public funds to furnish the framework in which private enterprise can flourish, and to enable local business to compete successfully with business in other progressive and ambitious communities. A good example of this is our waterfront, which is so important to the economy of the City that it must be subsidized.

All these factors contribute to a steadily mounting municipal budget, and no management survey by this Committee or any other, by the present staff of outside experts or any which can be recruited, will change this situation. The City budget is bound to go up. An honest effort should be made to anticipate and publicly explain the curve of increase, to keep it within reasonable bounds, and to get a dollar's worth for each dollar spent.

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Economy is, of course, indispensable, but the notion which has been assiduously cultivated by various civic agencies and the press, that enforced efficiency and economy will actually result in tremendous net cuts in the City's expense budget and make it possible to meet inescapable demands for increases in pay and services within the present total and without new taxes, is so much moonshine.

I recommended and voted for the present Director of the Management Survey. I am for genuine economy, for cutting out waste, for the smallest practical number of competent, decently paid, and well-treated employees, and for savings which do not cut services, but I ask that the experts on whom we are spending $2,000,000 concentrate on the big problems of financing and refrain from making mountains out of molehills. We are attempting to balance the budget of what we hope will continue to be the world's first city. We are not rewriting *Poor Richard's Almanack*, or re-establishing the economic and civic standards of the nineteenth century.

There is undoubtedly waste in our municipal government, and it should be mercilessly exposed and rooted out, but not at the expense of morale and service. There are too many professional employees on the permanent payrolls preparing specifications and inspecting contract work which could be done faster, cheaper, more smoothly, with less overhead, stalling, and clock-watching, if it were farmed out on a contract basis to the best firms in private business, firms which have to meet payrolls, rent and light bills, to live. The costs of plans and inspection in some departments are astounding. Here is room for savings in both capital and expense budgets. But it is one not welcomed by some of our organized civil service groups.

Better executives in all departments will get long-term economies, but they are not easy to find. The incentives become less rather than greater when investigating committees from Washington, dominated by men like Senator Tobey, by clear implication characterize the entire City service as corrupt and incompetent, and imply that men like Costello and Erickson, whom most of us never saw until the Kefauver Committee televised them, run the City's entire business. I personally never laid eyes on or even remotely heard of these characters in the course of seventeen years in major City work. It is senseless to foul our municipal personnel with unproved charges of general corruption and then demand that better people hurry into government service.

That the standards of government, the levels of public morality, and the ambitions of the young will be permanently elevated by the appearance and sworn testimony of such ineffable characters as Virginia Hill — whose performance my ribald friends unanimously hold to have been the high point of the Greatest Minstrel Show On Earth — is a proposition which only professional believers in good clean fun will advance. Miss Hill was no more relevant in the Kefauver Investigation than Morgan's Midget at the Stock Market Investigation.

Spasms of reform and efficiency get us nowhere. We need firm objectives. These are orderly growth, wider horizons, decent standards. Toward their realization we require steady, reliable sources of income.

3

THERE has been a deal of loose talk about patronage in the City service. There are, to be sure, political jobs in every government, but the possible savings claimed by eliminating them have been fantastically inflated. There are in all 532 exempt positions in our municipality, including elected officials, commissioners, and others, controlled by the City. The salaries attached to these positions aggregate $3,151,492 out of a total personal service appropriation of $693,000,000. If half of all these exempt places could be dropped, the net saving would be less than $2,000,000, or two tenths of one per cent of the total.

We must not forget that in the total current annual expense budget of $1,322,181,423.09, mandatory items amount to $402,000,000. Anyone who believes that these mandatory appropriations can actually be substantially reduced with legislative and public approval must have the mentality of a peculiarly guileless child.

It is an undeniable fact that the same individuals and groups who demand drastic economies are equally vociferous in shouting for additional expenditures for their pet projects, groups, and causes. Some are particularly interested in police, others in teachers, still others in transportation workers or nurses. Some are trustees of private hospitals, and in this capacity demand that the City pay these hospitals full cost of maintaining City charges in private institutions. Some are trustees of semi-public educational institutions, museums, foundations, theaters, concerts, and what not, and in this guise urge greatly increased City appropriations for these excellent causes. They point out that we cannot live by bread alone, that culture too counts, and claim with considerable truth that the City is not living up to its moral and contractual obligations to the arts and sciences.

Often the same critics demand lower assessments on real estate on one day, and on the next claim payments or awards in condemnation far in excess of assessed values. It all depends upon whose blocks are gored! Ambitious parents of small means look to the Board of Higher Education to make the gates of our City colleges wide enough for every qualified applicant, but what does "qualified" mean? In theory we might restrict the professions to a small number of the most brilliant students, but that is not the way democracy looks at it. It means more buildings, more teachers, more upkeep. It's very expensive, but we are committed to it.

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Vociferous shouters for economy include prominent figures who for years in the La Guardia administration supported the five-cent fare on the ground that the social implications of a higher rate would be terrible. They prevented the building of new subways when prices were low and materials available. They created our worst budgetary problems, and blame subsequent administrations for them.

Let us consider inevitable increases in the salaries of underpaid City employees.

The total number of City employees is about 217,000.

Here is a table of conservative increases: —

Police	$16,000,000
Firemen	9,000,000
Sanitation Workers	2,500,000
Teachers	40,000,000
Board of Transportation Employees	25,000,000
Park Employees	1,500,000
Water, Gas and Electricity Employees	500,000
Clerical and Stenographic Forces	3,500,000
Nurses and Doctors	5,150,000
Other Professional and Technical Forces	500,000
Welfare and Court Workers	4,350,000

If we add these together we see that we require, beginning in 1952, not less than $100,000,000 for increases in wages alone.

Now to this total must be added the cost of additional police, teachers, and other employees, which will bring the total required for expansion of forces to $10,000,000. To these figures must be added the costs of amortization, interest charges, and upkeep arising out of a considerable amount of additional capital construction, totaling another $20,000,000. The grand total of inescapable additions seems, therefore, to be about $130,000,000.

How can any sane and honest person claim that any such sum can be saved by efficiency studies and relatively small economies? For example, improved business methods in the Police Department will not save more than a small fraction of the cost of more officers to make life safe, and of sufficient pay to enable the average policeman to keep his family decently and to resist the temptations to which underpaid men are subject. An adjustment in the age of retirement is certainly in order, but this can't be made retroactive, may be applied only to newcomers, and therefore means little for many years in terms of savings. Let us anticipate also that at the first public hearing in this matter there will be critics, now screaming for economy, who will question whether vigorous young thugs can be caught by worn-out, middle-aged policemen.

Let me give another example. We have just been forced, because of largely unavoidable delays in the building of new incinerators, to extend the dumping of garbage, refuse, and ashes. In the process we prudently reclaim meadow marsh and lowlands and lands under water for parks, road, and other future public improvements. This reclamation program means ultimate economy, but the immediate effect is an increase in the budget to furnish better barges, trucks and machinery, dykes, water gates, hydraulic fill, more men and supervisors, and so forth. No immediate savings in the Sanitation Department by efficiency installations will offset these increases, and only tricky minds can make such a claim.

The net reductions in the 1952 expense budget, through real economies brought about by this Management Survey, cannot possibly exceed $10,000,000. I am all for saving this $10,000,000, but am not for ignoring the $130,000,000 which can be reduced only by injustice to underpaid employees and by curtailing vitally needed services.

The question arises how these bills are to be met and this should be answered by the Committee, its Director, and his staff. The establishment of full, true value of real estate will permit an increase in the budget and in borrowing power without imposing new forms of taxation. Do the Director and staff recommend additional federal and state aid? Do they recommend attracting more private capital into quasi-public enterprises such as slum clearance? Do they recommend increased fares and other changes? All these are matters which require study and honest presentation, and it is unfortunate that the Management Committee has been pictured as an agency which can meet these problems simply by improved efficiency and small savings. I want to see something more substantial come out of all this than slogans for the next municipal campaign.

In conclusion, let me suggest that the Management Committee ask the Director and his staff and consultants to furnish the following important information: —

1. How much more money is required in the expense budget for personal service, including net increase in the number and pay of employees? When will we have this estimate?
2. What will the budget increase be to meet the amortization and interest for needed public improvements?
3. What will the budget increase have to be to meet increased cost of food, drugs, equipment, and other materials which the City must buy?
4. How long will it take and how much will it cost to put the reclassification of personnel into effect?
5. In what departments can substantial immediate net savings be made, and what is the total of such savings?
6. What does the aggregate of all anticipated dollar savings due to efficiency and economy amount to?
7. How shall the net increase reached by deducting No. 6 above from the sum of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 be provided for?
8. What legislation, state or local, is required to carry out the Committee's recommendations and when will it be ready for introduction?

Sincerely,

ROBERT MOSES
Construction Co-ordinator

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The Atlantic Serial

A choreographer and dancer whose ballets in Oklahoma!, Bloomer Girl, Brigadoon, *and* Allegro *have brought a new quality to the American stage,* AGNES DE MILLE *had a long row to hoe before she could establish herself as a dancer and break through the callous resistance of Broadway. The granddaughter of Henry George, and the daughter of William de Mille, the playwright, she would not accept her initial defeats in New York, and it was in the London theater of Marie Rambert that she first enjoyed sustained recognition before a critical British public. The art and the discipline of a choreographer came later, and again it was in a foreign company, the Ballet Russe, that she projected her first great ballet,* Rodeo, *dancing the lead in it at the Metropolitan on the opening night. This is the second of four installments from her warm, spirited book,* Dance to the Piper.

DANCE TO THE PIPER

by AGNES DE MILLE

9

SINCE Mother refused to let me take lessons, all I learned about dancing I learned through reading and looking at pictures. I cut out photographs of every dancer I could find and pasted them in a scrapbook.

Once Ruth St. Denis was invited to the house to look me over. With gigantic sangfroid I performed one of her own dances for her. She paid me the serious compliment of growing exasperated, kicked off her shoes and sat on the carpet beside me, going through the entire routine twice correctly. She then left, recommending that I be trained at once, preferably in her own school. But it came to nothing. St. Denis and Shawn, however, grew to be devoted and close friends of my parents. Father repeatedly said that, although dancers, they were very intelligent people indeed. But he refused to attend a single performance.

Matters might have gone on this way for years if my sister's arches hadn't providentially fallen. She was taken to a great orthopedist who advised, of all things, ballet dancing. He advised it for her, not for me, but what one sister did in our family the other always shared. We went straight away to the Theodore Kosloff School of Imperial Russian Ballet.

Theodore Kosloff had been a member of the original Diaghilev Ballet Russe. He had an enchanting smile, crooked, childish, and slightly cruel. He was slender at the time, lithe, and thatched with a mop of soft wavy brown hair. He had been trained at the Moscow Imperial School and had appeared at the Maryinski. Thence he had gone to Paris with Diaghilev and danced in the initial seasons with Nijinsky and Karsavina. Although he played only minor bits in this company, he had a remembering eye, and the time he put in during these seasons paid off more than well in his subsequent choreography.

Gertrude Hoffman, an enterprising American, who saw the value of beating the Russians to New York with their own ballets, summoned him over. He came with his wife, Maria Baldina, and Fokine's best repertoire. For Hoffman he staged among other things a peppery version of *Scheherazade.* There being no copyright for choreography, Fokine could raise no legal objections. After this success, Kosloff shrewdly decided to have his own company and acquired for this purpose two exquisite young dancers, Vera Fredova and Natacha Rambova. They toured in vaudeville throughout the country, reaching Los Angeles in due course, where they were seen by Uncle Cecil's scouts and promptly hired.

Kosloff agreed to take us as pupils, and out of courtesy to Uncle Cecil he took us free, without pay of any sort, for as long or as often as we wished to go to his school.

We went down for our audition on a summer morning. The studio was an enormous bare room

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with folding chairs pushed against the white walls for the mothers to sit on while they watched their daughters sweat. Across one end of the hall hung a large mirror. Around the other three sides stretched the traditional barre. I gave my audition in a bathing suit. Kosloff himself put me through the test. He did not say how talented I was or how naturally graceful. He said my knees were weak, my spine curved, that I was heavy for my age and had "no juice." By this he meant, I came to learn, that my muscles were dry, stubborn, and unresilient. He said I was a bit old to start training; I was at the time fourteen. I looked at him in mild surprise. I hardly knew what emotion to give way to, the astonishment of hurt vanity or gratitude for professional help. We were sent off to buy blocked toe slippers, fitted right to the very ends of our toes, and to prepare proper practice dresses.

10

The first lesson was a private one conducted by Miss Fredova. Miss Fredova was born Winifred Edwards and had received her training in London from Anna Pavlova. She was as slim as a sapling and always wore white like a trained nurse. She parted her dark hair in the center and drew it to the nape of her neck in glossy wings, Russian style. She was shod in low-heeled sandals. She taught standing erect as a guardsman, and beat time with a long pole. First she picked up a watering can and sprinkled water on the floor in a sunny corner by the barre. This she explained was so that we should not slip. Then she placed our hands on the barre and showed us how to turn out our feet ninety degrees from their normal walking stance into first position. Then she told us to *plier* or bend our knees deeply, keeping our heels as long as possible on the floor. I naturally stuck out behind. I found the pole placed rigidly against my spine. I naturally pressed forward on my insteps. Her leg and knee planted against my foot curbed this tendency. "I can't move," I said, laughing with winning helplessness.

"Don't talk," she said. "Down-ee, two-ee, three-ee, four-ee. Down the heels, don't rock on your feet."

At the end of ten minutes the sweat stuck in beads on my forehead. "May I sit down?" I asked.

"You must never sit during practice. It ruins the thigh muscles. If you sit down you may not continue with class." I of course would have submitted to a beating with whips rather than stop. I was taking the first steps into the promised land. The path might be thorny but it led straight to Paradise. "Down-ee, two-ee, three-ee, four-ee. *Nuca*. Give me this fourth position. Repeat the exercise."

So she began every lesson. So I have begun every practice period since. It is part of the inviolable ritual of ballet dancing. Every ballet student that has ever trained in the classic technique in any part of the world begins just this way, never any other. They were dreary exercises and I was very bad at them but these were the exercises that built Taglioni's leg. These repeated stretches and pulls gave Pavlova her magic foot and Legnani hers and Kchessinska hers. This was the very secret of how to dance, the tradition handed down from teacher to pupil for three hundred years.

I, a complacent child, who had been flattered into believing I could do without what had gone before, now inherited the labor of centuries. I bent to the discipline. I learned to relax with my head between my knees when I felt sick or faint. I learned how to rest my insteps by lying on my back with my feet vertically up against the wall. I learned how to bind up my toes so that they would not bleed through the satin shoes. But I never sat down. I learned the first and all-important dictate of ballet dancing — never to miss the daily practice, hell or high water, sickness or health, never to miss the barre practice; to miss meals, sleep, rehearsals even, but not the practice, not for one day ever under any circumstances, except on Sundays and during childbirth.

Ballet technique is arbitrary and very difficult. It never becomes easy; it becomes possible. The effort involved in making a dancer's body is so long and relentless, in many instances so painful, the effort to maintain the technique so grueling, that unless a certain satisfaction is derived from the disciplining and punishing, the pace could not be maintained. Most dancers are to an extent masochists. "What a good pain! What a profitable pain!" said Miss Fredova as she stretched her insteps in her two strong hands. "I have practiced for three hours. I am exhausted, and I feel wonderful."

My strongest impression of the Kosloff studio was, besides the sunlight on the floor and the white walls, the smell of sweat, the salty smell of clean sweat, the musty smell of old sweat on unwashed dresses, the smell of kitchen soap and sweat on the fresh dresses. Every dance studio smells of this — moist flesh, moist hair, hot glue in the shoes, hot socks and feet, and soap.

Paradoxically enough, ballet dancing is designed to give the impression of lightness and ease. Nothing in classic dancing should be convulsive or tormented. Derived from the seventeenth and eighteenth century court dances the style is kingly, a series of harmonious and balanced postures linked by serene movement. The style involves a total defiance of gravity, and because this must perforce be an illusion, the effect is achieved first by an enormous strengthening of the legs and feet to produce great resilient jumps, and second by a coördination of arms and head in a rhythm slower than the rhythm of the legs, which have no choice but to take the weight of the body when the body

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falls. But the slow relaxed movement of head and arms gives the illusion of sustained flight, gives the sense of effortless ease. The lungs may be bursting, the heart pounding in the throat, sweat springing from every pore, but hands must float in repose, the head stir gently as though swooning in delight. The diaphragm must be lifted to expand the chest fully, proudly; the abdomen pulled in flat. The knees must be taut and flat to give the extended leg every inch of length. The leg must be turned outward forty-five degrees in the hip socket so that the side of the knee and the long unbroken line of the leg are presented to view and never the lax, droopy line of a bent knee. The leg must look like a sword. The foot arches to prolong the line of extension. The supporting foot turns out forty-five degrees to enhance the line of the supporting leg, to keep the hips even, and to ensure the broadest possible base for the support and balancing of the body.

It should always be remembered that the court, and therefore the first, ballet dances were performed by expert swordsmen and derive much of their style from fencing positions. The discipline embraces the whole deportment. The lifted foot springs to attention the minute it leaves the floor. The supporting foot endures all; the instep must never give way even when the whole weight of the body drops and grinds on the single slim arch. The legs can be held in their turned position by the great muscles across the buttocks only by pulling the buttocks in flat. The spine should be steady, the expression of the face noble, the face of a king to whom all things are possible. The eyebrows may not go up, the shoulders may not lift, the neck may not stiffen, nor the mouth open like a hooked fish.

The five classic positions and the basic arm postures and steps were named at the request of Louis XIV by his great ballet master, Pécourt, Lully's collaborator, codified, described, and fixed in the regimen of daily exercise which has become almost ceremonial with time. Since then the technique has expanded and diversified but the fundamental steps and nomenclature remain unchanged. The "Royale" is still the faked beaten jump it was when Louis XIV, not as nimble in the legs as he would have liked to appear, failed to achieve a proper *entrechat quatre*.

11

The ideal ballet body is long-limbed with a small compact torso. This makes for beauty of line; the longer the arms and legs the more exciting the body line. My torso was long with unusually broad hips, my legs and arms abnormally short, my hands and feet broad and short. I was, besides, fat. What I did not know was that I was constructed for endurance and that I developed through effort alone a capacity for outperforming far better technicians. Because I was built like a mustang, stocky, mettlesome, and sturdy, I became a good jumper, growing special compensating muscles up the front of my shins for the lack of a helpful heel. But the long, cool, serene classic line was forever denied me.

I was allowed one private lesson a week (forty-five minutes) and one class lesson (one hour). In between times I practiced at home alone, something no dancer, pupil or professional, ever does. One needs company to overcome the almost irresistible tendency to flag. I practiced in Mother's bathroom, where she had a little barre fitted for me. The floor was slippery and there was no mirror. And I hated to practice there. I flagellated myself into the daily grind. Mother thought I was overworking and forbade me to practice more than forty-five minutes. When I showed signs of resisting, she persuaded Kosloff to order me not to exceed this limit. All the other children practiced one hour a day in the studio and had a daily class lesson besides.

Since I could not practice long, obviously I must practice harder. I strained and strained. Between the Monday lesson and the Thursday lesson, I developed and matured rigid bad habits. Every week I developed a new bad habit.

The plain truth is I was the worst pupil in the class. Having grown into adolescence feeling that I was remarkably gifted and destined to be great, I now found I could not hold my own with any of the girls standing on the floor beside me. So I crept about at the rear of the group, found matters wrong with my shoes, with my knees, with my hair, resorted to any device to get away from the dreadful exposure.

Furthermore, the Kosloff method of teaching rather accentuated my dilemma. The accent was placed on force and duration instead of harmony. He was intent on disciplining the feet and legs, and paid almost no attention to the coördination of arms and facial expression. The girls grew as vigorous as Cossacks, leaping prodigiously, whirling without cease, flailing and thrashing as they went and contorting their necks and faces in a hideous effort to show the master how altogether hell-bent for beauty they were. The exercises he devised were little miracles of perverse difficulty, muscle-locking gut-busters, all of them. I have never since seen healthy girls faint in class, but in Kosloff's class they went down quite regularly and were dragged off with their heels bumping on the floor behind them. Kosloff barely stopped counting. He used to sit in a great armchair facing the room, stamping and roaring, whacking a cane in measure to the music. In the corner sat the man with the balalaika barely audible through the noise. All the girls adored the master and gladly fainted for him. It was Miss Fredova, however, who gave me my private lessons, quietly, patiently, kindly. Kosloff occasionally walked in, looked for a minute, said, "No juice, no juice. More *plié*. Do you know? More expression, more sowl," grinned suddenly with Tartar glee,

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and lost interest. "Don't be discouraged," said the angel Fredova. "I wish, though, you could practice more regularly."

Only once did I have a small bit of my share of success. On a single occasion Kosloff gave exercises in pantomime. He suddenly stopped the class and called me out from my position in the back of the room. I demonstrated the exercise to a hushed and watching group. I did, of course, the best I could, trembling a little. They applauded. Kosloff beamed on me. He told Uncle Cecil that I showed the finest talent for pantomime of any pupil he had ever taught. This remark was naturally not repeated to me until long after.

Ah but there was a glory in that room! Each day's class was important and a little frightening. When the master praised a pupil we shivered with envy and excitement. When he roared and denounced we blanched. When he made jokes we laughed although we rarely understood what he was saying — it nearly always had to do with teasing some wretch. When he talked about expression and "sowl" I, for one, wept. When he talked about fame, galas, "applows," and *réclame*, I slept poorly for nights after. We curtsied formally at the end of class. When he talked of his triumphs with Diaghilev in Paris and how the pupils practice in Moscow with butter on the floor to make it harder, and how as a young man he could easily turn twenty pirouettes with a single push, we listened round-eyed, grabbing the chance to get our breaths before the next frantic series of jumps.

12

Dancing appeals more strongly to women than to men; among its practitioners the expert women far outnumber the expert men. The audiences are largely female. Pavlova's effect on the women in her audience was to a recognized degree hypnotic.

The reasons for this are not hard to understand. Barring sport, which offers a minimal emotional outlet, it is the one physical performance possible to women that does not carry with it either moral responsibility or physical hazard. It constitutes a true recapturing of pagan freedom and childish play. It can be even a complete although unconscious substitute for physical love, and in the lives of the greatest dancers it usually assumes this function.

Consider for a moment how the body of a dancer attaches to itself the attributes of love. It becomes the center of attention; it is the symbol of all that is most beautiful and powerful in physical life. Before the great sensitized and impersonal mass which is her audience the woman appears at her absolute best, infinitely desirable. She is beloved. She is cherished. But never at any moment is she threatened. Nothing this great impersonal lover can do or feel will compromise her physically. Her privacy can never be usurped. Free as a nymph with no earthy spoiling of her fresh strength, she will possess and be possessed by the integrated audience, fused and informed by her beauty into cohesive sympathy. She need not wait nor attend; she herself controls these great unions. She is the motivating force. She acts. The very physical stresses, the strengthening and bracing and tautening of her back and leg, supply such a sense of driving power as to give her the illusion of male potency. The plunging leg, the arched, vital foot, the delicate mechanism of equilibrium and balancing with their attendant hypnotic reflection in the audience suspend her in a state of continuing power.

But she pays for this omnipotent duality dearly. The price is unflagging lifelong effort. She must abandon forever her natural female passivity. She is forced to relinquish her unique womanly power: her grasp of reality. She is rooted in air. The fruit of her womb is gestures. Dedicating her life to her own body, she sacrifices the reality of her children's bodies and in effect that of her husband's. Very few great dancers marry well. Literally and profoundly they wed their work.

There is a further simple economic reason for this. Dancing is by all odds the worst paid of the arts. Except in those countries where ballet is endowed by the state and the performer can be assured of a reasonably secure life, marriage for either the man or the woman is impractical. The life besides is exhausting, and the exigencies of touring, rehearsing, and practicing make domesticity difficult. The dancers are always at the end of their strength. It is obvious, then, that anyone who deliberately chooses this profession feels herself by nature segregated from normal living and aloof from the group pattern. Concert or ballet dancing as opposed to Broadway or moving-picture dancing tends in this country to attract the misfits both male and female.

Very few women dancers are homosexuals. They become, rather, a kind of neuter and lead a skimpy and incomplete sexual life — nearly all the great ones develop physiological aberrations of some sort and few risk motherhood, which must be understandable enough. Any healthy woman can bear children — dancers in fact much more easily than the rest — but the rearing of a child cuts into rehearsal time like nothing else I can mention.

I have written about women because from my own experience I know something of their psychological involvements. I know less about men. I suspect their motives in choosing dancing as a career to be quite different. But I do not know. Homosexuality was present but never prevalent in the European state-endowed theaters and in Broadway musical shows. Wherever, in short, it has been possible to have a dance career at once commercially successful and socially acceptable, men with the more usual inclinations toward family and security

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have functioned happily. There was nothing effeminate about the great hoofers of our theater and they would have been astonished at the suggestion. Let us hope that with the growth of opportunity and recognition of dancing in this country, more men will join the profession, as they would any other, without qualm or taint, and with hope for solid rewards on which to build their lives.

13

Anything can happen in adolescence. It is always a risky time. Ugly ducklings sometimes change into swans. The reverse is equally possible. The best-brought-up child is taken over by powers as divorced from daily habits as earthquake. And the important point is that what happens now is definitive, physically speaking. Up to this moment there has been margin for correction. Up to this moment it didn't really matter what went on inside your mouth, on the front of your skull, or down the length of your skeleton. After sixteen, this is it — for life. The chances are good you won't like it. I didn't.

I had been a pretty child. My nose was small and pert, my skin white. I was skinny, spider-legged, and quick. I found myself suddenly imprisoned in someone else's body, heavy, deep-bosomed, large-hipped. My skin went muddy and on my face there developed seemingly overnight a large hooked nose, my father's nose. "Roman," my mother called it. "Aristocratic," the family said. "Full of character," people have told me since. But it would fool no girl. It was ugly. And it was mine for life.

Yet Mother continued her losing battle to bring me up as a normal girl, and boys seemed indicated. She signed me up for the Junior Cotillion and forced me to go. I used to enter the cotillion room clad in a pink or flowered crepe de Chine dress made by her, a little sash tying my precocious torso in two like a sack, a frill at my neck and frills at my elbow, pink silk socks and sandals (all the other girls wore taffeta frocks and silver cloth slippers with pointed toes). My hair was arranged by Mother in a nest of curls and crowned by a laurel wreath. How I hated my hair! All the excitement of putting it up was canceled out by the visual result. Mother elected to arrange it before every party and reserved time in her day to do this while I sat before the glass sinking into deeper and deeper melancholy. My mouth grew sour with rage and disappointment. I knew I would never look like the others. Then jabbing the final pin into place with last-ditch conviction and remarking that I was uncoöperative and ungrateful, she would kiss me and dispatch me to an evening of enchantment.

I always bobbed a curtsy when I met my partners. They used to break into sweats of embarrassment. I was, by general consensus, a perfectly rotten dancer, pointing my toes and performing little variations on the basic shuffling that completely unnerved my doggedly pushing escort. I also snapped my head smartly on every turn as one does in pirouettes. Indeed I responded to every musical suggestion so enthusiastically and variously as to take the boy off guard and leave him with no plan. He generally suggested lemonade and talk.

I sat out alone as many as thirteen or fourteen dances in a row. I sat with that alert indifferent air of one who has too much on her mind of interest and charm to notice that she is bleeding to death at the heart. I held my head very high and turned it vigorously with an exaggerated interest in every single thing that was in no way connected with the stag line. I told myself with somber pride that when I was a great dancer with all the capitals of Europe at my feet, they would be very surprised indeed to remember they had passed me up. Very surprised. I used to go outside and look at the night sky and the line of hills against the stars and tell myself that these boys and girls never in their lives could know the deep emotions I felt. The next day I always practiced like a maniac.

Still, I was not unhappy. On the contrary I got through adolescence without a pang. I postponed it. I lived in a gay, bustling, exciting household. There was never a minute when something entertaining or provocative was not going on. The house was always full of people — friends for tea, Mother's Tuesday walking club, the frequent Single-Taxers, and various aides in her plans to alter the state constitution. Each community project in Hollywood drifted through our parlor — the Bowl, the Woman's Club, the Studio Club, the Assistance League, Hospital Benefits, the Community Theater. Every out-of-luck artist and writer rang the bell to find Mother exactly what she was purported to be, gullible and kind. Our halls were hideous with the water colors of brokenhearted old men. Mother brought home every visiting lecturer of note to tea and a fire or tea and a garden. I passed it all by and went up to study or practice alone in her bathroom. She always caught me en route and begged me to stop, reminding me that I had practiced yesterday and might practice again tomorrow but that Rebecca West might never again in our lives return.

As I grew older it became increasingly difficult to follow a routine of work at home, and I felt I was not getting anywhere with dancing. I began to dread the lonely practice morbidly. I thought about it at school all day, and on the way home I used to long for something beyond my control that would interrupt or delay it, an accident even. By the time I got through high school, dancing meant exhaustion and little else.

Father sat me down and told me in so many words that I had to give it my whole time or I must abandon it. Father was being quite honest. At this point, had I chosen dancing, he would have supported the decision. But the years of restraint had

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done their work. Gradually, I had grown disheartened. The dance studio seemed only the scene of endless unprogressing strain. To shut myself up with those dreary, hard-working girls away from the verve of Father's company, the house and its parties, away from Mother's activities, the friends, the conversations, meant a kind of death. There were no ballet companies in the United States at that time. The only opening lay in Kosloff's moving-picture troupe or in his vaudeville tour. My spirit quailed.

One morning toward the end of summer I walked into Father's bedroom while he was shaving. "Pop," I said, "I've decided to give up dancing and go to college." He replied without looking away from the mirror, "I'm glad you have, my dear. I don't think you would have been happy."

The next week I entered the university.

14

College opened a new life, or so I intended. The University of California at Los Angeles was only a mile from the house. Mother wouldn't let me take the compulsory course in sex hygiene, but I was allowed to eat what I liked for lunch, and I lunched for one solid year off a hot dog and a bun, chocolate cake and a glass of milk — twenty cents. I also read the daily newspapers for the first time in my life, put my hair up, and used a light lipstick.

I wore a large gray tricorne with a cockade and a gray cloak and pretended I was a young man out of Dumas's Antoinette Romances attending the Sorbonne. I acted out the fantasy well into my junior year, except at those times when the actual presence of live men sitting in the class beside me excited me into forgetting.

I studied the way I danced — to the point of dropping. I worked. I did nothing but work. I'm told we had a fair football team. I never went to a game. There were dances. There were sorority teas. I was not asked to a single rush party. I did not have one date that first year. My social life consisted of a tea party now and then with Dr. Lily Bess Campbell and other members of the English faculty or with Elizabeth Boynton, the librarian. But I learned three important things in college — to use a library, to memorize quickly and visually, to drop asleep at any time given a horizontal surface and fifteen minutes.

Sometime during the beginning of the sophomore year a revue was put on in the college auditorium for the benefit of student victims of a campus fire. I volunteered and danced French *bergerettes* in the manner of Watteau and that was the first time in my life I stepped on a stage. The next day I was rushed by three sororities. I joined one which later became the Beta Xi chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta.

Occasionally I staged dances for the student rallies. I did a good number of Petrarch's sonnets at one football rally when the men got their letters. I suspect the student body must have had pretty nearly enough of me. But this last performance had one happy aspect. I dressed the girls exactly like Botticelli nymphs with draperies split to the crotch and was forthwith summoned into the director's office to explain why. Dr. Moore knew all about Botticelli; he was also acquainted with eighteen-year-old glands. I listened with profound respect but refused to alter a stitch.

In order to get back up on my numb points, I had started exercising again. But I was heavy. I was at the point of emotional and mental development where I should step out in creative work, the childish drudgery of mechanics behind me. More, my body, having reached full development and maturity, should all the long while have been building into a dancer's body.

It is a question of the greatest importance to dancers today in this country whether they can have both technique and education. Or whether education as it is taught in the universities is beneficial to them. I am inclined to think it is not. If one is going to be a professional in the arts, one should start a professional apprenticeship at the age of thirteen or so. The painters of the Renaissance entered the masters' studios very young. They ground paint. They stretched canvases. They cleaned brushes. They handled as a matter of course the implements of their craft from childhood on. They painted as other people learn to write, first details of flowers, then animals, then angels' wings and lesser figures, and always with the example of the master at work beside them. By the time they tackled their first solo picture they knew what they were doing. And in the meanwhile in the workroom they had listened to the great artists and philosophers and civic leaders. They grew up educated men.

The Russians in their Imperial Ballet School worked out a similar scheme. Children were accepted into the school at the age of ten and became wards of the government. They were taught ballet and character dancing for hours every day, but they were also taught languages and history. And from their first year they performed in the Maryinski Theatre as pages or fairies, or whatever. They saw the greatest singers and dancers in Russia at work. They learned music by watching Tchaikovsky, Rimski-Korsakov, Borodin, at their jobs. They learned art history, style, color, architecture from Benois and Bakst. And when at seventeen they were graduated, they moved into a world where every cultural door was open to them and an endowed theater waited staffed with the best in the business.

What did paleontology matter to me who wanted to jump high? Or astronomy when I needed to understand the phrasing of music? And granted the exposure to learning outside of my restricted domain

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broadened and steadied me, what I needed above all things in the world was training in moving design, design in time-space, in the manipulation and staging of bodies, in choreography. And this was not taught anywhere at all in the world. Dancing is not taught as an art in any university. There it is still in the gymnasium. Where dancing is taught as an art, the halls are noisy and dirty and troops of ignorant driven children are put through their paces daily like animals by expert semiliterate trainers and rewarded with food at the proper intervals. And the milieu is cheap music and greedy, jealous mothers and loud gossip, and noise and weariness. And never, never a book or an objective idea. But the children learn to move. And the ones with great gifts pick up all they need to know, somehow, along the way.

Sarah Lawrence and Bennington Colleges have made attempts to solve the problem, but while they do give the student a sense of style and composition, they do not train the girls early enough or long enough to build a professional technique. Their graduates — in point of pure dancing — cannot compete with the sixteen-year-old athleticism produced by the professional studios. In all other colleges and universities, dancing is still in the gymnasium and is beneath professional consideration.

I was graduated *cum laude* and all I longed for was to dance the mazurka in *Sylphides*, and I knew I never could.

I turned my glazed eyes on the misty future. And suddenly the future was in my face.

The day after they had stood side by side watching me take my degree, Mother and Father told me they were going to be divorced.

15

That summer Margaret and I made a desperate pilgrimage through Europe, dragged at the tail of Mother's grief. The trip was so bleached by her anguish that I cannot recall any part of it without melancholy. No theaters. No restaurants. No dancing. Just evenings by the pension window, staring at the suicide wallpaper while Mother sat in her bedroom writing, writing endlessly home to Hollywood.

The summer was at length done, and on a brilliant September morning we steamed up the Hudson and I stared at New York busy with little smokes, the smokes that make the static-laden island seem accessible and lively with morning bustle. I had arrived to change the American theater.

These were the days of speakeasy money on Broadway and speakeasy taste, of the active casting couch, of dancers hired on the sheen of the stocking and the wink of their agent, of the sexy rhinestone, the Texas Guinan holler, the zip, the boom, the guts, the speed, the hot-diggety-dirt. This was the profession of my choosing, this corrupt carnival.

And what were my qualifications?

I could speak meticulous English.

I could use a library.

I had never so much as bought a hat without my mother's advice.

I had never been kissed.

I was stiff in the joints, overweight, and underpracticed.

I had a poor complexion.

No taste in dress.

I had never hunted a single day's work.

I was a snob.

I knew what I thought was beautiful.

Had I foreseen what lay ahead of me I think I should not have had the courage to go on. I faced a theater which for sheer toughness and vulgarity had few counterparts in the history of the stage. Because I was a dancer I entered a branch of that theater which had almost no standing or opportunity. What dance companies existed were small, confined and dedicated to the personal exploitation of some star.

The Metropolitan Opera, our great lyric theater, in reality a national institution which should have housed the finest dancing as it housed the finest music, had in fact degraded dancing to a point it never sank to in any European community. The impresario, Gatti-Casazza, frankly despised ballet, and though, oddly enough, he married his chief ballerina, Rosina Galli, he used what influence he had to suppress all dancing. The last full ballet to be presented under the auspices of the Met was *La Giara* (1926), a bit of peasant nonsense with a nice score by Respighi. The ballets in the operas were cut as drastically as the music permitted and were a byword in the profession. No dancer would enter the *corps de ballet* of the Metropolitan unless every other avenue of opportunity was closed; and although our country had produced soloists and choreographers of world-changing power, our great lyric theater never once employed an American soloist of national importance, nor one single American choreographer of any caliber whatever. They did employ Balanchine for one season but hamstrung him with rehearsal restrictions. The condition begun under Gatti persisted until the advent of Rudolf Bing.

There were no ballets in musical shows. The line routines were set by Ned Wayburn, Seymour Felix, or Albertina Rasch. There were ballets of sorts in moving-picture houses, sometimes performed in scenery, usually performed in front of jazz bands with diamanté music stands. No concert manager booked American dancers with the single exception of the Denishawn troupe. In all the United States there was just one critic paid by a daily newspaper to write on dancing and qualified for the job, John Martin of the New York *Times*. The word "choreography" was not yet known.

Two days after arrival Mother found us an apartment. College had all but exhausted me.

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The divorce sapped the rest of my strength. Father arrived in New York and Mother's agony at his nearness grew acute; and although I understood Father's point of view and the inevitability of separation and yearned in sympathy, I decided not to see my darling again and with great bitterness of heart told him so, cutting myself off not only from my chiefest source of fun and strength and stimulation but from whatever professional advice he might have given me. Mother, who, if anything, knew less of the world than I, undertook to go it alone.

I started out by seeing Father's friends, Dan Frohman, Brander Matthews, Walter Hampden, Edgar Selwyn. With an unprecedented show of independence, I declined to have Mother accompany me. They looked me over carefully and, being gentlemen of the old school and friends of Father's, said they were sure I had something to offer. For instance, had I thought of writing? Archie Selwyn, of a newer school and nobody's friend, was more forthright. "You're too fat," he said, prodding me with a pudgy finger in the thigh. "There!" This was not what I had come to expect from the Dean of Letters and Science.

16

Douglass Montgomery, a young actor whom I had met while I was in college and who had become my unpaid coach, thought it would be a good idea if I gave a concert, so I started working on a program. It was difficult to discipline myself. I had no schedule to meet, no teacher, no performance date. I was to make up a new kind of dancing, Dug said.

I hired a rehearsal hall. I hired a pianist. When I was ready I called Dug in. He sat alone in the studio tilting back on a folding chair, smoking vigorously to quiet his embarrassment. "What is your costume?" I told him. "What are your lights and props?" I explained. "Tell me when the curtain goes up," he said as the music started. These rehearsals nearly always occurred at midnight or later, of necessity, after Dug's shows. They were held in the empty Steinway building with no one but the night elevator man to let us in and out.

All I know about acting I learned from Dug and from my lonely experimenting. He taught me that every gesture must have some explicit meaning. He taught me to know exactly where the imaginary partners stood, how tall they were, and what they were doing at every moment. It was an exercise of real discipline to establish the eye level of a six-foot partner moving rapidly around the room who, of course, existed only in the direction of my own eyes. But this was only the beginning. Any character actress could do this. He forced me to establish mood with a posture.

The timing of pantomimic phrasing I found out for myself — how to attack with a real impulse, how to round the gesture on the musical line, how to make the point on the last down-beat. Timing comedy I seemed to know about always. The main thing was never to hurry, not to waste one second, but never to hurry. Let the music race.

I aimed to do character studies where the dancing was a natural incident in the episode and a revelation of personality, using dance like costuming. The crux of the matter was the acted story. Since I couldn't dance very well and acted naturally, this seemed the course to follow. I had as helps twenty square feet of bare space, lighting, one costume, one piano, a provocative title, and choice of the world's music. I allowed myself eight bars after the curtain was up to establish who I was, when I lived, where I was at the moment, and how I felt. I didn't realize it at the time but I was giving myself a stringent training in stage mechanics. I learned not to rely on scenery, quantities of people, or lush orchestration. I learned what every true theater craftsman must know: that the actor and the gesture (or the word or the melodic line) talk. The rest is millinery.

My pieces were not properly dances at all. They were realistic character sketches, dramatic rather than choreographic in form. What dancing there was derived from authentic folk or old-fashioned theatrical steps which I used as decoration and accouterment exactly like costumes, or lights, or music. For music I used bits of whatever seemed suitable, pasted together like an old moving-picture score. I avoided masterworks as having intrinsically too strong a form and atmosphere and because I had some decent compunction about scissoring up Chopin or Schumann.

My first group consisted of two Degas studies, a student, and a performer, an eighteenth-century French courtier, an Elizabethan girl watching a parade, a forty-niner, and two romantic ballet waltzes quickly discarded. The next year's batch was to comprise an Irish reel, a *Schuhplattltanz* to Beethoven, a girl at a Broadway audition, a Civil War variety entertainer complete with musket and 38-star flag, and an Arabian *Ouled Naïl*. If the range seems eclectic, the point of view was native. I was meticulous as to exact reproduction of style, but the woman inside the trappings was what interested me, and that girl remained, of course, always recognizably myself.

The first dance I made up was *'49*, and this was, to my knowledge, the first use of American folk material on the concert stage. The second dance was *Stagefright* after Degas. I had seen the wax statuette of his twisted ballet child in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and thought she looked like me. The aching knees, the strained back, the dirty, smudgy face, the pride. I made five studies before I got what I wanted. The next dance was called *Ballet Class*.

I haunted upholstery and fabric departments.

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I flattened my face on the glass of the cheap jewelry shops on Broadway. Sometimes I hunted two months for the proper earrings. I took the stand that I was designing the costumes myself and needed no advice. For the next decade Mother entertained the Single-Taxers with eighteenth-century brocade in her lap while she stitched tiny spangles into the design or pleated gauzes. She was wonderfully skillful with ruffles, rosettes, laces, and embroideries and invented and sewed far and away beyond the call of duty. My costumes were, as her mother used to say before her, sewn "with the red blood of time." They were miracles of hand-wrought detail.

17

I BEGAN to give auditions for agents. I borrowed Walter Hampden's theater for the purpose. He was always extremely gracious about lending it to me. The Boys came. The Boys in every country look alike, something closely akin to newspaper reporters at an inquest. Their hats are a little higher in the crown, their ties and linen cleaner and more expensive, their hands more frequently manicured. About liquor, sex, and money they feel the same. Also about art. The Boys are seldom producers, but they are always the men around producers, and except in Hollywood, which is their Valhalla, they are never directors. Nowhere in the world are they writers, scene designers, composers, or instrumentalists.

The Boys usually keep their hats and coats on during auditions. They smoke. They make their decisions standing in the aisle with lowered heads, hatted, and then they walk out quickly, leaving one or perhaps two to come soberly to the footlights and tell you. You stand, breathing hard, the sweat cold on your forehead, the make-up caking dry, leaning forward to see their faces, recognizing from the rhythm of their walk and their little irrelevant jokes that they are moving sideways toward an awkwardness.

Ben Boyar, who spoke for The Boys, was kind but final. The sum total of their opinion was "noncommercial — artistic and all that, but absolutely, totally, irrevocably noncommercial."

"All right, so you are," said Mother. "Let's plan on a concert quickly."

It looked as if getting together a program of new dances were going to take the better part of a year, and in the meantime I wanted to get on a stage. So I continued to give auditions although it played havoc with my practice schedule. One audition was like another — I cannot even remember before whom I danced. In the course of time, however, I danced before every known manager and agent in New York.

I remember standing on an empty stage one noon warming up while a series of singers and specialty dancers milled around an upright piano. Out front in the dark were the boss and his henchmen. A dark, large-boned girl walked to the footlights and stood half insolently, half amusedly, with one foot on the coping. She spoke in a bass voice: "What do you want me to do?" I had practiced my dance for six months. I had forgone clothes so that I might have the tutu. It was beginning to wilt a little from lugging around. I had been up since eight packing, and in the theater for an hour and a half applying make-up and doing a complete barre. "What shall I do?" she said with a languorous drawl, staring insolently at them. "Here, sing this," said a young man standing by the piano. Her voice sounded like hot chocolate. "Oh, nuts!" she said and threw the music down. "I didn't want to come here anyway this morning." The men laughed. "Come here and talk to me," said the young man and they went into a huddle behind the piano. The girl was Libby Holman; this was her first audition, and the young man behind the piano was Howard Dietz.

Now it was my turn. I spoke in crisp accents: "My study is a satire based on the paintings of Hilaire Edgar Degas, 1834–1917. You know the paintings of Degas?" Silence. "Degas painted the ballet girls at the opera at the time of their greatest decadence — well, you must have seen them." A voice cut through: "Are you ready to dance?" "May I have the stage cleared, please, and silence?"

Silence was what I got. Not a titter; not a chuckle; not an indication of understanding. The quiet lasted for about a minute, then I could hear them talking. They'd put their heads together and were going right on with their business. They had stopped looking. An electrician carried a light across my path. I checked my jumps. "Aren't you through?" said a stage manager. "I'm sorry." As I was making my exit, before I had reached the edge of the stage, came the "thank you" from the front and the next girl walked down to the footlights. Two singers, numb with sympathy and terror, looked up from the bench on which they were waiting and said, "Very original, dear, really very original," and they smiled encouragingly.

Mother said a change of scene was indicated. We would go to Santa Fe and give a concert.

Why Santa Fe? It could have been any town, so long as there was a friend to help. In Santa Fe lived Mary Hunter and her aunt, the terrible old lady of the Indian country, Mary Austin. Also Santa Fe was on the way to the West Coast, where Mother had to appear for her interlocutory decree.

The costumes went in one trunk with the music, our clothes in another. Mother undertook to find a theater, I a pianist. There was a theater, a fair-sized one, but it had been used for prize fights for the last six years. It smelled rather high, and the stage had gone pulpy and rotten. Mother went

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right out to the local sawmill and got a man with a planing machine to ride over it and remove the fur of splinters. Then she bought putty and, crawling over the entire length of the floor on her hands and knees, puttied up the holes crack by crack. It's hot in Santa Fe in July. One goes white behind the eyes and feels for the nearest support. I returned from my practice in the parish house with the local piano teacher, whose daughter had been exposed to the measles, all tuckered out and a mite discouraged. "Have some iced tea," said Mother, sitting in a cool print dress in a cool hotel room. "Have some iced tea. I fixed the stage." And there was the iced tea clinking in a jug, and a bowl of garden flowers beside it and some little cookies, bought at the local grocer's, on a glass plate. "Have a cold bath and relax," said Mother, writing a letter to Hollywood. "It's all done."

There was nothing left to do but send a notice to the local paper, the Santa Fe *New Mexican*, edited by Dennis De Brian De Buru Finnegan, to print tickets and place them for sale at the local dry-goods store. And why does anyone buy a ticket for a strange girl from New York who thinks she can dance? Why, a letter from Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, and another from Edna St. Vincent Millay to some tubercular friends. (Why not go? In God's name, what else to do on a Saturday night in the middle of a long summer? If it's too awful, one can sneak out and finish getting drunk at Mamie's Bar.)

At six o'clock of the fateful night Mary Hunter burst into the hotel bathroom where I sat steaming in the tub collecting my wits. "We've done it! We've done it!" she exulted. "We're clear! Three hundred and sixty-four dollars in cold cash. The expenses are paid." Oh, how happy I was! There was no responsibility for me further except to be a great artist. But that seemed simple.

The program went from start to finish as planned and did not stop. Mother dressed me backstage, which was all right except that she very much minded my swearing and stopped to remonstrate. She also stopped whenever a stagehand came anywhere near, and lifted up a sheet until he had passed. This made the changes slow.

The poets said, pouring their cocktails next afternoon, they thought the first number showed wit, the second none. The painters liked the color of my third dress. The Sunday-school teacher wondered if I wouldn't come to a strawberry breakfast on Thursday. The Indians were convulsed. Why on the ends of the feet? Why, on the very ends? Didn't it hurt? What was the use? The Santa Fe *New Mexican* hailed me as Duncan's successor.

What did Mary Hunter think? She thought I was all right. And Mary Austin? She thought a lot of things. She thought a lot of things about every fact that came to her attention. We had supper at sundown on a slope under the Sangre de Cristos mountains; and wrapped in an Indian blanket against the chill of the evening she told me what she thought while she prodded a piece of meat on a sharpened stick into the campfire. She spoke like a sibyl.

"In every Indian ceremonial," said Mary Austin, in the blue Santa Fe evening as we lay staring at the mountain line where the deserts began, staring out over the undefined precipices of color, down toward Albuquerque where twelve years before during a halt in the transcontinental trip I had seen my first Indians, my first cowmen lounging and walking among them, "in every ceremonial, there is the moment when the priest says the word that makes the magic. Up to that point, it has been ceremonial; after that it is potent. Your hands have that power. They make living contact with the audience. What you do becomes a living experience because of the potency of the gesture. . . . The Indians permit anything as long as the God is present. Anything — even the sex act — if the God is present. When He is absent, they consider everything obscene and not worth serious attention. They make great fun of the white man's dances and plays because the God is almost never there." She fastened me with the sharp steady look of a frontier woman. "Never let the God be absent from your stage. Say your prayers before you dance." The Spanish tortoise-shell comb in her bun gleamed in the moonlight like a horny crown. She had an arrogant, gray mustache, a drooping mouth, and a dictatorial manner. She did not converse — she issued bulls. She had broken the wilderness.

Like the real Indians, Mary Austin believed in living magic. She was making magic between her and me. We both knew this. I have not forgotten anything she said to me.

"Stop being sorry for yourself," said Aunt Mary. "We have all gone through this. Say your prayers and you will be a good dancer. The activities and the expressions of men are controlled by the land they live in — the American climate, the topography, the mountains and plains have affected all inhabitants, Indian, Spanish, Catholic, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon — all, no matter how unlike, are stamped by the forces under which men live. You must let the rhythm of the American earth come through what you do.

"Never let the God be absent," she continued, "and don't be sorry for yourself."

(*To be continued*)

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McGeorge Bundy, *co-author with Henry L. Stimson of that widely read biography* On Active Service, *graduated from Yale in 1940. While at New Haven, he was a columnist on the* Yale Daily News *and a liberal leader of the Political Union; he was Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi. He entered the Army in 1942, was ordered to inactive duty as a Captain of Infantry in 1945, and is today an Associate Professor of Government at Harvard.*

THE ATTACK ON YALE

by McGEORGE BUNDY

1

The recently published book, *God and Man at Yale* (Regnery, $3.50), written by William F. Buckley, Jr., a 1950 graduate of Yale University, is a savage attack on that institution as a hotbed of "atheism" and "collectivism." As a believer in God, a Republican, and a Yale graduate, I find that the book is dishonest in its use of facts, false in its theory, and a discredit to its author and the writer of its introduction.

Mr. Buckley's thesis rests on two propositions: first, that Yale is currently anti-Christian and anti-capitalist; and second, that Yale's alumni have a right and duty to insist that it teach "Christianity" and "individualism" as he defines them. Let us consider the method and evidence with which he tries to establish these notions.

Beginning with religion, Mr. Buckley asserts that Yale has a weak department of religion, a high degree of religious apathy in the student body, and a number of un-Christian and anti-Christian lecturers in other fields. Even if all this were true, it would not make Yale anti-religious, for the weakness of religious teaching has been a national phenomenon for decades, and so has religious apathy among young men. And it is well to note that on Mr. Buckley's strict definition of a Christian such men as Jefferson, Emerson, Lincoln, and Yale's own William Howard Taft would fail to qualify.

But in fact there is no need to grant Mr. Buckley's claims. What he has done is to take the flimsiest of evidence or no evidence at all, and ignore whatever goes against his thesis. Thus on the basis of a single hearsay quotation — ripped from its context and quite unverified — he condemns as anti-religious a teacher whose profoundly religious influence I myself know from classroom experience and personal friendship. Similarly, in the teeth of the massive testimony of faculty and students alike — and quite without proof — he asserts the ineffectiveness of the saintly man who is Yale's chaplain. He makes no mention of the fact that not one of the ministers or chaplains at Yale, of any faith, agrees with his analysis; he never considers the generally agreed opinion of these and other observers that Yale is more religious than the rest of Protestant America and more religious than it was a generation ago. Most remarkable of all, Mr. Buckley, who urges a return to what he considers to be Yale's true religious tradition, at no point says one word of the fact that he himself is an ardent Roman Catholic. In view of the pronounced and well-recognized difference between Protestant and Catholic views on education in America, and in view of Yale's Protestant history, it seems strange for any Roman Catholic to undertake to define the Yale religious tradition (and Yale has thousands of Catholic alumni and friends who would not dream of such a course); it is stranger still for Mr. Buckley to venture his prescription with no word or hint to show his special allegiance.

If possible, the economic section of Mr. Buckley's attack is still weaker. A part of this attack consists of the same sort of personal "evidence" against individuals that he uses in his religious chapter. The insidious character of this sort of innuendo and quotation from lectures lies in the fact that no outsider can readily check the context in which the statements were made. Fortunately a large part of Mr. Buckley's case rests on the theory that Yale students are enormously influenced by the views of those who write their introductory textbooks in economics, and he devotes a long section to an "analysis" of the "collectivism" of four books which have been used in recent years at Yale. Here any man who has access to a library can check him up, and this "analysis" deserves detailed attention.

Mr. Buckley acknowledges that outright Marxists and Communists are exceedingly rare at Yale;

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he mentions none in this book. What he is attacking, and what he finds in the offending textbooks, is the more subtle menace of "collectivism," a term which remains undefined throughout his book. But let us see what he regards as evidence of this menace in the texts. First we find that these textbook writers consider nineteenth-century individualism "impractical of application" in contemporary America. This dangerous view has been repeatedly expressed by Mr. Herbert Hoover. Then Mr. Buckley complains because a quotation he has lifted discusses the excesses of capitalism (excesses which he himself admits, at least in large part); but he omits other quotations, from the same book, in which the *over-all* success of the American economic system is bluntly and vigorously asserted.

Next we find him distressed because the texts in question argue that great inequality of wealth and income should be avoided in a healthy society. Is it ignorance or trickery that leads him to neglect the fact that this "collectivist" view dates back to Aristotle, has the support of his own Church, and is roundly endorsed by the one textbook which he praises?

He then goes on to accuse the textbook writers of "egalitarianism." An inspection of the books shows that not one of the authors supports a full leveling of incomes, and among the quotations Mr. Buckley has omitted we find this: "'Equality' has generally been regarded as undesirable; such a goal is fundamentally inconsistent with the American focus on the advantages of aggressive private initiative based on income incentive."

The next iniquity is that the textbooks used at Yale support a progressive income tax. This of course has been the law of the land since 1913. But Mr. Buckley feels that the writers of these books (whom he quotes indiscriminately as if they were all members of a single panel) place undue reliance on the tax, and part of his "evidence" is the fact that one of the texts wants to raise 60 per cent of federal revenue in this way; he then misquotes the recommended tax rates and fails to inform the reader, first, that on incomes between $20,000 and $100,000 the recommended rates would be a substantial reduction of those in force when the book was written (let alone now); and second, that the whole recommendation was based on the views of the Committee for Economic Development, which was led at the time by such great "collectivists" as Paul Hoffman of the Studebaker Corporation and Beardsley Ruml of Macy's. He fails to mention that three out of four of the texts he attacks urge changes in the income tax laws to encourage venture capital.

Another claim is that these texts do not defend the institution of private property. In support of this claim Mr. Buckley enters a single quotation in which it is argued that majority opinion probably does not consider "free enterprise" to be as basic a right as the four freedoms. The quotation is evidently supposed to indicate a hostility to free enterprise, and it is therefore somewhat surprising to find that the author in question went on, in a passage ignored by Mr. Buckley, to present with evident favor three detailed and practical arguments *for* the institution of free enterprise: that it works, that it is "a central causative factor in the growth of political liberties," and that it satisfies a basic human urge. This total reversal of the author's intent is a measure of the honesty of Mr. Buckley's method, and the sample could be multiplied a dozen times.

Finally, Mr. Buckley comes to the late Lord Keynes. He argues that the texts he denounces are slavish in devotion to Keynes, whereas in fact all four contain major differences from Keynes's position — just as Keynes himself constantly revised and modified his own distinctly capitalist views. The error is unimportant except that it shows Mr. Buckley's ignorance of what he is denouncing. Moreover, the central object of his attack — the policy of fiscal adjustment to prevent a boom-and-bust cycle — is "collectivism" only if Senator Robert A. Taft is a collectivist, for it has his clear-cut public endorsement.

Mr. Buckley finds radical the views of a leading conservative economist, the late Henry Simons; if he bothered to study it, he would find the same kind of "radicalism" in the work of such men as Hayek, whom he ignorantly praises as a supporter of his sort of individualism. Mr. Chamberlain, in his introduction, makes the same error; it simply is not true that Mr. Buckley's individualism is like that of Lippmann's *Good Society* or that of Frank Knight (if Mr. Buckley read Lippmann and Knight, he would be horrified). In the end Mr. Buckley's indictment of Yale's economics texts turns out to be a self-indictment. This chapter shows him to be a twisted and ignorant young man whose personal views of economics would have seemed reactionary to Mark Hanna.

2

THE worst is yet to come. Having made his "case" against Yale, Mr. Buckley has the appalling effrontery to urge that only those who will support his basic position should be allowed to teach subjects that relate to religion and economics at Yale. He goes on to argue that the alumni have a right and duty to enforce this view — unless they are themselves sympathetic to atheism and collectivism. His personal view of what a university should be is of course his own business, but in urging alumni control of Yale's educational policy he is absolutely wrong, both on the law and on the Yale tradition. His basic argument is that because the alumni pay the piper, they should call the tune. This argument has no more validity than a pro-

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posal that the religious teachings of the Roman Catholic Church should be dictated to the Pope by the Roman Catholic laymen who pay his bills. Of course any alumnus who disapproves of what Yale is doing may urge changes, and equally of course he may cast his vote as he pleases for the minority of elected members of the Corporation. Obviously also he can always send his money and his sons to other institutions if he pleases. Moreover, Mr. Buckley makes a fair point when he says that most alumni know too little about Yale — although he is totally wrong in his charge that this is the fault of the University authorities. (The principal evidence for this charge is that Mr. Buckley himself was once discouraged from making a speech to a large alumni audience.)

But these considerations do not add up to the conclusion that the alumni as a body have any right or duty or capacity to set the educational policies of the college. They never have and never should. The Yale tradition is one of unusually close and effective coöperation among students, faculty, and alumni, but that tradition is based on an understanding of respective rights and obligations which is entirely different from Mr. Buckley's theory.

The book winds up with a violent attack on the whole concept of academic freedom. It is in keeping with the rest of the volume that Mr. Buckley does not seem to know what academic freedom is. He leaps from one view to another, as suits his convenience, and his view of the facts depends entirely on their usefulness to his argument. He is upset because the *Harvard Alumni Magazine* gave more space to Mr. Conant and Mr. Grenville Clark, to defend academic freedom, than it gave to a certain Mr. Ober to attack it, but he himself never does any Yale defender of this cause the justice of an accurate statement of his position. He totally fails to understand the vital difference between standards for hiring a professor and standards for firing him, and he has no conception whatever of the basic requirements for attracting and holding distinguished scholars. His theory seems to be that because ex-President Seymour once said he would not hire Communists, he should therefore have fired everyone who would not teach his own religious and economic views. This is one view of a free university; fortunately it is not Yale's or Mr. Seymour's.

In summary, Mr. Buckley's basic technique is that of a pretended firsthand report on the opinions and attitudes of Yale's teachers and textbooks, in which quotations and misquotations are given whatever meaning Mr. Buckley chooses to give them and not the meaning their authors intended. This method is dishonest. In addition there is a constant effort to assert that both Mr. Buckley's views and his suggestions for reform are somehow true to Yale's ancient tradition and virtues. This claim is wholly false. Mr. Buckley in fact holds views of a peculiar and extreme variety, both on economics and on the organization of a university, while his religious orientation, honorable and ancient as it is, emphatically differs from that of Yale.

In attacking Mr. Buckley's book, I do not wish to say, or seem to say, that Yale is perfect. Obviously she is not, and those who love her know that like any other great institution she has problems and weaknesses. Nor would I assert that Christians and conservatives have nothing to worry about at Yale. As an American institution she shows the difficulties of our land and time, and two among these, certainly, are the place of religion and the balance of political and economic belief and teaching. It is possible that Yale should have a stronger and more effective teaching of religion, and that she would benefit from the appointment of a strongly right-wing economist. It is also possible that her immediate needs are different, or even opposite. These are fair questions, of the sort which University officers must constantly and carefully consider, and anyone who troubles to look will find that these questions get the best of attention from the distinguished men who are responsible for the University. No Christian or conservative should suppose that this particular book offers him either a genuine case against Yale or a useful method of advancing his views. I can imagine no more certain way of discrediting both religion and individualism than the acceptance of Mr. Buckley's guidance.

God and Man at Yale has the somewhat larger significance that it is clearly an attempt to start an assault on the freedom of one of America's greatest and most conservative universities. In this sense it is in some degree a sign of the times. It is reported that Mr. Buckley's father is sending a copy to every Yale alumnus, and in a few angry and uncritical circles it may get a hearing it does not deserve. Certainly it will put the Yale authorities to an absurd amount of trouble in making answers to questions based on a set of charges that ought to be beneath contempt.

Yet it is unlikely that all this will do much lasting damage. I will conclude with three predictions: first, if any large group of alumni, however rich and angry, ever tries to force upon the Yale Corporation any fixed and required line of teaching, they will be firmly but politely told to take their money elsewhere; second, if the Corporation ever accedes to such attempts to enforce upon the University any prescribed line, the best of Yale's faculty and student body will leave New Haven for good; third, neither of these things is likely to happen — and least of all in response to the crusade of William Buckley, Jr.

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An Atlantic Story

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON, *a native of Missouri, whose first published short story appeared in the* Atlantic, *won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1934 with her beautifully descriptive novel,* Now in November. *Today she is living with her husband, her two children, and Fuzzy, the cat she describes in her story, in a 130-year-old house just outside of Cincinnati. In spite of her family responsibilities, she still finds the necessary quiet for the new novel on which she is at work.*

THE CHANGELING

by JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

A MODERATELY dreadful thing took place this autumn. Among the *chattels personal,* including domestic bats and mice, which came with an ancient home we bought several years ago, was a cat with a proud Egyptian profile. Of autumnal orange and black coloring and semi-Persian lineage, and with more than the usual inscrutable witch-seed look about her, she seemed a creature of profound wisdom and possible cap-of-darkness connections. Sometimes fed and sometimes abandoned by the families who succeeded each other in this house, she had made her way as a wild cat for several years, bearing her inevitable and interminable litters in a hungry silence, suffering incredible cold in winters when the very marrows of the mice must have frozen, becoming an expert hunter of rabbits and birds, and in her lonely and persistent life exemplifying the ancient and undeniable urge to live for no particular reason.

I felt an awe at her wild independence, her ability to catch a sparrow on the wing, and her daily strewing of the porch with small bloody animals caught on her nocturnal journeys. But ignoring all this, and with a warm, friendly lack of imagination, our child Annie named the old cat by the ignominious name of Fuzzy — symbol of brick hearth, thatched roof, of warmth and pipe and slippers. Such is the power of innocence, the cat seemed to become all that in her encircling arms. The dreadful cold topaz eyes would shut up to conceal the feral soul, and she would expand, fluff out, and purr softly to appear the Fuzzy of all childhood dreams.

She is very old now and her last litter came out badly. Only four, two of which were born dead, and when found in a clothes box, only the small wet head of one remained. The third was a yellow runt with enormous eyes like a lemur, which died shortly after opening its sorrowful orbs upon the world, its little mice legs curled beneath it. (Annie was horrified by all this and it took away some of the sorrow. The grotesque, the ugly, the unsightly fur and sour smells — these tug at the stomach rather than the heart, and we are spared the melancholy loss.) But I digress — all this is not the "dreadful thing" — it is significant because there was only *one* kitten left by late September when it happened. One kitten of gray and silver and rare perfection, with white immaculate paws.

The old cat, being full of a certain cold wisdom and experience, made it her custom to disappear periodically with each succeeding brood of kittens into the small swampy woods and seem to abandon them for days. Not precisely offering them to the gods on shields for survival, but teaching them to hunt and not depend on the uncertain charity of man, expressed in canned liver and barley and the skins of fishes. It is usually saddening to us to see this twice-a-year pilgrimage into the leafy tunnels, the old cat leading under leaf and shadow and the gradually concealing stalk of ragweed and wild lettuce, uttering cajoling, guttural sounds with an undertone of menace, and all the dancing, fluffy, varicolored, innocent litter following on little feet, their vacant blue eyes reflecting butterflies and snails and wings of birds, until they disappear silently from sight into the swampland and the woods. The depreciation of the flock on these journeys is far less than we gloomily predict. Far less

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than the loss of "several boys" that used to be reported on the big-game expedition, and besides there is very little we can do about it, since it is Fuzzy's business and not ours, her families reaping the bitter and the sweet fruits of her own lonely life in the face of old neglect.

But this September, with but one kitten left, it was with even more than the usual misgivings we watched the ritual begin. The old cat prowling restlessly along the porch and then a few steps toward the woods, calling and sitting down to wait, and coming back and calling again, and the silvery and perfect kitten pretending not to hear, but playing with its own shadow and clasping a little leaf delicately as a flower between its pure-white paws. But gradually following and following. First teetering at the far edge, pretending to peer under the porch, examining the dusty black recesses, and then suddenly pouncing on the old cat's impatient tail, as though prolonging knowingly its milk-fed kittenhood and putting off the hour. But at last disappearing quietly, not even disturbing the wild peas and the matted grass. And gone.

Hours later the old cat returned alone, tired and burr-ridden and enigmatic as ever. But the kitten did not return, either that day or the next. On the third day of its absence, along toward evening when the sharp autumn coolness starts coming in with the sunset, my husband and I were out on the porch and Fuzzy sat there on the step, straight and quiet, watching the far edge of the woods. We were just sitting there when out of the weeds came a terrible little Thing with a kitten shape. The most evil thing we had ever seen. It was the bones of a kitten with a covering of fur, fur like dirty black moleskin, as though it had been shaved. All its teeth were pointed like fangs, and the shape of the skull was covered only by skin. It was like a microscopic hyena. Like some monstrous insect. It came crying and dancing out of the grass and ran straight up to the old cat, arching its back and mewing and trying to rub itself under her chin. Fuzzy drew back in disgust and moved away and the thing ran up to her again. She hissed at it and snarled, but it kept crying and coming on, and then it danced up on the porch.

We looked at each other and I said, "Oh, the poor little kitten."

And my husband said, "Somebody must have dumped it by the road," but his voice didn't sound quite certain.

I pushed the old cat's pan of milk toward the starving thing, but the kitten only looked at the milk and went on jumping and crying. And then it tried to get in the house. It kept running up to the door and crying and there was something infinitely strange and evil about its starving and refusing food, and knowing the door was an entrance to the house and determined to get inside. *What did it want* inside?

My husband made up his mind quickly. He saw the thing was bad and possibly mad and oughtn't to live, and if it could not eat it wouldn't live anyway. "You go in the house," he said. His voice was very sharp and he sounded urgent. It seemed odd that such a small frail thing should frighten us.

The old cat had leaped up on the window sill, where the thing couldn't touch her, and watched every twitch it made with a cold distaste. I went inside the screen door and Grant got a mallet from the tool shed and a sack. Then when the kitten came wailing up to him again and tried to rub up against his legs he threw the sack over it and hit it hard on the head. The blow made a curious popping sound, like the skull of a small hard bird exploding. Then he wrapped it up in the sack — which wasn't bloody at all — and carried it out to the incinerator and burned it up, sack and all.

Fire is a wonderful thing. Fire and decision. The thing over, he grew more cheerful, washed his hands, and waxed bitter against people who had not the courage to kill a cat but abandoned it in a loose sack along lonely roads. I looked at Fuzzy and she looked back at me. A long cold enigmatic stare, but one with a certain peace inside it.

I felt very differently about the old cat from that hour. I feel very certain evil things had come into play that evening and that, in the world of animals, there are witch things too, evil spirits that loose their changelings. For, undoubtedly this was purely a changeling deal, a vile trick by the old cat's enemies, who had captured the beautiful gray kitten somewhere out there in the autumn night, and who had intended to keep it as their precious plaything — as a plaything, and as a hostage and a warning to all the wild things who crossed over into the bright domestic world. A warning to the feral-hearted who accepted the name of Fuzzy.

But "they" had not counted on the guardians of this world, nor the mallet and the little pop that can break the evil spell, and the next day the gray and silver kitten sat in the sunshine on the step and played with the furry end of a little weed. Calm and innocent, and if you peered close, which I did — you could see nothing but yourself reflected in its eyes.

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. . . . . Here are some of the features which will make a gift of THE ATLANTIC an exciting twelve-part treat in the year ahead.

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We turn to **Thornton Wilder,** who lectured to overflowing audiences at Cambridge last winter, to hear his interpretation of Emily Dickinson, Henry Thoreau, Walt Whitman, and others.

The best beloved of Oxford dons, **Sir Richard Livingstone,** recently visited twenty-one American colleges and universities; then on his return to England he settled down to redefine The Essentials of Education in an essay which will be an inspiration for teachers and parents. In her sociological autobiography, OUT OF THESE ROOTS, **Agnes E. Meyer** looks unblinkingly at the mushroom growth, the overcrowding, and the moral breakdown which resulted from the war and tells us what must be done to strengthen community life.

Salty, with a touch of paprika, is the article **Raymond Chandler** has written about the Literary Agent, in Hollywood and on Madison Avenue. The victims shall be nameless.

THE ATLANTIC agrees with Barbara Ward that a "silent revolution" has taken place and that private enterprise is no longer on the defensive against Socialism and Communism — it has gone over to the offensive. The recent program of articles on American industry to which **Clarence B. Randall, Gerard Swope, Sumner L. Slichter, Benjamin F. Fairless, Senator Ralph E. Flanders,** and **William Zeckendorf** have contributed will continue in consecutive issues through the year.

Nora Waln, Quaker and fearless interpreter of the East, is at work on a new book. She is writing of the human courage, the beauty of the spirit, and the amazing faith which she found in China, Japan, and Korea. Her manuscript will be delivered the day after New Year's. **James Norman Hall,** the best beloved white man ever to live in the South Seas, and certainly one of the most endearing of ATLANTIC contributors, had been working on his Memoirs for a full year before his death. The most glowing chapters will appear in THE ATLANTIC and will be the hail and farewell of one of our best.

A magazine lives on faith and on loyalty. THE ATLANTIC is five years short of a century, and still growing. Our paid circulation for the first six months of 1951 averaged 184,000 copies a month, the highest in our history. THE ATLANTIC doubled its list of subscribers under Ellery Sedgwick in the First World War; and doubled its circulation again under the present editor in the years from Munich to San Francisco. People turn to it for loyalty, for pleasure, and in quest of truth.

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A Californian born and bred, CLARK C. VAN FLEET *has been fishing the streams of the West Coast for going on five decades. A conservationist at heart, he has noted the steady decline in the salmon migration; he has seen thousands of fish dashed to death at the bases of great new dams and been revolted by the ruthlessness of the trawler and the canner. Extinction, he says, can come easily when Americans grow careless of the future. Readers will recall Mr. Van Fleet's articles on the steelhead trout which appeared in our August and September issues.*

FISHED TO DEATH

by CLARK C. VAN FLEET

1

THE earliest explorers, trappers, voyageurs, and settlers who crossed the Pacific Divide and wandered along the West Coast found a land literally overflowing with fur and game, but in all their experience they had never seen streams with such an abundance of fish life as those that flow into the sea lapping the Pacific shore. During the migration season hordes of huge fish crowded every river; the tributaries down to the tiniest brook found embattled thousands making their way to the headwaters, where they filled the pools and foamed every riffle.

With the Indian tribes in this Far Western country, the dried flesh of the salmon was the principal article of commerce. This found its way into the remote interior as a staple of trade with all the mountain tribes. Along the gorges of the Fraser, at Wishram and Celilo Falls on the Columbia, Reamy Falls on the Rogue, and Ishi-Pishi on the Klamath, preferred rocks or crags fronting the narrows or falls were possessions far more prized by the plains clans than their herds of horses. Rights to these locations were passed from generation to generation within the family and guarded most jealously, even unto death, by the proud inheritors. Settlements of disputes on this subject were only adjudicated in full tribal council.

The early settler, encroaching on the lush lands of adjacent valleys, found these fish a welcome addition to his diet. As his livestock increased and the yield of his fields decreased from constant planting, it was common practice to haul a wain to the creekside during the height of the spawning season and pitchfork a wagonload of salmon from the pools and riffles, either to feed to the hogs or fertilize the fields. That they died in stinking windrows along the shores of the creeks and rivers was sufficient justification, and nobody cared anyway, since millions came every year to replace the paltry thousands cast on the bank by the farmer's labor.

As settlements became more permanent, attention was soon turned to these enormous runs of delicious fish as a source of wealth. Canneries blossomed along the banks of every main river, and thousands of people were employed in devious methods to supply the necessary tonnage to keep the cookers going day and night at the height of the season. Traps, weirs, set nets, seines, trawls, and various other cunning devices were placed in operation to yield the never ending stream of shining bodies that were converted into lumps of red flesh exactly fitting the endless chain of tin containers. From the cookers, the cans soon circled the globe and found their way, as a prime delicacy, to the tables of rich and poor alike.

For a full generation this harvest of fine red meat continued; the fisheries of Alaska were discovered and their prodigious output was added to the flood. Yet by the turn of the century came certain indications that all was not well.

California was the first to hit the toboggan. Runs on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers fell off alarmingly. One large packer moved his establishment from Black Diamond on the Sacramento to Monterey Bay. From there, for a few years, the troll boats kept the cannery in fair operation but it soon became necessary to supplement the supply as the salmon continued to decline. The operator turned to anchovies and practically gave up the vanishing salmon to build a fine sardine business, moving the scraps to a modern fertilizer plant from which tons were shipped each year.

Others were not so fortunate. At Eureka and Requa in California, at Wedderburn, Reedsport, and along the coast of Oregon clear to the mouth of the Columbia, canneries were closed or so reduced in volume that their production became negligible and the profits nil. The source of that flood of dol-

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lars was vanishing with alarming and accelerating speed; the unbelievable was happening.

Associations were formed, committees were appointed, laws were invoked. The hopeful believed that with a little regulation, a little patience, just a trifle of relief, the days of plenty would return in a short time. Drought, floods, predators of all kinds, from the lowly fish duck to the mighty sea lion, came in for their share of blame and condemnation. Excessive fishing was, of course, pooh-poohed as having an impact on the decline of the enterprise.

The experts who were called in to make recommendations for the improvement of the sick industry were not so sure. They suggested a curtailed season, more moderate catches, and much more generous escapement than in the past. Supplementally, they urged an elaborate program of artificial propagation to increase the number of fish available to the industry. Nature was extremely wasteful in her methods, crowding the redding grounds unduly, allowing disease to wipe out whole acres of beds, permitting predators to take an undue toll of the newly hatched fry; this could all be avoided by artificial rearing to a size at which the young fish could take care of themselves. Properly placed hatcheries, moderate escapement of the mature fish so that the egg-taking stations could gather a harvest, scientific methods of culture under sanitary conditions, could bring the fishery back to its pristine glory. That was a surety. On the other hand, the set nets, the weirs, the fish traps, those deadly 24-hour destroyers, would have to go.

In spite of anguished protests that even reached the halls of Congress, the State of Washington finally passed the necessary legislation. Then for years we had the anomaly of traps legally operating on the Oregon side of the Columbia long after they had been banned and destroyed on the Washington side.

The industry gradually adjusted itself to this new set of conditions. Dependence on salmon wholly for continuous operation gave place to a more varied catch as albacore were discovered off the mouth of the Columbia. Many boats deserted the ranks of the salmon fishers and took to coarse fishing for liver sharks and bottom fish, or even ranged far afield for the halibut grounds off British Columbia and Alaska. Salmon catches were curtailed to a season and quantity more in line with anticipated reproduction. The decline, though it continued, became more gradual.

2

The second great blow at the anadromous fish of the Pacific Coast states was not long in coming: the development of water power. The same ruthless disregard for anadromous fish movement or preservation was evinced by dam operators or builders as had been shown by the fishing industry but a few short years before. Fish by the thousands died at the foot of the great walls of masonry without completing their life cycle.

Conservationists and sportsmen were prompt to raise a howl and call for protective measures when they beheld the thousands of dying mature fish thrashing themselves to death at the bases of dams that allowed no means of passage over their massive fronts.

When public clamor became vociferous, plans were worked out by both public and private dam owners to provide proper fishways over these obstructions. This was a point gained, and a very important one, but factually the battle was only half won since the invisible part, the return of the fry to the ocean, was not dealt with at all.

The fry are small and are fairly evenly distributed throughout the downward-moving current. Because the movement is not in the nature of a rout but takes place over a period of months, no reasonable provision has ever been made to transport the fry or allow them to find an easy way over these deathtraps. It has been fairly well established that the number of fish passing any dam is in direct ratio to the water volume that passes any given point. Thus only a tithe, and that a very meager one, finds its way through the slot of the fishways provided for the upstream migrants.

Those that pass through the blades of the turbine are doomed; those that drift over the edge of the spillway may survive if the drop of the thundering cataract is into a fairly deep pool and the distance is not too great, though they may be stunned somewhat by the impact. These partially disabled fish are easy prey to enemies congregated below the swirling maelstrom of the outfall. Where the cascade strikes rocks or boulders along the lower face of the dam, the young fish suffer as many casualties as those passing through the machinery of the powerhouse. At Bonneville Dam, which has without doubt the most modern facilities for upstream movement of mature fish, the estimates of losses on down-running fry by the officials in charge are rather vague, ranging from 10 to 15 per cent. Accepting the 15 per cent figure on losses as reasonably accurate, the mortality at Bonneville Dam would not be much short of two million fry, and might reach almost three million.

Just how effectively the progeny of the salmon are raised by artificial means, I am unable to guess. I do know that I am dissatisfied with the whole program of hatchery raising of indigenous trout, and I feel that if more attention were paid to improving environmental conditions on our spawning streams, and less were spent on elaborate reproduction sites and buildings and rearing ponds, the results would be more beneficial.

The native trout in the wild state begin life on plankton. These minute organisms, mostly microscopic, remain their chief source of food for at least

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the first year of their life, frequently longer. The hatchery-raised specimen is fed chopped meat or other flesh scraps, finely ground, from the time the yolk sac attached to its body is absorbed until its release into some near-by stream. It is said, and in this I strongly concur, that the young fish turned loose in that manner never learns to feed on this major flesh producer for fry, plankton; this is particularly true of fish reared until they reach legal size. Therefore, compared with the stream-born, they do not increase in growth after planting and they are more easily captured by predators since their hunger drives them out into the deeper reaches of the river or brook, where they make an easy victim for the lurking enemy.

In stocking barren lakes or streams that will support fish life, I believe real good is accomplished. For replenishment purposes on waters to which trout are native-born, I am satisfied the results are extremely meager if not entirely abortive. As a rehabilitation measure on anadromous trout streams, it is my conviction that the money is wasted.

3

Upon the broader aspects of a conservation and rehabilitation program for our Western streams I am certain all can agree. The practice of leaving bare watersheds and streams choked with debris, scoured in winter, dry in summer, is gradually giving way to selected cutting, cleaner slash burning, the setting aside of islands of trees for restocking purposes, and generally better methods in woods operations. Procedures of private owners often leave much to be desired even at this writing, but gradually the suggestions and programs of the Forest Service are carrying more weight and are being adhered to with less opposition.

Pollution is still a sore problem in a great part of the West. Factories, canneries, even municipalities, were originally built to take advantage of flowing water to carry off wastes. They object strenuously to the expense involved, are reluctant to come into line, and are slow to appropriate the necessary funds for the facilities required to eliminate this evil.

There are laws in all the Western states governing proper protection of irrigation ditches. The Game Commission of the State of Oregon has developed an excellent revolving screen which they build in their own factory for use in their own streams and which they sell to other states on request. The laws themselves are quite specific, but are often flouted or ignored in remoter sections or where enforcement officers are complaisant. There are still fields in California that shine each year with layers of rotting fry spread across the fields.

One feature of irrigation that unfortunately receives little attention is the condition of waste water returned to the rivers. Excess seepage at an extremely high temperature is often permitted to return to the stream vitiated of oxygen. Field flooding is practiced at the time of year when this condition is particularly serious since most of the rivers are then at their lowest flow and already warmed to the danger point. The addition in quantity of water at high temperature and with low oxygen content is enough to turn the scales and make the stretches below uninhabitable for trout. The disappearance of the summer steelhead run from the upper Rogue can be attributed mainly to this condition. Whether this ailment could be corrected by more sheltered ditches, baffling at frequent intervals, lengthening of canals, and speedier flow can only be determined by experimentation and trial.

I am sure of one thing: that these practices endure and grow from mere nuisances to serious hazards by virtue of our own indifference and passivity. The cure will come when enough people are sufficiently aroused to make their will apparent. In most instances there are ample laws on the statute books. Ordinances and regulations are abundant and clear; their observance is solely a matter of enforcement. If interested people speak up loud enough the proper remedies will be applied.

The iniquities of former days are certainly serious enough in all conscience. Greed, extravagance, waste, and accompanying evils have woefully reduced the rich abundance in the West of yesterday. Yet, even now, all is not lost. There is still a remnant — in some cases and on particular streams a substantial one — that can be used to increase or at least to sustain our anadromous fish population.

If common sense is used in the construction of further dams; if river systems already barred to the free movement of seagoing salmonoids are fully utilized, instead of seeking new and virgin waters to shut off more and more of their natural highways; if watersheds not yet completely closed to migration are set aside for development and restitution of their spawning tributaries, it will be quite feasible to halt the complete disappearance of these fine fish from our coast, and afford tomorrow's generation the same enjoyment experienced by our own.

It will be a real battle. The advantages of dam development are very cunningly described by their proponents. The proposals and offerings are set forth with a special eye on those elements in the area most likely to be seduced by propaganda. Avarice of local communities is appealed to by painting in glowing colors the amount of money that will be spent in their fair cities by the builders and their employees. The farmer is tempted by the prospect of cheap power relieved of the clutch of private greed, by the advantages of irrigation, and by the distribution of the cost designed so that the husbandman bears a small portion of the total outlay. The businessman at large sees the chance to develop industry and manufacture and the enhancement of property values as population increases. Labor looks for new jobs. The outdoors-

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man thinks of the beauty of the lake that will result, the accommodations that will be afforded for fishing and boating, the plantings of fish that will offer easy sport as a substitute for the present arduous tramping over rough trails.

4

MAN must always be sticking his mischievous fingers between the spokes of nature's busy wheel, either to speed up its whir or slow it down, even occasionally to stop its revolutions entirely. With wild life the rotation is most delicately balanced and intricately enmeshed in the cycle of all its environmental associates. What appears beneficial and salutary at first blush can disturb some hair-trigger relationship at the far end of the machine, entirely invisible and seemingly unrelated to the change at issue. The gears stripped, the delicate governor disturbed at this remote point can and often does rebound with stunning energy to impede and sometimes destroy the innocent object of those presumed gains. Let me illustrate.

Our coastal streams are notoriously shy of sustained production of food for young fry. Individual creeks and brooks vary, but it can be generally said that the usual cause of early migration by parr to the sea is lack of sufficient food to sustain existence. What then were the conditions that formerly made them so abundant?

The life cycle of the races of Pacific salmon is ended after consummation of sexual transfer on the spawning beds in the native stream. Following the last expulsion of eggs or melt from the body of the mature fish its end is mercifully quick in arriving. The body, having lost 40 to 45 per cent of its weight, drained of every vestige of fat, unfed for weeks, with the stomach atrophied, sinks to the bottom of the pool or riffle to remain there until dissolution overtakes it. It is this process of dissolution that interests us.

The skin of the salmon toughens unbelievably after death. No gases form to burst it since there are no inner contents to ferment. The remains therefore last a long, long time, even though attacked by animalcules, a host of underwater nymphs, crawfish, and, last but not least, both salmon fry and trout. The flesh of the disintegrating fish flakes off minutely as the slow process of decay continues; the body is host to a myriad of free swimming and crawling insects all busily engaged in feeding on the carcass. The watchful fisherman will distinguish trout both large and small intermingled with parr salmon, stringing downstream from these remains. At intervals one of the larger trout will swim up and whack the body with its nose, then dash back to position to obtain its share of the bulkier particles or insects thus dislodged; after such a blow, all the gleaners dash to and fro to gulp the floating morsels. Many of these bodies last through the summer and well into the fall, a constant source of food for the growing fry.

When man conceived his plan of artificial propagation, he erected racks across the stream of his choice well below the tributaries where natural spawning took place, corralled all the salmon headed into that river until they were ripe, then took his toll. A major source of food supply for the remaining fish was thus cut off. The young steelhead left the upper waters before their normal time for lack of sustenance and, because of the diminished store, were often thin and stunted in growth, and thus became an easier prey to the vicissitudes of sea life. The other trout as well began to disappear.

Within the last few years, belated recognition of this fact has been taken by the authorities, and a 25 per cent escapement is now permitted at the racks to allow natural spawning by this fragment. It is scarcely adequate, but it is at least a step in the right direction. The saving grace as far as steelhead are concerned is the little-known fact that many of them die after their maiden trip to the redding riffles, since mended kelts seem to be but a tithe of the upstream migrants. The physical drain of this nuptial journey is almost as severe on this seagoing trout as on its near cousin. But dying steelhead seem to be notably hardier than dying salmon, so that their losses appear to take place closer to the sea or possibly in salt water itself; though I am of the firm opinion that once they reach the haven of the sea, they normally regain condition speedily. Hence the effect of steelhead losses on stream fodder is negligible. This is only one example of what occurs when man pokes his fingers into the wheels of life.

In the development of the Far West we have decimated stream and field. Some whole races have disappeared — for example, the passenger pigeon, the Eskimo curlew, and the butterbird — and a host of others have been reduced to a mere vestigial remnant. Unless we are to leave to our descendants a regimented and mainly artificial heritage of outdoor recreation, it behooves us to check this decline.

The remedy is in the hands of the people. If they will refuse to be hoodwinked, will pursue a drastic course of action uninfluenced by the barking of nostrum peddlers or the blandishments of self-seekers, I believe much can be accomplished. The sportsman, his allied interests, and those who cater to his needs and accommodation should join with the commercial interests whose foundation is the continuance of substantial migrations of salmonoids yearly; both have a common goal and would reap common benefits. Certainly the final disappearance of one of the most potent of the natural resources and vacation attractions of the Far West can be in some measure delayed or checked entirely.

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In the realm of archaeology no exploit is more remarkable than that of Heinrich Schliemann, a born linguist who rolled up a big fortune as an exporter and who then proceeded to confound the scholars by tracking down the site of Troy and the treasures of Mycenae. C. W. CERAM *tells the Schliemann story in fresh detail in his book,* Gods, Graves and Scholars, *which will be published by Alfred Knopf this autumn. Mr. Ceram, a German critic and publisher, was in 1945 editor of* The World, *a British-sponsored newspaper in Hamburg, and is today editor of Rowohlt Verlag, the Hamburg publishers.*

THE MAN WHO FOUND TROY

by C. W. CERAM

1

THE life of Heinrich Schliemann is the story of the poor minister's son who at the age of seven dreamed of finding a city, and who thirty-nine years later found not only the city but treasure such as the world has seldom seen.

It began this way. A little boy stood at a grave in the cemetery of the little village where he was born, far up in the North German state of Mecklenburg. The grave was that of the monster Hennig. He was said to have roasted a shepherd alive, then to have kicked the victim for good measure. For this cruelty, it was said, Hennig's left foot, covered with a silk stocking, each year grew out of the grave like some strange plant.

The boy waited by the grave but nothing happened. He went home and begged his father to dig up the grave and find out where the foot was that year.

The father told the boy fables, fairy tales, and legends. Himself a confirmed humanist, he told the boy about the battles fought by Homer's heroes, about Paris and Helen, Achilles and Hector, about mighty Troy, which was burned and leveled. For Christmas he gave his son Jerrer's *Illustrated History of the World*. The boy looked at the pictures of the massive walls and the great Scaean Gate. "Is that how Troy looked?" he asked. The father nodded. "And it is all gone, and nobody knows where it stood?" "That is true," the father replied.

"But I don't believe that," said the boy, Heinrich Schliemann. "When I am big, I shall go to Greece and find Troy and the King's treasure."

The father laughed. But that prophecy of the seven-year-old became a reality. Years later in the preface to his book *Ithaca, the Peloponnesus, and Troy* Schliemann wrote: "When my father gave me a book on the main events of the Trojan War and the adventures of Odysseus and Agamemnon — it was my Christmas present for the year 1832 — little did I think that thirty-six years later I would offer the public a book on the same subject. And do this, moreover, after actually seeing with my own eyes the scene of the war and the fatherland of the heroes immortalized by Homer."

Schliemann's youth was filled with adventure. In 1841 he went to Hamburg and was signed as cabin boy on a vessel bound for Venezuela. After fourteen days at sea the ship ran into a wild storm and foundered off the Dutch island of Texel in the North Sea. He made shore but landed in a hospital, exhausted and in rags. A recommendation from a family friend enabled him to get employment as an office boy in Amsterdam.

In a miserable, unheated garret room he began his study of languages. Within two years, by an unusual method of self-teaching, he had mastered English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian. After being promoted to correspondent and bookkeeper with another Amsterdam firm doing business with Russia, Schliemann began to learn Russian. Six hectic weeks later he was conversing fluently with Russian merchants come to Amsterdam to attend the indigo auction.

He was as successful in business as in languages. The shipwrecked cabin boy, the office worker — and master of eight languages — became first a small wholesaler, then, with dizzying speed, a royal merchant. Invariably he picked the shortest road to commercial success. When only twenty-four years old he went to St. Petersburg as agent for his firm. A year later he founded his own export-import business and rose to be Judge of the St. Petersburg Commercial Court and director of the Imperial State Bank in St. Petersburg.

He was wealthy before he was fifty. "My enterprises had been wonderfully blessed by Heaven," he

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says with unconcealed pride, "to such a degree that by the end of the year 1863 I was already in possession of means far beyond my most ambitious expectations." And to this he added, in a casual tone: "I [now] retired from business so that I could devote myself entirely to the studies that so completely fascinated me." In 1868 he made his first expedition to Ithaca, through the Peloponnesus and the Troad.

2

In Schliemann's day Homer was conceived to be a mere name, his Ilium an indeterminate, lost world. The great chronicle of the siege of Priam's citadel was deemed by some to be a tale containing a great deal of invention and a few grains of truth. And by others the *Iliad* was relegated entirely to the shadow realm of myth. But Schliemann read Homeric poetry as bare reality. He believed implicitly. This was as true when he was forty-six as it had been when, as a boy, he had been fascinated by the picture of the fleeing Aeneas. He was aware that all Greek antiquity, including the great historians Herodotus and Thucydides, had accepted the Trojan War as an actual event, and its famous names as historical personages.

The scholars of his time believed that the site of ancient Troy — if Troy had existed at all — was near a little village called Bunarbashi. At Bunarbashi were two springs, and some more daring archaeologists argued that ancient Troy might possibly be located thereabouts. For it is written in Homer, in the twenty-second song of the *Iliad* (verses 147–52): "And [they] came to the two fair-flowing springs, where two fountains rise that feed deep-eddying Skamandros. The one floweth with warm water, and smoke goeth up there from around us as it were from a blazing fire, while the other even in summer floweth forth like cold hail or snow or ice that water formeth."

For a fee of 45 piasters Schliemann hired a Greek guide and rode out bareback to have his first look at the land of his boyhood dreams. "I admit," he says, "that I could scarcely control my emotion when I saw the tremendous plain of Troy spread out before me, a scene that had haunted my earliest childhood dreams."

But this first impression was enough to convince him, believing literally in Homer as he did, that Bunarbashi was not the site of ancient Troy. For the locality was fully three hours away from the coast, and Homer describes his heroes as able to travel back and forth several times daily between their moored ships and the beleaguered city. Nor did it seem likely to Schliemann that a great palace of sixty-two rooms would ever have been built on such a small knoll. The setting was not right for cyclopean walls, breached by a massive gate through which the crafty Greeks entered in a wooden horse.

Schliemann examined the springs of Bunarbashi and was surprised to find that in a space of 1650 feet he could count not merely two — the number mentioned by Homer — but thirty-four of them. He made a careful survey of the countryside in his *Iliad* and reread the verses telling how Achilles, the "brave runner," chased Hector three times around the fortress of Priam, "with all the gods looking on." Following Homeric directions as best he could, Schliemann traced out a likely course about the hill. At one point, however, he encountered a drop so steep that he had to crawl down it backwards on all fours. Since, in Schliemann's view, Homer's description of the landscape was as exact as a military map, surely the poet would have mentioned the incline had his heroes scrambled down it three times "in hasty flight."

With watch in one hand and Homer in the other, he paced out the road between what were purported to be the two hills securing Troy, this road winding through the foothills to the shore off which the Achaean ships were supposed to have been anchored. He also re-enacted the movements of the first day of battle in the Trojan War, as portrayed in the second to the seventh songs of the *Iliad*. He found that if Troy had been located at Bunarbashi, the Achaeans would have had to cover at least 52 miles during the first nine hours of battle.

The complete absence of ruins clinched his doubts about the site. "Mycenae and Tiryns," Schliemann wrote in 1868, "were destroyed 2335 years ago, but their ruins are of such solid construction that they can last another 10,000 years." And Troy was destroyed only 722 years earlier. It seemed highly unlikely that the walls described by Homer would have disappeared without a trace. Yet in the environs of Bunarbashi there was not a sign of ancient masonry.

Ruins there were aplenty, however, in other not too distant places. Even the untrained eye could not miss them at New Ilium, now called Hissarlik, a town some two and a half hours northward from Bunarbashi and only one hour from the coast. Twice Schliemann examined the flat top of the mound at Hissarlik, a rectangular plateau about 769 feet long on each side. This preliminary survey pretty well satisfied his mind that he had located ancient Troy.

He began to cast about for proof and discovered that others shared his opinion, among them Frank Calvert, American vice-consul, but Englishman by birth. Calvert owned a part of the mound of Hissarlik and had a villa there.

For a short while Schliemann wavered when he found no springs at all at Hissarlik, in striking contrast to his discovery of thirty-four at Bunarbashi. But Calvert pointed out that in this volcanic region he had heard of several hot springs suddenly drying up, only to reappear after a short period. And so Schliemann casually cast aside everything that hitherto had seemed so important to the scholars.

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Moreover, the running fight between Hector and Achilles was plausible enough in the Hissarlik setting, where the hill sloped gently. To circle the city three times at Hissarlik they would have had to run 9 miles. This feat, Schliemann thought, was not beyond the power of such warriors.

Again Schliemann was more influenced in his thinking by the judgment of the ancients than by the scholarship of his day. He recalled how Herodotus had reported that Xerxes once visited New Ilium to look at the remains of "Priam's Pergamos," and there to sacrifice a thousand cattle to the Ilian Minerva. According to Xenophon, Mindares, the Lacedaemonian general, had done the same. Arrian had written that Alexander the Great, after making an offering at New Ilium, took ancient weapons away with him and ordered his bodyguard to carry them in battle for luck. Beyond this, Caesar had done much for New Ilium, partly because he admired Alexander, partly because he believed himself to be a descendant of the Ilians.

Had they all been misled by a dream? By the bad reporting of their day?

And so a man possessed went to work. All the energy that had made him a millionaire Schliemann concentrated on realizing his dream.

In 1869 he married a Greek girl named Sophia Engastromenos, who was as beautiful as his image of Helen. Soon Sophia, too, was absorbed in the great task and was sharing his fatigues, hardships, and worries. He began to dig at Hissarlik in April, 1870. In 1871 he dug for two months, and another four and a half months in the two succeeding years. He had a hundred workers in his employ. Nothing could hold him down, neither deadly mosquito-borne fevers and bad water nor the recalcitrance of the laborers. He prodded dilatory authorities and he ignored the incomprehension of narrow-minded experts who mocked him as a fool.

The Temple of Athena had stood on the highest ground in the city, and Poseidon and Apollo had built the walls of Pergamos — so it was recorded in Homer. Therefore the temple should be located in the middle of the mound, Schliemann reasoned, and somewhere round about, on the original level ground, would be the walls constructed by the gods. He struck into the mound, boldly ripping down the walls that to him seemed unimportant. He found weapons and household furnishings, ornaments and vases, overwhelming evidence that a rich city had once occupied the spot. And he found something else as well: under the ruins of New Ilium he disclosed other ruins, under these still others. The hill was like a tremendous onion, which he proceeded to dismember layer by layer.

Each day brought a new surprise. Schliemann had gone forth to find Homeric Troy, but as time went on he and his workers discovered no fewer than seven buried cities, then two more — nine glimpses, all told, of primitive ages that previously had not been known to exist.

The question now arose which of these nine cities was the Troy of Homer, of the heroes and the epic war. It was clear that the bottommost or first level had been a prehistoric city, much the oldest in the series, so old that the inhabitants had not known the use of metals. And the uppermost level had to be the most recent, and no doubt consisted of the remains of the New Ilium where Xerxes and Alexander had made sacrifice.

Schliemann dug and searched. In the second and third levels he found traces of fire, the remains of massive walls, and the ruins of a gigantic gate. He was sure that these walls had once enclosed the palace of Priam, and that he had found the famous Scaean Gate.

He unearthed things that were treasures from the scientific point of view. Part of this material he shipped home, part he gave over to experts for examination, material that yielded a detailed picture of the Trojan epoch, the portrait of a people.

It was Heinrich Schliemann's triumph, and the triumph, too, of Homer. He had succeeded, the enthusiastic amateur, in demonstrating the actual existence of what had always counted as mere saga and myth, a figment of the poetic fancy.

A wave of excitement coursed through the intellectual world. Schliemann, whose workers had moved more than 325,000 cubic yards of earth, had earned a breathing spell and he set June 15, 1873, as the date for the termination of the diggings. On the day before the last shovelful of earth was to be turned, he found a treasure that crowned his labors with a golden splendor.

3

It happened dramatically. Even today, reading about this amazing discovery takes one's breath away. The discovery was made during the early hours of a hot morning. Schliemann, accompanied by his wife, was supervising the excavation. The workmen were down 28 feet, at the lower level of the masonry that Schliemann identified with Priam's palace. Suddenly his gaze was held spellbound. He seized his wife by the arm. "Gold!" he whispered. She looked at him in amazement. "Quick," he said. "Send the men home at once." The lovely Greek stammered a protest. "No buts," he told her. "Tell them anything you want. Tell them today is my birthday, that I've just remembered, and that they can all have the rest of the day off. Hurry up, now, hurry!"

The workers left. "Get your red shawl!" Schliemann said to his wife as he jumped down into the hole. He went to work with his knife like a demon. Massive blocks of stone, the debris of millennia, hung perilously over his head, but he paid no attention to the danger. "With all possible speed I cut

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out the treasure with a large knife," he writes. "I did this by dint of strenuous effort, and in the most frightful danger of losing my life; for the heavy citadel wall, which I had to dig under, might have crashed down on me at any moment. But the sight of so many immeasurably priceless objects made me foolhardy and I did not think of the hazards."

There was the soft sheen of ivory, the jingle of gold. Schliemann's wife held open the shawl to be filled with Priam's treasure. It was the golden treasure of one of the mightiest kings of prehistory, gathered together in blood and tears, the ornaments of a godlike people, buried for three thousand years until dug from under the ruined walls of seven vanished kingdoms. Not for one moment did Schliemann doubt that he had found Priam's treasure-trove. And not until shortly before his death was it proved that Schliemann had been misled in the heat of enthusiasm. Troy lay neither on the second nor on the third level, but on the sixth. The treasure had belonged to a king who had antedated Priam by a thousand years.

What to do now with this golden hoard? Schliemann allowed news of the find to get out, but by various adventurous means, aided by his wife's relatives, was able to smuggle the treasure to Athens, thence out of the country. When Schliemann's house was searched and sealed on orders from the Turkish Ambassador, not a trace of gold was found.

Was he a thief? The law regulating the disposal of antiquities found in Turkish territory was loosely framed, and highly subject to interpretation according to the caprice of local officials. Having sacrificed his whole career to the fulfillment of a dream, Schliemann could hardly be expected to be excessively scrupulous at this point in the game. He was determined to preserve his hoard of golden rarities for the delectation of European scholarship.

4

One of the darkest and most sinister chapters in the semilegendary history of ancient Greece is the impassioned story of the Pelopidae of Mycenae, especially that part of it dealing with Agamemnon's return and death. For ten years Agamemnon had been away, laying siege to Troy, and Aegisthus had made good use of his absence.

> We were yet
> Afar, enduring the hard toils of war,
> While he, securely couched in his retreat
> At Argos, famed for steeds, with flattering words
> Corrupted Agamemnon's queen.

Aegisthus ordered a lookout to be kept for the returning husband and then lay in wait with twenty men. He invited Agamemnon to a banquet — "thinking shameful knavery" — and "struck him down at the banquet, as one slaughters the ox at the crib. None of Agamemnon's friends escaped, all following him." Eight years passed before Orestes, the filial avenger, appeared to kill his adulterous mother, Clytemnestra, and Aegisthus, his father's assassin.

Tragic poets have often dramatized this famous theme, and the memory of the "king of men," ruler of the Peloponnesus, one of the mightiest and richest of historical characters, has remained forever green in posterity's mind.

Mycenae had golden as well as sanguinary connotations. According to Homer, Troy was rich, but Mycenae even richer, and the word *golden* was the adjective that he characteristically used in describing the city. Enchanted by his discovery of Priam's treasure, Schliemann was eager to find new riches. And — contrary to universal expectation — this he actually did.

There was no doubt whatever about the site of the city called Mycenae. The dust of thousands of years covered the ruins, and sheep were grazing where once kings had held sway. Still, the ruins were there to behold. The Lion Gate, main palace entrance, stood high and open in full view. Accessible, too, were the so-called "treasuries" (once thought to be bakers' ovens), the most famous of which was that of Atreus, first Pelopid and father of Agamemnon. This subterranean room is 50 feet high and shaped like a dome, the bold arch of which, made of huge unmortared blocks, is a self-supporting span.

Schliemann found that several ancient authors had located the graves of Agamemnon and his murdered friends at Mycenae. The citadel site was obvious enough, but the graves were another matter entirely. Schliemann had found Troy by depending on his Homer. In this instance he staked his claim on a certain passage in Pausanias which, he declared, previous archaeologists had incorrectly translated and misunderstood. Up to this time it had been assumed — and two of the greatest experts of the day, Dodwell, an Englishman, and Curtius, a German, supported the idea — that Pausanias had pictured the graves as outside the walls of the citadel of Mycenae, but Schliemann maintained that they must be inside the walls. He went ahead and dug, and his diggings shortly proved that again he was on the right track.

"I began the great work on August 7, 1876, with 63 workers. . . . Since August 19 I have carried on the excavating with 125 laborers and four carts, on the average, and have made good progress."

The first important find, after he had uncovered an enormous number of vases, was a curious circular structure, made of a double row of stone slabs set on edge. Schliemann believed immediately that the stone circle was a bench on which the elders of the Mycenaean citadel had sat in the agora while addressing assemblies, taking counsel, and dispensing justice. Here, he believed, Euripides' her-

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ald had stood — as recorded in *Electra* — while he called the people to the agora.

"Learned friends" confirmed his view. Presently he found the following sentence in Pausanias, relating, to be sure, to another agora: "Here they built the place of senatorial assembly, in such fashion that the heroes' graves would be in the midst of the meeting place." Thereafter he knew with the same certainty that had led him safely through six layered cities to the "treasure of Priam" that he was standing on Agamemnon's grave.

And when, in short order, he found nine stelae, four of them with well-preserved bas-reliefs, his last doubt vanished, and with it, too, all scholarly restraint. "Indeed, I do not hesitate for a moment," he wrote, "to announce that here I have found the graves that Pausanias, following tradition, ascribes to Atreus, to Agamemnon, king among men, to his charioteer, Eurymedon, and to Cassandra and her companions."

Meanwhile the work on the treasuries near the Lion Gate progressed slowly. Masses of stony rubble aggravated the difficulties of excavation. But here, too, Schliemann's mystical certainty would not be shaken. "I am convinced," he wrote, "of the absolute validity of the tradition which says that these mysterious structures were used as storage places for the treasure of primeval kings." The first find, taken from the debris that he had heaped to one side in an attempt to gain entrance, exceeded in delicacy of form, beauty of execution, and quality of material anything of a similar sort discovered in Troy. There were fragments of friezes, painted vases, terra-cotta idols of Hera, stone molds for casting ornamental articles ("these apparently of gold and silver"), as well as glazed clay objects, gems, and beads.

The amount of work involved in the project is suggested by Schliemann's following observations: "So far as the diggings have progressed to date, nowhere do I find debris piled deeper than 26 feet, and this extreme depth only near the big circular wall."

5

The discovery of the first grave was noted in Schliemann's journal on December 6, 1876. The grave must have been opened with great care. For twenty-five days Sophia, the tireless helper, explored the earth with fingers and pocketknife. Eventually five graves were found, in them the skeletons of fifteen dead. On the strength of this revelation Schliemann sent a cable to the King of Greece: —

"It is with extraordinary pleasure that I announce to Your Majesty my discovery of the graves which, according to tradition, are those of Agamemnon, Cassandra, Eurymedon, and their comrades, all killed during the banquet by Clytemnestra and her lover, Aegisthus."

Schliemann did not entertain the least doubt about his discoveries. "The bodies were literally covered with gold and jewels," he wrote at the time. Would such valuables have been interred with the bodies of ordinary persons, he inquired. He found expensively fashioned weapons, seemingly placed in the grave so that the dead would be armed against any contingency in the shadow world. Schliemann pointed to the obviously hasty burning of the corpses. The burial crew, it appeared, had hardly taken time to let the fire do its work before piling gravel and earth on the scorched victims. This implied the haste of murderers frantic to hide their crime. True, the corpses had been furnished with funerary gifts and accouterments, but this concession could be explained by the force of custom. As for the graves as such, they were anything but pretentious — indeed, as unworthy, one might imagine, of the rank of the deceased as hatred could make them. Had it not been said that the murdered were "thrown like the carcasses of unclean animals into miserable holes"?

Schliemann sought to buttress his identification of the graves by recourse to his beloved authorities, the writers of antiquity. He quoted from the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, from Sophocles' *Electra*, from Euripides' *Orestes*. It simply did not occur to him to question the correctness of his notions. Today, however, we know that his theory was false. He had, it is true, found royal graves under the agora of Mycenae; they were not, however, the graves of Agamemnon and his followers, but of people who most likely had lived some four hundred years earlier.

This discrepancy did not really matter. The important thing was that Schliemann had taken a second great step into the lost world of prehistory. Again he had proved Homer's worth as historian. He had unearthed treasures which provided valuable insight into the matrix of our culture. "It is an entirely new and unsuspected world," Schliemann wrote, "that I am discovering for archaeology."

The golden relics found by Schliemann were of enormous value, and not exceeded in opulence until Carnarvon's and Carter's finds in Egypt. "All the museums of the world taken together," Schliemann said, "do not have one fifth as much."

In the first of the five graves he found on each of three skeletons five diadems of pure gold, laurel leaves, and crosses of gold. In another grave, containing the remains of three women, he collected no fewer than 701 thick golden leaves, together with wonderful ornaments in the shape of animals, flowers, butterflies, and cuttlefish. Besides these he found golden decorative pieces showing figured lions and other beasts, and warriors engaged in battle. There were precious pieces shaped like lions and griffons, and others showing deer at repose and women with doves. One of the skeletons wore a golden crown, on the fillet of which were

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fastened thirty-six golden leaves. The head wearing the crown had almost completely crumbled to dust. In another grave was a skeleton so near dissolution that only a fragment of the skull was still stuck to the elegant diadem at its head.

Most important of all, he found certain gold masks and breastplates, which, according to tradition, were used in outfitting dead kings to protect them against malign influence after death. Down on his knees, his wife hovering over him ready to lend a helping hand, Schliemann scraped away the layers of clay sheathing the five corpses in the fourth grave. After a few hours' exposure to the air the heads of the skeletons dissolved into dust. But the shimmering golden masks kept their shape, each mask representing completely individual features, "so utterly different from idealized types of god and hero that unquestionably each of the same is a facsimile of the dead person's actual appearance."

Evenings, when the day was done and the shadows of night were creeping over the acropolis of Mycenae, Schliemann had fires lit "for the first time in 2344 years." Watch fires — recalling those which once had warned Clytemnestra and her lover, Aegisthus, of the approach of Agamemnon, but this time serving to frighten thieves away from great treasures.

6

Schliemann's third series of excavations failed to reveal any more buried gold. Of vastly greater significance, however, they brought to light the dead city of Tiryns. Schliemann's discoveries at Tiryns, coupled with what he had already turned up at Mycenae, and with additional finds made a decade later on Crete by the English archaeologist Arthur Evans, made possible the world's first picture of the prehistoric Minoan culture that once dominated the Mediterranean littoral.

There is no doubt that in the interval between the time he attacked the mound of Hissarlik like a child smashing at a toy with a hammer and the time he excavated at Mycenae and Tiryns, Schliemann had grown immensely in archaeological stature. Both Dörpfeld and the great English investigator Evans attest this fact. Schliemann's scientific development cannot be minimized merely because of fallacies bred by an excess of enthusiasm and impetuosity.

In 1876, at the age of fifty-four, Schliemann first drove a spade into the ruins of Mycenae, and in 1878–79, with Virchow's assistance, he dug for the second time at Troy. In 1881, at Orchomenus, the third city characterized as "golden" by Homer, he uncovered the Treasury of Minyas. In 1882, with Dörpfeld, he dug for the third time in the Troad, and two years after this began his excavations in Tiryns.

Once more the familiar pattern unfolded. The archaeologists had previously contended that the walls were medieval remains. As usual, Schliemann paid no attention. Tiryns was supposedly the birthplace of Heracles, and among the ancients the walls of the citadel were thought of as one of the world's wonders. Pausanias compared them with the pyramids of Egypt.

Schliemann dug and brought to light the foundation walls of a palace exceeding in grandeur all found hitherto. Soon there appeared the outlines of a citadel crowning the limestone crag. In the outer bailey, which contained stores and stables, the wall was 7 to 8 yards thick, but in the inner *enceinte*, where the ruler lived, its thickness reached 11 yards. Here the spade brought to light the outlines of the Homeric palace, with pillared walls and chambers, the men's court with the altar, the stately megaron with porch and antechamber, and even a bathroom where Homer's heroes had bathed and anointed themselves.

But there were still more interesting discoveries: the character of the pottery and the wall paintings. Schliemann immediately recognized the similarity of the pottery, the vases, and the jars to those he had found in Mycenae and to those unearthed by other archaeologists at Asine, Nauplia Eleusis, and the islands, most notably Crete. Here he found also vases displaying the so-called "geometric pattern," which had allegedly been brought by the Phoenicians to the court of Thotmes III as early as 1600 B.C. So he set out to establish in detail that he had discovered traces of a cultural complex of Asiatic or African origin — a culture, indeed, which had spread over the whole east coast of Greece, which embraced most of the islands, but which probably had a cultural focus in Crete. We now call this culture Minoan-Mycenaean. Schliemann had found the first traces of it.

Schliemann wanted to be home with his wife and children for Christmas of 1890. He was tortured by an ear ailment. Yet he was so preoccupied with his plans that he was satisfied with a superficial examination by hotel physicians in Italy. They reassured him. But on Christmas Day he collapsed in the Piazza della Santa Carità in Naples and lost his power of speech. Through the long night Heinrich Schliemann struggled for his life, never losing consciousness. Then he died.

When his body was brought to Athens, the King and the Crown Prince of Greece, the diplomatic representatives stationed in the Greek capital, the head of the Greek government, and the leaders of all the Greek scientific institutes came to pay their respects at the bier. Looking down on this ardent lover of all things Greek, on him who had enriched the knowledge of Hellenic antiquity by a thousand years, was the bust of Homer. Schliemann's wife and two children also stood by the coffin. These children were called Andromache and Agamemnon.

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An Atlantic "First"

A STORY

A product of the Canadian prairies, now in his early thirties, DONALD GREENE *taught in the country schools for five years before entering the Canadian Army where he served for a time with the Paratroopers. "I should not," he says, "like any of my old paratrooper friends to think that the basis of the story is anything but fictional. The characters and situations are imagination pure and simple." Mr. Greene took his M.A. at University College, London, in 1948 and is at present lecturing in English at the University of Saskatchewan.*

THE ADJUTANT

by DONALD GREENE

I WAS thumbing through a pile of British journals at the library the other day and came across a notice of Gerald Warriner's new book of criticism. The reviewer was cautious and a little shocked by what he called the audacity of some of Warriner's opinions; but on the whole he seemed impressed. Warriner is now some sort of junior don at Cambridge; he went over to England after the war to do postgraduate work and stayed there. Joe Roberts, who knew us both in the Army, told me that he looked Warriner up when he was in England last summer. Joe got the impression that he was reasonably happy.

I hope he is. He wasn't happy when I first met him. That was in 1944. I was putting in time as a kind of unofficial assistant adjutant at a Paratroop Training School. Like a good many people, I had volunteered for the paratroops, found the going too tough, and been washed out. My right leg got a nasty break on my last qualifying jump, and stayed weak after it healed; they let me wear the paratroopers' wings on my tunic, but my medical category was lowered, and I was relegated to helping look after the orderly room.

It was a headache keeping track of the comings and goings of a thousand men. The old adjutant, Major Parker, who was supposed to be in charge of administration had given it up as a bad job, and spent most of his time drinking gin fizzes in the officers' mess. But paper work can be neglected only up to a point. It was at that point that Parker, after one last glorious sozzle, was retired and Captain Warriner arrived.

He worked in a little, railed-in cubicle in one corner of the orderly room, with a door near his desk leading to the C.O.'s office. My own desk was beside his, on the other side of the railing. I remember him on the last morning he spent at the School, his thin, intelligent head bent over a heap of papers. He was making out the monthly report of rejected personnel. In front of him, on the desk, were piled the medical records and conduct sheets; there were also a number of small scraps of plain paper each bearing a few penciled words by one of the lieutenants in command of the training platoons. These were the most damning, these notes scrawled hastily during a break in a field exercise or in an aircraft after a practice parachute descent. Some of them read "Hesitated to jump" or "Nervous during field firing." One or two read simply, in large, unformed letters, "Just no guts." These were signed "J. Sims, Lt." Warriner always sighed when they came in, for he would have to get hold of Sims and extract from him the details of the recruit's failure. Sims knew very well that such reports were of no use but he continued to send them in. He was a burly, red-faced young man; he disliked Warriner, and the interviews that arose from these reports were unpleasant.

"God damn it, Adj," Sims would shout across Warriner's desk, "I forget what the bastard did three days ago, but if I said he acted yellow, he acted yellow. I don't have to be a God-damned psychiatrist to tell when a guy hasn't got any guts."

And he would grin insolently into Warriner's face as he said it. Then Warriner would begin again, slowly and painstakingly, to argue Sims into recalling the circumstances of the recruit's failure.

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Gerald Warriner was then a man of about twenty-six. He had a tall, frail body, a thin, white face, and a crown of ash-blond hair. A pair of heavy lenses magnified his pale blue eyes. A year before, the physical standards had been sufficiently lowered to permit him to enter the Army. His medical documents were stamped "For home service only."

He had been at an eastern Canadian university; he started, I think, as a classical scholar and then branched out into comparative literature. He had had two or three short pieces of criticism published; they had been well received, but he seemed to care little for the approbation of his fellow scholars.

He was an incongruous figure among the tough and sturdy paratroopers. They tolerated him because he did his work well and kept the administration of the School running smoothly; but they lived in a different universe from his. He was posted to the School, after the passing of Major Parker, when the Commanding Officer asked for a clever man to handle the paper work, saying that none of his paratroop officers had any head for that kind of thing. Warriner, who was then a junior staff officer, heard of the vacancy and applied for it. His colleagues at Headquarters wondered why he should have asked to be posted to such apparently uncongenial surroundings. He did not tell them that it was because he was a student of literature. He had been with these fine men before, many times, on the plains of Troy and in the pass of Roncesvalles, on the dark mere of Grendel and the bare, gray rocks of Hlitharendi. He loved their courage, their aliveness; he was glad to be near them, if only as a humble camp follower.

Mixed with his admiration for the Parachute Corps, you could see, if you looked closely, that he nourished a heavy bitterness against himself — partly for his puny body, with its weak eyes and weak voice, but more for his timidity of spirit, as he thought it. That was why he felt a bond of sympathy with the wretched "washouts." That was why Sims despised him; the others merely pitied him for his physical insignificance, but Sims saw the puny spirit behind the bodily mask.

That, at any rate, was my diagnosis of his unhappiness. He got some comfort out of doing penance for his inadequacy by leaving his comfortable job at Headquarters and coming here where his reproach was continually before his eyes. He regarded Sims as one of the Eumenides — that robust and illiterate youngster would have been much surprised at the role in which he was cast — and he knew, from his Greek poets, that the thing to do with the Eumenides is to seek them out, not try to avoid them.

2

As we worked among the papers that November morning, a sound began to make itself felt in the air — first a faint throbbing, then an audible whisper. I saw Warriner try to ignore it, bending down close to a column of figures, repeating the successive numbers firmly, half aloud. But it was no use. The hum grew loud and steady — the sound of aircraft nearing the building. As they came overhead, Warriner gave up the attempt to shut it out; he sat up in his chair and let himself listen to them, as he had done many times before. There were four — six — ten planes: a whole class of candidates were making their final, qualifying jump. In a few minutes it would be over. Then, in the afternoon, the class would parade and be given their wings; and in the evening there would be a hilarious party in the men's canteen. They had reason to celebrate, these new paratroopers; they had passed severe tests; they were received companions of a brave corps; they had before them the prospect of gallantry. During the evening their officers, with an irregularity at which no one cavilled, would slip away from the mess to join them and drink their health. Warriner would then go to the quiet of his office and bury himself and his thoughts in his papers.

As the roar of the planes came overhead, Warriner got to his feet and slowly went to the window. I joined him. We looked out across the snow-covered prairie, and our eyes caught the glint of the silver wings of the aircraft as they passed through the brilliance of the winter sun.

The flight was now over the jumping field, on which snow crystals sparkled. Suddenly, with a precision of timing that made you hold your breath, ten black dots appeared in the sky, plunging toward the earth. Then, in another instant, ten white canopies billowed out above them; the downward plunge was checked, and they hovered quietly in the blue air. Other dots, other canopies, followed in swift succession, and in a moment the sky was filled with whiteness. One dot fell farther, faster, than the others, and Warriner grasped the window ledge in agony; but after a few seconds that seemed like hours, the white silk fluttered out above it too, and we breathed out again. As they neared the earth, the black dots hanging from the canopies began to swing back and forth, in pendulum fashion; but before the arcs grew too long, the first parachute had reached the ground. Its canopy collapsed softly and became invisible in the snow. The others followed, until only one was left, hanging almost motionless in the air for an interminable time. Then it too melted into the snow, and the jump was over.

"Pretty jump, wasn't it?" a voice behind us said.

We turned around. The Commanding Officer had come in from his adjoining office. Lieutenant-Colonel Bill Macdonald was thirty-one, handsome, dark, vigorous, and decisive, the very antithesis of his adjutant, who admired him vastly.

"They all look pretty to me," said Warriner.

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"I never get tired of watching them. When I hear the planes coming over, I burrow myself in my desk and say that I won't look. But I always do."

"I thought for a minute there was going to be a streamer, but it wasn't, thank God."

"I saw it too," said Warriner. "I haven't seen a parachute failure yet, and I don't want to."

"Yes, they're messy things," said Macdonald. He went over to Warriner's desk and sat down on a corner of it. "Look, Jerry," he said, "come down to the canteen tonight with me and drink a beer with the boys."

Warriner stiffened. "Why, sir?" he asked.

"Why? Why not?" The Colonel sounded impatient. "It's not because you feel too superior to, is it?"

Warriner gave a short laugh. "You might have spared me that question," he said. "You ought to know by this time how inferior to them I feel."

Macdonald stared at him. "Don't talk like a neurotic fool," he said. "You've got brains, you've got ability, you've got knowledge. These boys are good kids, but they're thick-headed barbarians, after all. So are all of us here — that's why we had to get you in to do our thinking for us."

"I'm not a neurotic fool," said Warriner. "I'm merely being honest with myself. It's very good of you to flatter my brains and my scholarship. Just the same you paratroopers have something compared with which all the intellectual cleverness in the world isn't worth two cents, in my opinion or anybody else's."

"What?"

"The power to do things, not just think them. Sims calls it guts. As good a term as any. Just answer me one question honestly, Mac. Would you exchange that little pair of wings on your breast for any amount of scholarship, any amount of intellectual or artistic brilliance?"

The Colonel said nothing.

"Would you?"

"Well, I don't suppose I would, Jerry," he said uncomfortably, after a while. "But, what the hell of it? It's only a matter of taste. It's only that I'm used to my own kind of life. Don't take it so seriously."

Warriner's only answer was a skeptical smile. Macdonald stirred restlessly and at last got to his feet. "Well," he said, "I was trying to be kind, but it looks as if I didn't succeed. I didn't know you felt this way. Look, Jerry, if you want to be transferred back to Headquarters staff, I won't stand in your way, much as I'd like to keep you here, for my own sake."

"You mistake me, sir," Warriner said, "if you think that the pain to my own self-esteem is anything compared with the pleasure I have in associating with you and your men. I have no desire at all to return to the company of my fellow intellectuals at Headquarters."

"That's a very great compliment, Jerry," said Macdonald. "Thank you for it. I hope we'll continue to deserve it." He went across the room and into his own office. He looked as if he were mentally scratching his head.

3

The bugles blew for lunch. Warriner got up from his desk, a little wearily, and we went across the parade ground to the officers' mess. In the bar, as usual, the officers were in two groups. In one corner were the noncombatant officers, the Paymaster, the Catering Officer, a visiting psychologist. Across the room from them was a group of young lieutenants of the training staff; Sims, in their midst, was telling a story and gusts of laughter came from them. I got myself a rye and drank it leaning against the bar, watching the others. Warriner ordered a beer for himself, and went over to the second group. Sims was describing the morning's jump; he had been in charge of one of the aircraft: —

"Then at the last minute he turned yellow again. He was in the door of the plane, ready to jump; then he changed his mind; he got himself twisted around somehow, half in the plane and half out, hanging on to the sides of the door with his fingers. Well, there wasn't any time to waste. I wasn't going to let the bastard spoil my jump. I looked around and saw a monkey wrench on the seat. I grabbed it and gave him a hefty wallop right on the knuckles. He gave a yell and let go; down he went like a rock."

After the roar of appreciation died away, Warriner called quietly, "Sims."

The circle stiffened and drew away from him a little.

"Yes, Adj?" Sims said, with an inflection of surprise.

"Will you drop into my office for a minute after lunch? I want to go over your rejection reports for last month."

Sims groaned. "Oh, for Christ's sake, Adj, do we have to go all through that business again? Hell, I've got to work after lunch. I'm taking out a platoon for field tactics, and I've got to get away early. Tactics are more important than your damn returns."

"You're probably right, Sims," said Warriner. "Still, this return has to go in this afternoon. If it doesn't, the Colonel will get a blast from Headquarters."

"Oh, well, if it'll do the Colonel some good — okay, Adj. I'll be there."

Sims turned his back to him and went on with the narrative. The circle closed and left Warriner outside it. He drained his glass and went into the dining room, where he took his place at a table opposite Colonel Macdonald. I followed him.

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As we sat down, Macdonald handed Warriner a slip of paper. "Here's a teletype that just came in, Jerry," he said. "One of your clerks brought it over; said it was coded 'Urgent.' What's it all about?"

The message read: "C.O. Paras. Review your rejection of Private Marburg J.B.M. and report soonest." It was over the name of the senior administrative officer at Headquarters, Colonel Lewis.

"I can't imagine," said Warriner. "I remember Marburg as one of the washouts we sent away a few days ago. He refused to jump; nothing unusual about the circumstances that I can recall. I'll find out what's behind it after lunch."

4

When we went back to the office, Warriner put through a telephone call to a staff captain of his acquaintance. I was curious enough to listen in on my extension.

"What's the story on this wire about one Private Marburg?" Warriner asked.

The voice in the receiver laughed. "Oh, that. That's going to be fun. Did you ever hear of a Major-General Marburg? Private Marburg is his nephew. The old general was raving around the Brigadier's office this morning; it seems they're friends. No, Warriner, you can't go tossing out generals' nephews from your precious school as if they were ordinary human beings."

"And what does the Brigadier think we're going to do about his general's nephew?"

"Do? Why, find that your decision to reject him was all a big mistake; receive him back with open arms and pin a pair of wings on him."

"If the Brigadier thinks Colonel Macdonald is going to do anything of the kind," said Warriner, "he's under a delusion."

"My dear Warriner," said the staff captain, "how you talk! The Brigadier's a brigadier; your boss is only a lieutenant-colonel. Why shouldn't he do what a brigadier tells him?"

"Maybe because he has some guts," Warriner said, and hung up the receiver.

The Colonel came in just then, and Warriner told him what he had learned. Macdonald laughed.

"Check the records on Marburg," he said. "If they're in order, tell Headquarters politely where they can go. If it was the Chief of the General Staff, no man that balks at a jump is going to get into the Parachute Corps over my signature." He went into his office.

I drew out the file on Marburg, and Warriner and I reread it carefully. There was no error. Marburg, on his first flight, when ordered to jump from the aircraft, had flatly refused. The witness was Sims. To make absolutely certain, Warriner questioned Sims about it when he came in.

"Marburg? Yes, I remember the little bastard. Took one look through the door and then quit. Pure yellow."

"You never give a man a second chance, if he once refuses to jump, do you?" Warriner asked.

"Never," said Sims. "He may work up enough nerve later to make his qualifying jumps, but if he's got that yellow streak in him, it'll come out again sooner or later — likely in action, and he might muck up a whole show. We can't afford to take a chance like that. No, we never let them repeat, and they usually don't want to."

"Apparently Marburg does," said Warriner. "It seems his uncle is a major-general, and he's got the Brigadier batting for him."

"Is that right?" said Sims, looking rueful. "Cripes! That's bad."

Warriner looked at him in surprise. "Why?" he said.

"Why?" Sims repeated. "How'd you like to have a brigadier on your tail? The old boy's pretty vindictive, they say. You're just as likely as not to get an adverse report on you and a request to resign your commission."

"Would that be so terrible?" Warriner asked.

"To revert to the ranks? Go back to scrubbing floors and being ordered about by bastard corporals? What do you think?"

"You amaze me, Sims," said Warriner. "Well, that's all. I'll bear in mind what you said about Marburg. Thank you."

Sims left. Warriner drafted a teletype message to Headquarters and I sent it off. It read: "Review of record of Private Marburg J.B.M. shows no reason to revise decision." Warriner then went back to completing his personnel report.

Half an hour later the telephone on his desk rang, and I took up mine too. It was Colonel Lewis from Headquarters. He sounded perturbed.

"Look, Warriner," he said, "I've just got your teletype about Marburg. I haven't shown it to the Brigadier yet; he'll go through the ceiling when I do."

"For heaven's sake, why, sir?" asked Warriner. "This man Marburg is obviously unfit for a paratrooper. We've rejected hundreds on slighter grounds. What does his being a major-general's nephew have to do with it?"

"Oh, Christ, Warriner, grow up," growled Lewis. "Be realistic. This is the Army. There's as much nepotism in it as in any other trade. What has Marburg done that's disqualified him?"

"The worst possible thing. He refused to make a parachute jump."

"Am I right in thinking that there is no regulation which specifically states that such a refusal disbars him from further training and eventual qualification as a paratrooper? In other words, that it's entirely a matter of Colonel Macdonald's discretion?"

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"Quite right." The staff officer's voice was becoming excited; but Warriner betrayed no emotion whatever. He sounded calm, detached, a little bored.

"Then," said Lewis, "if the Brigadier orders Colonel Macdonald to reinstate Marburg, he has no option but to do so."

"Oh?" said Warriner. There was a moment's silence. Then the Colonel's voice came again, a little cajoling.

"Listen, Warriner, Macdonald has a lot of respect for your judgment. Before I show this message to the Brigadier, I want you to have a talk with Macdonald. Point out to him what I've just pointed out to you — that he has no legal basis for a refusal. He'll have to take Marburg back eventually; the Brigadier's made up his mind about that; and if he does so now, it will save a lot of unpleasantness for all of us. If you're able to talk him over, Warriner, I won't forget you when the next batch of promotions comes up. Will you do that?"

"No," said Warriner. "Certainly not. Even if Colonel Macdonald would take my advice, which he would not, I should never advise him to take such an indefensible action."

"I'm ordering you to do so," Lewis shouted, his voice rising several tones. "I happen to be your superior officer, Captain Warriner."

"Oh, can it," said Warriner wearily. "You know damned well there's no use shaking military law under our noses, Colonel Lewis. The business stinks to high heaven, and you and the Brigadier wouldn't dare have it aired before a court-martial. I call your bluff; I refuse to obey any and every order you may see fit to issue to me with regard to the reinstatement of Private Marburg."

Lewis sputtered. "There are other means besides courts-martial," he said finally.

"I care nothing for your petty persecutions," said Warriner. "Would it save time if I sent in my resignation of my commission? I shouldn't at all mind reverting to private and spending the duration scrubbing toilets. It would be preferable to some of the dirty jobs the Brigadier makes you Headquarters people do. If you had any guts, you'd tell him you wouldn't do them, just as I'm telling you I won't do this one."

There was a long silence. Then Lewis spoke; his voice was quiet again. "What's got into you, Warriner? You used to have the reputation of being a sensible chap when you were here at Headquarters."

"Maybe I've been in better company since then, sir," said Warriner, and he hung up the receiver.

5

Later in the afternoon, as I had expected, a large staff car, flying a triangular blue flag from its radiator cap, stopped in front of the office. Warriner got up and went over to Colonel Macdonald's door.

"The Brigadier's here, sir," he said. "Shall I send in Private Marburg's file?"

"Yes, and come in, Jerry," said Macdonald. "You too, Jack. I'll need all the moral support I can get. It looks as if I'm in for it. Wish me luck."

Before we could reply, the door flew open and a fat little man burst into the room. This was the Brigadier, the area commander. Colonel Lewis, a nervous, graying man, followed him. Macdonald sprang to his feet and we all saluted.

The little Brigadier wasted no time on preliminaries. "Look here, Macdonald," he said, stationing himself in the center of the room, "what's the meaning of this message about Private Marburg? Lewis tells me you know my wishes in the matter."

"Sir," said Macdonald, in a pleading tone, "it's quite impossible to qualify Marburg as a paratrooper."

"Why?" the Brigadier snapped. "How do you know? Have you given the lad a chance?"

"He refused to make a jump."

"Yes, his uncle, General Marburg, explained that to me this morning. It seems that the boy was not feeling well that day — he had a bad headache."

"Our medical officers passed him as fit before the aircraft took off. He knew what the consequences of a refusal would be."

"God damn it, Macdonald, don't argue with me!" shouted the Brigadier, bringing his stick down on the desk with a crack. Macdonald winced. "If you're trying to imply that the boy is a coward, I tell you you're wrong. I know his family; I fought beside his uncle; I tell you they don't produce cowards, and I won't have you slandering them by rejecting this boy as though he were."

"Sir," said Macdonald slowly, "there's no such imputation. Modern military psychology doesn't use the term. All that has happened is that our instructors, who are skilled and experienced parachutists, believe that this man will not make a successful one. I have to accept their decision."

"Nonsense. You don't," said the Brigadier. "Neither do I, and I don't intend to accept it. You are competent, by virtue of your rank, which was presumably granted to you because of your superior ability and experience, to overrule any such decision of your sergeant and lieutenant instructors. And in turn, I, because of *my* rank — I don't happen to be a paratrooper, and I don't happen to be an expert in military psychology, whatever that is, but I dare say that four years in the trenches during the last war may give me some claim to experience — I have the power to overrule your decisions. I overrule this one. Marburg will be posted back to you, and you will proceed to train him — and qualify him — as a paratrooper."

"But, sir," said Macdonald feebly, "there's never been —"

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"Macdonald," shouted the Brigadier, "one more word of argument out of you, and I place you under arrest. Don't you know an order when you hear one?"

Macdonald was silent.

"Marburg will report back here tomorrow. I want to hear of no discrimination against him. Good day."

The Brigadier took a pace backward and glared at Macdonald, who saluted. The Brigadier returned the salute, turned about, and marched out of the room, with Lewis after him.

"Well," said Macdonald to Warriner, who was staring at him, "that wasn't very pleasant, was it?" He gave a weak laugh, and sat down again behind his desk.

"No, sir," said Warriner. "It wasn't." His voice was toneless.

"I didn't think the old man would take it so seriously," Macdonald went on. "Damn it! To think of having to take that yellow bastard back!"

"Do you?" said Warriner.

"You heard what the Brigadier said. He gave me a direct order."

"Do you really think, sir," said Warriner, "that if you had refused, the Brigadier would have brought the case before a court-martial? Or that a court-martial would convict?"

"I don't know," said Macdonald. He interlocked his fingers and looked at them. "Even if it didn't go to a court-martial, my name would be mud. It's all very well for you to talk — you're single; I've got a wife to think of. And what good would it do for me to be relieved of my command here? The Brigadier would put in one of his pets, and there'd be a dozen Marburgs in the Corps instead of one. Hell, I don't want to leave here, Jerry, and go to some battalion of footsloggers, or some paper job at Headquarters. I like the boys; I want to stay with them. You ought to know how I feel — remember what you said to me this morning."

I slunk out of the room. Warriner walked out after me, silently closing the door between the two offices.

He went to his desk and, taking a letterhead out of a drawer, wrote on it for a time. Then he gave the sheet to me. It was a letter to the Commanding Officer and read: —

> SIR: —
>
> With reference to our conversation of this morning, when you said that you would not object to my transfer from this School: I should now like to request that such a transfer be effected.
>
> It is a matter of indifference to me where and in what rank I am transferred.
>
> Your obedient servant,
>
> G. WARRINER, *Captain*

"Put this on Colonel Macdonald's desk in the morning, will you, Jack?" he said. "I've got a few days' leave coming to me. I think I'll catch tonight's train. You can look after things till they get someone else. Or you can do the job yourself, for that matter. I'll see them at Headquarters about another job. Lewis would be glad to get me back, in spite of the way I insulted him. Taking insults is his business. So I'll probably not be back."

"Well, I'm sorry" was the only thing I could think of to say.

"Why should you be?" said Warriner. "I'm not. As a scholar it delights me when I acquire a new piece of information or have a false preconception cleared up. . . . Well, I'd better get this miserable report finished." And his hands and eyes sped through the diminishing pile of papers with their usual sureness.

By five o'clock the letter was in the mail. We crossed the misty parade ground to the mess.

"I'll buy you a drink," said Warriner. We went into the bar, and he ordered two double Scotches.

"Well, here's luck," I said.

"Thanks," he replied, and gulped his drink.

As we leaned against the bar, I noticed that Sims and some of his friends were gathered in the far corner. Sims was again discoursing about one of his men.

"Then they got to the open stretch of country they had to cross under fire. I gave the machine guns the signal and they started blazing away over their heads. The platoon started across, in fine order, keeping their heads well down, making good time and holding a nice, even line. Then I looked again, and there was a gap.

" 'Who's supposed to be there?' I asked the sergeant.

" 'Jones,' he said, 'but I don't know what's happened to him. He seems to have disappeared.'

"Well, we started looking around, but no sign of Jones. Then I saw him. He'd only gone about three yards from the start line and found a hollow in the ground, between two little mounds. There was a gap in the machine-gun fire, just there, and he was scared to go into it again. He just lay there hugging the ground and shaking.

" 'I'll fix you, you yellow bastard,' I said to myself. I sneaked along the trench until I was just behind where he was lying. I took out my pistol and aimed it just above his head. I pulled the trigger and the bullet must have just cleared him by inches. He gave one yell and started forward. He got to the other side before the rest of the platoon."

There was a general laugh.

In the silence that followed, Warriner said, quietly but clearly: "You bastards make me tired."

They stared at him openmouthed. Warriner stared back at them. Nothing was said. Then Warriner drank the rest of his whiskey, placed the glass on the bar, and went out of the room. There was a relaxed smile on his thin, nervous face. He felt happy for the first time in months.

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Books and Men

From his observation tower as editor of the Washington Post, HERBERT ELLISTON *had as good an opportunity as any writer for watching Secretary Forrestal at work. Before he came to Washington, Mr. Elliston had served as foreign correspondent for the* Manchester Guardian *and the New York* Herald, *as chief editor of the Chinese government's economic publications, and as financial editor of the* Christian Science Monitor. *His record commended him to Forrestal — the two often compared notes or exchanged books — and out of this friendship, the editor was able to measure the inner man whose self-portrait is partly revealed in* The Forrestal Diaries *published by Viking this autumn.*

JIM FORRESTAL

A Portrait in Politics

by HERBERT ELLISTON

1

ABOUT James Forrestal, dead only two years, legends have already clustered. In some quarters he is regarded as the apostle of preparedness — the prophetic voice in the wilderness when post-war America was demobilizing its bristling might and, in consequence, demobilizing its ability to safeguard the general peace. He is reputed to be the man who would have rearmed to the teeth as soon as hostilities were over. By others he is esteemed as a model of statecraft for wanting America to "settle" with the Soviet Union before sitting down to draw up the Charter of the United Nations, let alone, as Winston Churchill put it, before Russia exploded its own atom bomb. Greatness and prescience have been accorded to him in the afterevent.

That legends have collected around Forrestal is a testimony to the man's position and personality. Forrestal enjoyed high office in a period when America was climbing dizzily onto the world's summit and attempting to consolidate itself there. Upon Forrestal fell vital decisions first as Secretary of the Navy in the war, then as the first Secretary of Defense, where he had to create the greatest of military establishments as well as run it. The assignment was an impossible burden. He was never a believer in unification of the armed services, preferring, in deference to his fear of the man on horseback and to his respect for checks and balances on power, a sort of integrated coördination — impostor phrase! — and yet he took over a mammoth job which was aimed at producing unification. The result was that his secretarial post looked like an eyrie, with the subordinates way down below, when they should have been connected to his desk along a channel of deputy secretary and assistant secretaries, such as his successor promptly introduced. The load, coupled with the inability of a tired man to feel any increasing confidence in his own decisions, crushed him utterly.

It is rare for such a busy administrator to keep a diary. Forrestal simply jotted down or dictated a rough outline of his activities when he had a moment to spare, not when the mood was upon him or as a studied avocation. Thus the jottings in the Forrestal Diaries are vagrant. Mr. Walter Millis has woven the items together with his own commentary. It is a highly competent job of editing and a skillful one in grafting the connecting tissue onto the diaries. His annotations show fidelity to the diarist and scrupulousness over his facts. But, alas, Forrestal seldom put down, as Ciano did, what he thought. There is no word of praise, for instance, for the men whose words and acts as Forrestal records them implied that they stood well in his eyes — namely, Averell Harriman, John J. McCloy, Robert A. Lovett, and Ferdinand Eberstadt.

On only one occasion that I can discover is there a flash of the subjective Forrestal speaking, and that is an angry outburst against Harold L. Ickes. "Bathed in the serene light of his own self-approval," Mr. Ickes emanates "the ectoplasm of conscious virtue." Would that Forrestal had let himself go about other people as well as about the Curmudgeon, for he had the prejudices for which, as Hazlitt has said, we are liked. But the curtain is lifted only for this instant, and, I suspect, some at least of the spleen may have been due to envy of Mr. Ickes' self-confidence and intellectual muscle.

Mr. Millis labored under many difficulties. Some of Mr. Forrestal's entries had to be taken out. He had a habit of recording Cabinet meet-

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ings, sometimes of writing up the comments of his colleagues there, and he recorded copious data about atomic energy. Publication of all of these passages would have violated either the secrecy rule for Cabinet meetings or security.

There is something unsatisfactory in issuing a diary that is not quite the original. Still, pruned and slightly doctored as it is, the diaries are rewarding. They are a record, however partial, of big events in the making, and, since the record is by one of the principals, they are valuable to the student if not the historian.

2

Forrestal gave the appearance of being the most natural and unaffected man in public life. It is often said that as soon as a friend takes office, out the window goes friendship, with the friend taking on a new and relatively aloof personality. As likely as not he will become starchy. Forrestal was an exception. He remained "Jim" to everybody all the way up his ladder of fame. Mr. Millis in the foreword to the book says he was not a man of many friendships. If by friendship is meant the evocation in human relations of a quality of doing things for another, Forrestal had a plethora of friends. In his early years he cultivated them — in part because of his gregariousness, in part because of the drive to succeed of a boy born and reared in modest circumstances who had no connections. The world was an oyster to the young Forrestal as he came down from Princeton to make his fortune. Those who knew him at that time called him, affectionately, "Runt," for he was a gaminlike and awkward youngster with a broken nose, gained in boxing, which deceived people into thinking he was a tough guy.

There was nothing of the crony in Forrestal, though. And this explains why he was never an intimate of Mr. Truman's, much as Mr. Truman, whom, incidentally, he liked, was fond of him. What Roosevelt thought of him, I don't know, but I know he didn't like Roosevelt, though Tom Corcoran brought him to Washington as one of the anonymous assistants at the White House. He was no backslapper, and he had no relish for the back room, none for the hypocrisies of politics. Yet he was a person you instinctively liked, and this was Jim's good fortune. It is said he was so successful as a bond salesman that Dillon, Read had to make him a partner in order to save money! Anyway, he got ready patronage. There was in him a disarming simplicity, an eagerness to taste and to know the mystery of life, a dislike of pretense and the stuffed shirt. He read voraciously and admired brains inordinately, but despised the arrogant intellectual, the know-it-all, equally with the know-nothing.

Forrestal was not a great man if by greatness is meant uniqueness and irreplaceability. A great man has to be on top of everything, to be lacking in self-consciousness, and neither attribute Forrestal had. He built up on his mountain a pile of uncertainties, and ever had a superawareness of self.

However, if Forrestal was not a great man, he was a sizable man. The little men limit their horizons, as so many top officials do, to their departments. Forrestal, on the contrary, saw his job in the context of the task of government in a new age of American fulfillment. And his activities ranged far and wide over the Administration. He wanted and slaved for coördination; for an end of *ad hoc* policy-making; and for effective and prompt executive action. "The great mistakes we made during the war," said Forrestal, "were caused by America's failure to realize that military and political action had to go hand in hand." So he gave heart and soul and time to the Hoover Commission on reorganization, and helped Senator Lodge when the Gentleman from Massachusetts sponsored it in the Senate. He was a co-builder of the apparatus of interdepartmental liaison which took shape in the National Security Council and the National Security Resources Board. However, he insisted there must be no appearance "either of duplicating or replacing the functions of the Cabinet, or giving the impression that our foreign policy was completely dominated by a military point of view." Forrestal was a good democrat, and wedded to American institutions.

This framework of reform was duly absorbed and incorporated in the Executive pattern of government. Forrestal was not satisfied, particularly with Cabinet performance. It was much too sloppy for him. He envied the smooth operation with which Cabinet decisions in democratic and parliamentary Canada moved inevitably into executive action. He made studies of extra-administrative devices for speeding up action, and he sent members of his staff abroad to gather information. The man who captured his admiration in particular was the former Secretary of the British Cabinet, Lord (formerly Sir Maurice) Hankey. Forrestal kept up a campaign in the Cabinet for an American Hankey. Senator Clinton Anderson, formerly Secretary of Agriculture, tells me he had a Secretary in mind, Averell Harriman, and that the President would have named Harriman but for the resignation of Secretary Wallace and the appointment in his place of Mr. Harriman. "If they won't put in a regular secretariat and formalize the proceedings," he once said to me, "why not let Harold Smith [then Director of the Budget] come along, and then pedal his bike from department to department to make sure that what we decide is acted upon." His sense of neatness and order rebelled at the thought that the hints and indirections resulting from the meetings of the President with his Cabinet were likely to be either forgotten or never followed up.

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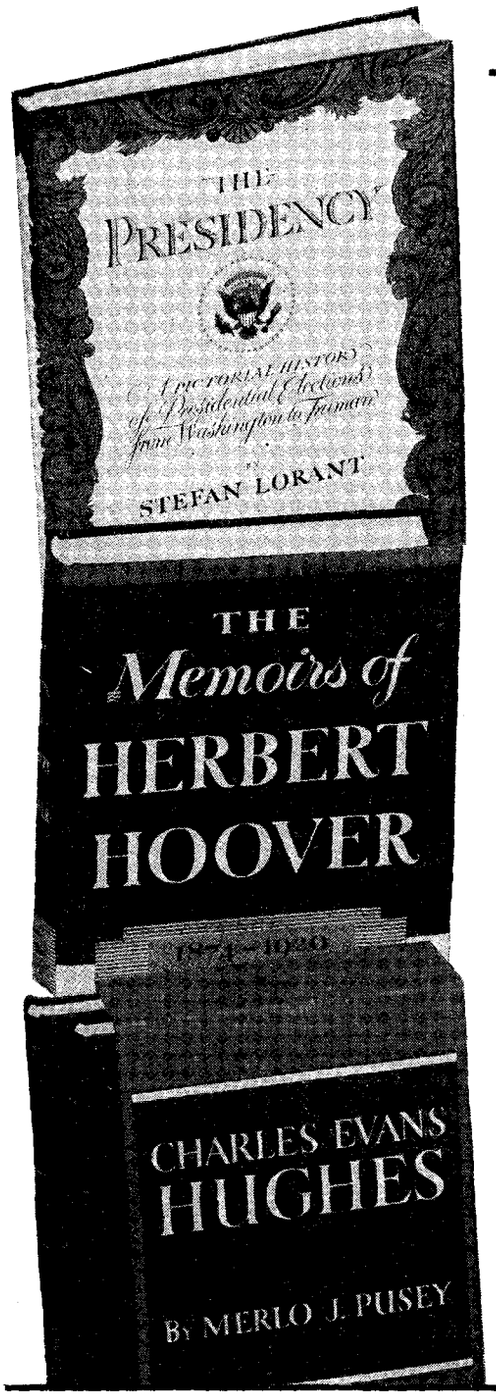

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In the government Forrestal was almost alone for a long time in his concept of the necessity and obligations that had fallen to America to keep the general peace. So he fought demoralized demobilization in 1945. He struggled to prevent the vacuum in Far Eastern Asia that yawned ahead of a knockout blow administered to Japan. To him the unconditional surrender formula ought to have been modified. He used to talk as if the entry of Soviet Russia into the war in the Pacific would be a disaster. How far he went with his pressures I have no reason for knowing. Judging from Averell Harriman's memorandum on Yalta to the MacArthur Committee, he did not go very far. Mr. Harriman quotes an "overall strategical concept for the prosecution of the war in the Pacific" issued by the Combined Chiefs of Staff on July 24, 1945, or five months after Yalta, which looked to a Russian entry.

In this memorandum the Army and Navy chiefs based their hopes not only upon Russian participation but also upon a monster invasion of mainland Japan. How could the American Navy attach its signature to such a document? Its top officers had expressed confidence long before then that, as a result of the sea blockade and the air bombardment, Japan was licked. Several weeks before this memorandum, indeed, the first peace overtures had come out of Japan. Even before we heard of these, Forrestal had expressed confidence in winding it all up. Yet there is this memorandum! No light is shed in the diaries on the contrast between his words and this memorandum, though there is a hint — and only a hint — that he couldn't have gone along with the memorandum. The hint occurs in a reference to the dropping of the atom bomb as a strategical blunder.

This reference is contained in a note on a magazine project by Mr. McCloy on the major strategic decisions of the war, which included the dropping of the atom bomb: —

> I raised the question of whether this [the dropping of the atom bomb] did turn out to have been a sound decision or not, in view of the exchange of dispatches between Sato in Moscow and the Japanese Foreign Office which by mid-July 1945 clearly indicated the hopelessness of the Japanese situation.

One comes across this note in his mid-1947 passages, and it is a sudden revelation of what, in my memory, he felt in his bones in 1945. Yet there is no preparation in the diaries for the remark. The peace feelers had all been intercepted; yet, according to the Harriman memorandum, the Joint Chiefs were oblivious of what was happening in Japan, and unprepared to take advantage of it. In any event, it was Forrestal who, feeling the Japanese were through in early 1945, put Captain (later Rear Admiral) Zacharias to work on his psychological warfare on the Japanese.

It was also Forrestal, working closely with Messrs. Byrnes and Grew, who insisted upon clarifying the unconditional surrender formula to the extent of a pledge that the Emperor's prerogatives would be spared — despite Mr. Churchill's recent statement that the credit goes to General MacArthur. In all this activity Forrestal was guided by the need to protect our power situation in the Far East vis-à-vis the Russians.

In this preoccupation with power Forrestal antedated General MacArthur on the American need to hold "the Pacific moat." That is why he fought Mr. Ickes and Secretary Acheson on the Pacific islands. He subscribed to the trusteeship principle, but only if the United States were the trustee.

Toward Europe he had the same power approach. To a correspondent he wrote: —

> As you know I hold that world stability will not be restored until the vacuum created by the destruction of German power and the weakening of the power of western Europe has been filled — in other words, until a balance of power has been restored in Europe.

But he never did encompass a complete course of action on the power front.

Basic in his mind in the expression of power, of course, was military strength at home, and on this subject Forrestal has been used as a stick with which to beat the Administration. He is reputed to have pressed the year before he resigned for more or less the same kind of military budget under which we are now operating. The notion is mythical. Forrestal, who as a hardheaded businessman knew that the first line of defense is sound economy, pared his last budget request to $17.5 billions, or $16.9 billions after deducting a stockpiling item. He got Secretary of State Marshall's approval. But the President refused to go a nickel higher than $14.3 billions, which he considered, then, the watershed between a peace and a war budget. I feel sure that today Forrestal would be supporting a Fabian approach to preparedness, rather than the approach of the all-out boys in Washington.

3

In so far as an external power policy was concerned, his ideas beyond "the Pacific moat" seem to have been unformed. Whether he would have intervened in Asia prior to Korea is unclear. Toward Europe he saw his chance to contribute power in the permission he gained to dispatch a task force (later the 6th Fleet) to the Mediterranean. He got Secretary Byrnes's instant concurrence, with a suggestion for a first assignment which was typical of his friend "Jimmy's" sharp mind. Ambassador Ertegun had just died in Washington. Mr. Byrnes proposed that the U.S.S. *Missouri* bear the body home, and there was a ceremonial display of American naval power in Turkish waters which served the dual purpose of demonstrating aid and comfort

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to the Turks and American concern to the Russians. Here was a decisive contribution in safeguarding the Mediterranean. "Jimmy" and "Jim" ran in sympathetic harness. And in consequence it was a smooth job. Thanks to Forrestal's insistence, moreover, the people knew, as they should know, "clearly what our policies involve," and there was neither misunderstanding nor misapprehension, a point that needs to be underscored nowadays!

The *Realpolitik* in Forrestal, it always seemed to me, required a little dilution in this America of ours. Forrestal was certainly an antidote for the welfare politicians. He was needed in those days when we seemed to express ourselves abroad only through UNRRA, when we thought we could go to bed assured of protection by something beyond ourselves called the United Nations. Forrestal was pro-United Nations, but felt we had oversold it. What he abhorred was the UNRRA approach to our foreign responsibilities. But he could not get excited over a fresh approach to the problem of the European order. The need was for a unifying idea to restore the European order. A century and a quarter ago it had been legitimacy, but, as Ferrero saw, the unifying idea nowadays was — unity.

Not a word about the need of a foreign policy based upon the unity of Europe can be found in these diaries. General Eisenhower has now taken it up, but Forrestal never mentioned it. Nor is there any recognition of the revolutionary turmoil that had all Asia in its grip, and an interest in ways and means of dealing with it. Forrestal was empirical in his ideas. However, he was not Secretary of State and, indeed, was careful not to infringe upon another's jurisdiction, except when a policy called for what he called "focused government action."

4

It was Forrestal's views on Palestine that made him a swirling center of disputation. This part of the diaries will excite a stir. It is through his intervention over Palestine that he acquired the reputation of anti-Semitism. How absurd! No man had less race or class consciousness. He was instinct with democratic feeling. Moreover, close to the top of his friendships were several Jewish associates, first in business and then in government. He stuck his neck out with the high-ranking admirals over Captain Zacharias, and hoisted that versatile sailor, with a record at sea as noteworthy as his record at the intelligence desk, to Rear Admiral. Actually what animated him on the Palestine issue was, purely, an objective consideration of what he conceived to be the national interest.

The wrongness of his estimate of the situation was total. It came from the intelligence services and the Middle Eastern desks in both the armed services and the State Department. Forrestal alone couldn't be blamed. Intelligence is slowly stumbling into an exercise, based on knowledge, in refined and subtle thinking, though there are still more wishful-thinking intelligence officers in the Capital than you can shake a stick at. In those days the intangibles and the imponderables had no place in the estimate business.

Forrestal cared not for the case-in-itself — that the old Turkish sanjak, with the British departure, had become a juridical vacuum, with both Arab and Jew canceling each other out in historical claim. Forrestal thought only as a realist. On all sides he was warned that the Arab world would rise to a man, launch a jihad, and throw the Jews into the Mediterranean. In addition, he had been given dark forebodings that access to Middle East oil would be cut off, and that there would be a world shortage. If all that were true (and Forrestal believed it) our power could not cope with the result; and anyway, we would have general war. The agitated Forrestal communicated his anxieties to all and sundry.

We now know — though we should have learned it in wartime Burma — that mass cannot compete with modern airpower. But neither can mass compete with *élan*. The Arabs turned out to have no mass, there was not the faintest chance of a jihad, and, what was even more important, the Jews had *élan*, and an electrical amount of it. The result ought to have been foreseen. How Forrestal would have been chagrined today to see the Arab states snarling over the Palestinian remains that Abdullah left!

In other respects the American policy on Palestine had its shameful side. It was blown this way and that by what Forrestal calls "squalid" pressures upon the President and upon the Democratic National Committee. This was the first instance in the post-war world of a vagarious American leadership dependent upon the clash of domestic interests. There had been many instances in past history. For example, there was the Silver Purchase Act of 1934, which pulled silver out of silver-standard China and compelled her to go on a managed currency, with disastrous results to both her economy and her polity. The silver Senators who precipitated this senseless proceeding are now the China-Firsters of the Senate! The politicking over Palestine, which caused the Administration to turn a weekly handspring, was almost as scandalous. Forrestal felt the humiliation. He pleaded that Palestine policy should be "taken out of politics," but in vain.

When Israel was established and all Forrestal's theories turned sour, he was equally troubled over his wrongness, and the first Israeli Ambassador to Washington once told me that several times he had had telephone calls from Forrestal saying that he had a deep personal feeling of his mistakenness. This does not appear in the diaries. What does appear there is his acknowledgment that he was

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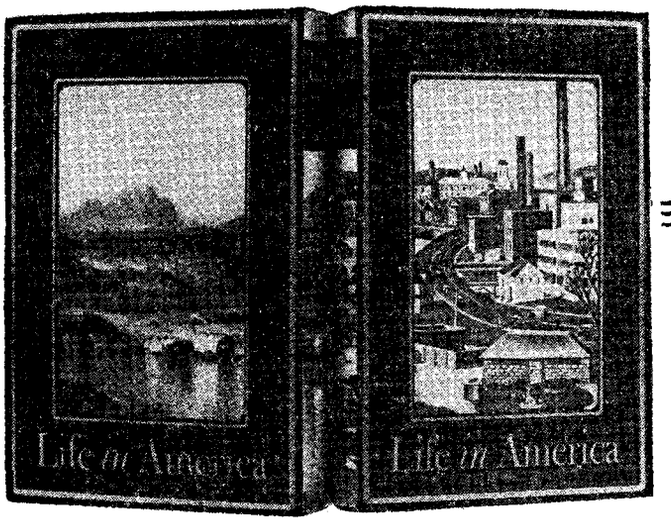

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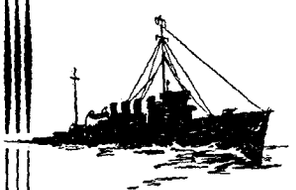

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equally wrong about the oil situation in the Middle East, both as to what would happen and as to the impact upon the world if the worst did happen.

In the lonelier recesses of his mind, in Harold Nicolson's words about Lord Castlereagh, Forrestal found neither comfort nor companionship, even in books. He was an exile from the Roman communion. He knew that as a "renegade" he had put a limit to any political ambition with the Democratic Party that he may have entertained. Some of his friends feel in retrospect that he may have been reaching out for a rock of spiritual sustenance. But to his soul they were strangers in his lifetime. A hedonist as well as a public servant, he had a gritty look about him which belied any divine discontent.

Yet the inner Forrestal brooded over every problem in work and life, no matter how seemingly simple. He took an overserious view of his tasks. One of his associates tells me he went over every clause in a new set of service regulations which were not of enough consequence to crowd his desk and mind. A decision came hard. In his later months nudges had to be directed at him to jog his mind on something or other the significance of which lay more in decision than in substance. I recall an exciting Army–Navy football game to which he invited me and of which he was so oblivious that he had to be shaken out of a brown study in order to escort the President in the next box to the field for the Presidential change-over. There was never enough time to read, to ponder, to do in Forrestal's life. On the golf course he seemed to be on a perpetual jog trot, grim and set of mien, as if the idea were to get around rather than recreationally to pursue the ball from hole to hole. Nothing bothered him more than to make engagements ahead of time. Hostesses had to become accustomed to his dropping in if he felt like it, friends to a call on the telephone at any hour on the chance of getting in a quiet chat over a nightcap.

The manner of Forrestal's death reminded more than one commentator of the death of Lord Castlereagh a century and a quarter before. The atmosphere was similar. The overworked Castlereagh, struggling to restore a post-Napoleon order on the principle of "security without revenge," had to endure vicious criticism which impugned motives and acts in regard to public positions. Even poets, such as Shelley and Byron, got after Castlereagh for not sharing their romantic feeling about their favorite countries. Forrestal had his tormenters, too. They were among the columnists, particularly in connection with his Middle Eastern stand. Certainly they were not so harsh as the early nineteenth century vilifiers of Castlereagh. One thing led to another in Forrestal's case, and at one time he contemplated a libel suit. Dissuaded, he gave hospitality to fancies and phantoms, and, like Castlereagh, imagined that all men's hands were turned against him. "They" loomed as conspirators against his life — they being now the President and the men around him, now the Zionists, now Stuart Symington and the pro-Air enthusiasts, now Louis Johnson, his successor. It is the opinion of those close to him that the contentions over unification politics were far more contributory to his disintegration than the calumny of his newspaper critics. Thus, pursued by his demons, and with a desolating feeling of failure, he kept citing Jan Masaryk's suicide, and eventually, a year later, took Masaryk's way out.

Jim Forrestal had, I sincerely believe, the basic honesty of being true to himself which Mr. Hoover says is rare in our public life. Hoover is right. But Forrestal was a *rara avis*, for he had a sense of the significance of life beyond the spur of career.

Yet he was haunted by a sense of shortcoming, by the constant fear that somebody or other was engaged in "pinning" something on him. The tragedy of it! One can imagine those last days and, worse, those last nights at the Bethesda Naval Hospital. The recall of decisions that — horrors! — may have been or had already been proved wrong! Mr. Millis does not try to recapture the time Forrestal spent in the valley, a desolation familiar to those who knew him best. When the end came, the Capital mourned, for there was an instant realization that in his passing America had lost a selfless patriot and a good American who gave his all, and had died because he felt he had not enough to give.

The diaries, alas, don't afford any clue to all this, because he himself, cogitating deeply but inarticulately, couldn't fuse his thoughts out of the maelstrom of thinking. But I feel sure that nothing prosaic or earthy entered his last moments. I, for one, knowing him (though by no means intimately) and being fond of him as I was fond of only a few other public men I have known, would rather have seen these diaries gather dust in a library for students on our contemporary history than exposed to public view. In his grave he will shrink from this kind of imperfect publicity.

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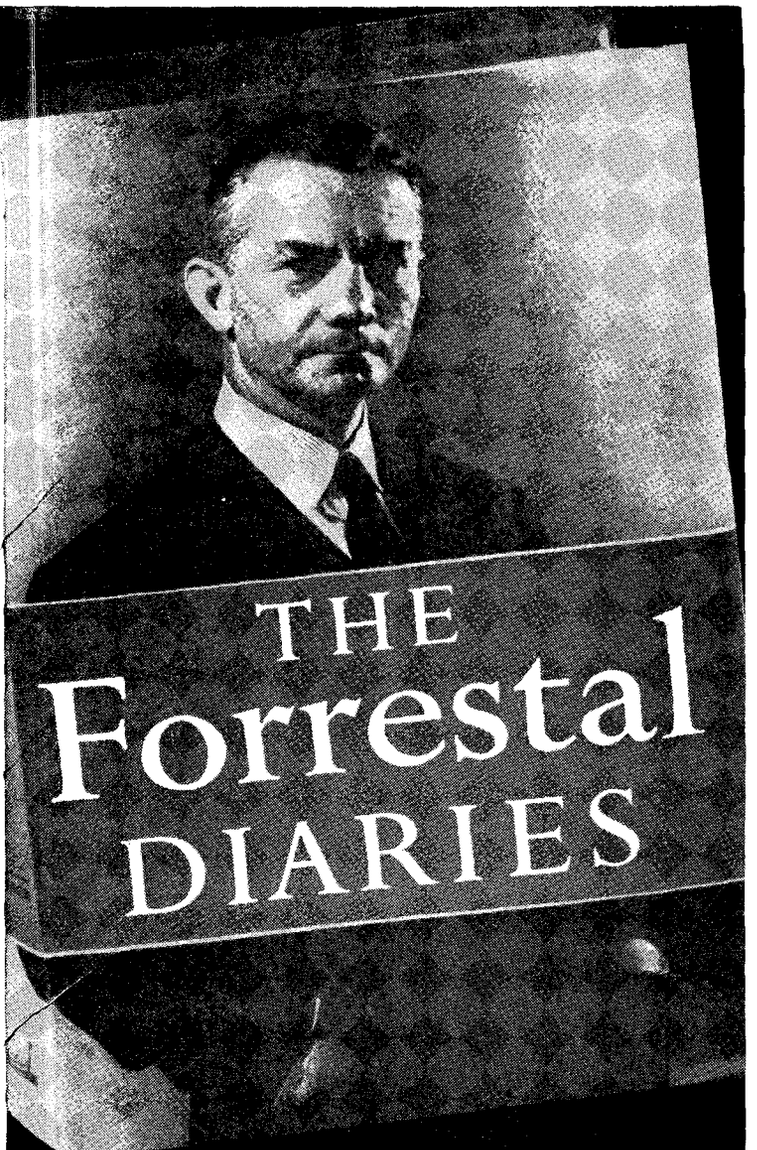

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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY EDWARD WEEKS

In 1900 the State Department numbered 150, including the clerks and old Eddie, the guardian of the Secretary's office, who shuffled through the corridors delivering the mail or sat drowsing by the door. Today the State Department and Foreign Service together number more than 19,000 — men and women whose training and qualifications are best exemplified in the career of a diplomat like **George F. Kennan.** Mr. Kennan entered the Consular Service following his graduation from Princeton in 1925. His early assignments took him to the capitals of Esthonia and Latvia, where he familiarized himself with the buffer territory between Germany and Russia, and became proficient in the German tongue. As he advanced in rank he served in the Consulate-General in Hamburg and in our Embassies in Berlin and Vienna. In anticipation of our recognition of the Soviet Union, the State Department began to train a select group of Russian-language officers, and as one of the number Mr. Kennan was sent to the University of Berlin to familiarize himself with Russian history and literature.

In 1933 Mr. Kennan opened Spaso House, the American Embassy in Moscow, in anticipation of the arrival of Ambassador Bullitt, and there for the next four years he proved himself invaluable. His next big assignment was in Berlin, where he arrived at the outbreak of the war and where for two years he was to watch the Nazis' early bid for victory. Here with the other members of the Legation he was interned for five months following our entry into the war, and it was characteristic that, to enliven the monotony, he lectured informally on Russia to his confreres. On his release he was transferred to Lisbon, the Listening Corridor of Europe, and in August of 1943 participated in the negotiations leading up to the Italian surrender. A year later he was advanced to the rank of Minister-Counselor and sent back to Russia, where he served first under Ambassador Averell Harriman and then under General Walter Bedell Smith. In the absence of his superiors he was chargé d'affaires, and his terse, farsighted dispatches of this period were the work of an expert. General Marshall, when he became Secretary of State in 1947, appointed Mr. Kennan director of the new Policy Planning Staff — in effect his "diplomatic chief of staff." Thus in twenty-two years he had risen from the lowest rank to the point where he was charged with the responsibility of "looking at problems from the standpoint of the totality of American national interest." That is a remarkable record.

In the summer of 1950 Mr. Kennan left the government service on a sabbatical leave, and at the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton he began to inquire into those great decisions which have determined our foreign policy since the year 1900, when our power had become of world-wide significance. He recognized the inescapable fact that as our power had increased, our security had declined. "A country," he writes, "which in 1900 had no thought that its prosperity and way of life could be in any way threatened by the outside world had arrived by 1950 at a point where it seemed to be able to think of little else but this danger. What was the explanation for this? To what extent was it the fault of American diplomacy?" His findings, so moderate, so penetrating in their analysis of the American character, so admirably lucid in summary, he presented in a series of lectures at the University of Chicago; now he has amplified them in his first book, ***American Diplomacy, 1900–1950*** (University of Chicago, $2.75).

He begins with an acute and observant chapter on "The War with Spain"; he shows how our sympathies for Cuba became so excitable after the sinking of the *Maine* that no peaceful solution was really given serious consideration in the American government. He shows how, despite our inherited disdain for empire, we ourselves went much further than merely securing the independence of Cuba: in our reach for Puerto Rico and the Philippines we were committing ourselves to responsibilities of which Teddy Roosevelt was soon to repent, burdens which we have on our conscience to the present day. The Spanish-American War Mr. Kennan calls a preface to the more critical decisions to come; and as he traces the quixotic and impulsive moves that drew us into it, he makes us realize that there has never been within or without our government a

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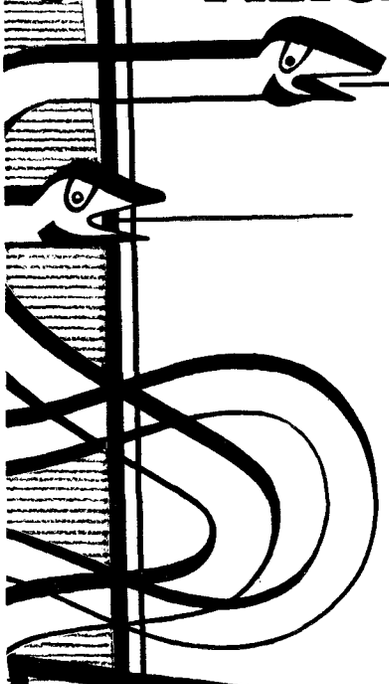

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"widely accepted theoretical foundation to underpin the conduct of our external relations." Lacking such a foundation, we have been vulnerable to the pressure of sentiment, as in our relations with China; of complacency, as in our desire to remain aloof from Europe; and more recently of fear.

In his two chapters on the United States and the Orient Mr. Kennan traces the personal influence which framed the "Open Door" policy. He makes it ironically clear that neither we nor the other powers in Asia had any very settled understanding of what we intended by that policy. It was a sentiment rather than a definition — a sentiment and a generosity which drew this reaction from the Japanese and the British: "that we were inclined to be spendthrift with their diplomatic assets in China for the very reason that our own stake in China meant so much less to us than theirs did to them." Mr. Kennan shows that our action in the field of foreign policy is cumulative, and that as we constantly narrowed our course of action toward Japan until the only alternative left was war, we did so with little forethought of how the defeat of Japan and the vacuum caused by the elimination of her power would play into the hands of Russia. He quotes a wonderfully prophetic memorandum which one of the best of our career men, Mr. John V. A. MacMurray, wrote in 1935 — a memorandum which points directly to the dilemma we find ourselves in in Korea. Today the Western empires have lost their special positions; the Japanese have been expelled from China and Manchuria, and it is we who have fallen heir to the problems and responsibilities which the Japanese had carried for half a century in the Korean–Manchurian area. This of course we hadn't anticipated.

In reviewing the inhibitions which kept us from pressing our influence in the formative stages of the two World Wars, Mr. Kennan points out that there is a "very significant gap between challenge and response in our conduct of foreign policy." He reproaches us for not realizing in 1916 what would happen to our world position had England been eliminated as a strong force; he reproaches us for paying little heed to the rising strength of totalitarianism and the fatigue of democracy in the long armistice, and for not being alert to the seriousness of Hitler's threat in 1939. He points to our habit of waiting again and again until the choice has irretrievably narrowed. He says that as born moralists we have put too much faith in pacts outlawing war, and too little of our native shrewdness into trying to make a careful appraisal of the power factors in the world. And then in these two fine sentences he calls upon us for vigilance in the future: "A nation which excuses its own failures by the sacred untouchableness of its own habits can excuse itself into complete disaster. . . . Whoever thinks the future is going to be easier than the past is certainly mad."

This small book is reasonable rather than dogmatic; it suggests and stimulates rather than demands. We need just such edification as this, as we shall always need men of Mr. Kennan's caliber in our Foreign Service.

English brides and French husbands

The Blessing by **Nancy Mitford** (Random House, $3.00) is a comedy of manners which ought to be quite as entertaining a play as it is a novel. It begins with a character whose instant charm makes everything seem plausible. Charles-Edouard de Valhubert is all that a debonair French aristocrat should be, witty and full of relish, a connoisseur of art and a lover under whose attentions women glow. An officer of the French Air Force, he comes to London on a mission for de Gaulle. He also brings messages for Grace Allingham, whose fiancé, Hughie, he has seen in Cairo. Grace proves to be a fair beauty whose innocent literal mind invites the Parisian, and after their first evening in London her perfunctory engagement to Hughie is forgotten for the most natural reasons. Grace and Charles-Edouard are married within the month, and after a honeymoon in the country he flies back to his escadrille.

Her French husband does not reappear again for seven years, an absence which seems to me unreasonably long for an airman but one which enables Grace and her Nanny to begin the indulgence of her dark-eyed baby boy, Sigismond. "Sigi" — "the little blessing" — is ripe for spoiling when at the war's end, with his mother and nurse, he is whisked off for the reunion and second honeymoon at Bellandargues, Charles-Edouard's ancestral château in Provence. Here and in the days in Paris which follow, the story is at its best.

Grace's beauty and good sense pass her through the vestibule of French suspicion, but she cannot take seriously Madame Valhubert's warning about Charles-Edouard's enjoyment of feminine society, nor his own words when he says: "I must explain that, whereas in England the country is for pleasure and the town for business, here it is the exact opposite. We French have all our pleasure in Paris, where we have nothing to do except amuse ourselves, but we work really hard in the country. I have a lot of work when I am here, local business, since I am the mayor, and much family business, looking after my property." The serenity at Bellandargues, where Grace has no rivals, is exchanged for the critical, competitive pecking order of Paris. Despite her best intentions Grace is so provoked by jealousy that she flies the coop. In the separation which ensues, little Sigi is allowed to return to Paris to visit his father; there he is deliciously spoiled by his father's mistresses as he learns the secret of keeping his parents in hostile camps.

Miss Mitford is an amusing satirist. We have no doubt of Nanny's tyranny, of Hughie's stupidity,

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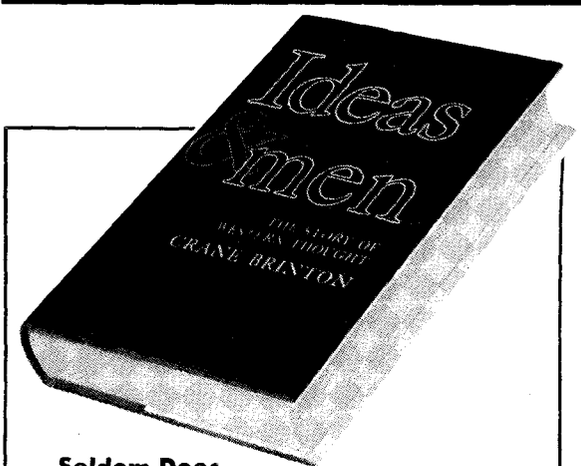

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or of Grace's honest dismay. Her best shafts are reserved for the Paris circle, whose manners, entertainments, and liaisons she depicts with succulent irony. Where she misses is in her exaggeration of Sigi's deviltry and in her caricature of the American E.C.A. administrator. But then every English novelist, Evelyn Waugh and Huxley included, gets down to caricature when he writes about us.

Why Vikings leave home

The voyage of Leif Ericsson and his Norsemen to America a thousand years ago, like the legend of Atlantis, still challenges the imagination. The sagas say he came, and that is enough for **Henry Myers,** who in his novel ***The Utmost Island*** (Crown, $3.00) tells in simple bardic details why Leif, the Sea-King, was driven from home. Leif according to Mr. Myers was a born leader, but the leadership he might have enjoyed at home was disrupted by the arrival of Theobrand, the militant priest, who had been sent by the King of Norway to convert the Icelanders. Theobrand (the strongest character in the story) has his way with the slaves and freedmen; he makes a convert of Helga, Leif's wife, and of the other leaders, until in desperation Leif, who is loyal to the old gods, plans his secret voyage to escape the doom.

The story compresses a great deal of narrative in short compass, and it does so in a style that is like patting you on the head and saying lie back while mother reads aloud. Mr. Myers wants to be sure you understand the derivations of the Old Words like Berserk, Thrall, and Thing; he wants to give you the flavor of the runes and incantations which he transposes into jaunty English rhyme; he wants you to believe in the gods and men who ruled Iceland at the end of the Stone Age. Perhaps.

The man who founded the *Times*

When Henry Jarvis Raymond founded the New York *Times* in 1851 at the age of thirty-one, he had already had a term in the New York legislature and a ten-year apprenticeship under Greeley. He told his reporters: "Get all the news; never indulge in personalities; treat all men civilly; put all your strength into your work, and remember that a daily newspaper should be an accurate reflection of the world as it is." A great credo for a great paper.

As politician, his passionate devotion to the cause of the Union made him put country above party; he managed Lincoln's second campaign; he burned himself out in his double career and ruined his political chances through his support of the moderate policies of President Johnson.

In ***Raymond of the Times*** (Norton, $5.00), **Francis Brown** has done a superlative job in converting the letters, documents, speeches, news reports, and events of the period into a lively, informative book, and the result is more than a biography of Raymond: it is a portrait of an era.

BOOKS
The Editors Like

Why They Wrote As They Did

VOYAGE TO WINDWARD *by J. C. Furnas.* ($5.00.) *Atlantic* readers have sampled two installments of Mr. Furnas's biography of the adventurous life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Here is a warm reassessment of a writer who has not, perhaps, had his full desserts from posterity.

THE PRODIGAL FATHER *by Edith Saunders.* (Longmans, $4.00.) This is the prodigal story of two fabulously successful writers, Dumas *Père* and Dumas *Fils;* of the lovely courtesan, Alphonsine Plessis, immortalized by the younger Dumas as *La Dame aux Camélias* and by Verdi as *La Traviata;* and of Paris in the heyday of the Romantic Era.

GERTRUDE STEIN *by Donald Sutherland.* (Yale University Press, $3.75.) Admirers of Gertrude Stein will welcome Mr. Sutherland's sympathetic but searching "biography of her work." It traces the formative influence of her studies with William James, and explains what she was trying to achieve in the various phases of her writing career.

Explorers, Amateur and Otherwise

SEVEN LEAGUES TO PARADISE *by Richard Tregaskis.* (Doubleday, $3.75.) Mr. Tregaskis, who made a name for himself as a war correspondent, describes a leisurely 48,000-mile trip around the globe in search of an earthly paradise.

THE LOG FROM THE SEA OF CORTEZ *by John Steinbeck.* (Viking, $4.00.) This worth-while reissue brings us the nonscientific part of *The Sea of Cortez* (1941), the report of the Steinbeck-Ricketts expedition to gather scientific data in the Gulf of California. Steinbeck prefaces the book with an affectionate profile of the late Ed Ricketts, a strangely gifted and original man

RETURN FROM THE POLE *by Dr. Frederick A. Cook.* (Pellegrini & Cudahy, $4.50.) A thrilling record of titanic struggle in the Arctic. Finished by Dr. Cook shortly before his death in 1940, this book offers new evidence in the bitter Cook–Peary controversy over who discovered the North Pole.

The Sensitive Areas

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION *by Harold R. Isaacs.* (Stanford University Press, $5.00.) No "background book" could be more closely geared to the headlines than this revised version of Mr. Isaacs's thoroughgoing study of Chinese politics in the twenties and the forces that shaped the revolutionary movement.

THE UNITED STATES AND TURKEY AND IRAN *by Lewis V. Thomas and Richard N. Frye.* (Harvard University Press, $4.25.) The oil crisis in Iran gives exceptional immediacy to this dispassionate, solidly documented story — the latest addition to the authoritative "American Foreign Policy Library."

CIVIL LIBERTIES UNDER ATTACK *edited by Clair Wilcox.* (University of Pennsylvania Press, $3.50.) Six essays by distinguished authorities who discuss present threats to democratic freedom in the fields of civil rights, job tenure, scientific research, education, and the arts.

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Reader's Choice

BY
CHARLES J. ROLO

THE first half of **Graham Greene's** new novel is a tale of adultery and obsessive jealousy; and into it comes matchless comedy in the shape of a conscientious but bumbling private detective, a model father who is teaching his small son the trade of shadowing unfaithful ladies, all the while vigilantly preserving the boy's innocence. The second half of ***The End of the Affair*** (Viking, $3.00) reveals how an irreligious, sensual young woman arrives at faith in God; and it is attended by intimations of the miraculous. Critically speaking, the sinful part of the proceedings is vastly more satisfactory than the journey into the Light.

Mr. Greene, I suspect, has made things tough for himself by courageously trying to show us a religious awakening through a pane of rigorous skepticism. But all in all, Greene's novel, which explores the peculiar kinship between hate and love, is an absorbing piece of work, passionately felt and stirringly written. There are exceedingly few novelists who can match Greene's superb command of language, mood, and suspense.

A year after the death of his former mistress, Maurice Bendrix, a London writer, is retracing his wartime love affair with Sarah Miles and its surprising sequel. After an air raid in which Bendrix was knocked unconscious, Sarah walked out of his life with no word of explanation. Two years later, he accidentally meets her husband again, a stuffy civil servant, who miserably confides to Bendrix that he suspects his wife of having a lover. Bendrix's jealousy, which often poisoned his relationship with Sarah, is rekindled, and he engages a detective to spy on her.

My questionings began when Bendrix, who gets hold of Sarah's diary, begins to learn the truth about the end of their affair. On the night of the air raid (he discovers), Sarah thought for a moment he was dead; and, without believing in God, she found herself praying to God to make him alive and promising to give him up forever. The diary then skims through two years of terrible un-

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happiness, during which Sarah feels she is ruining two people's lives out of mere superstition. It reveals that, one afternoon, she was on the point of going to live with Bendrix and was stopped by her husband's early homecoming. It tells of the friendship she formed with a disfigured, unhappy man, and how this soapbox crusader for atheism was the instrument of her conversion to Belief. In all of this — and even more so in the concluding section, with its miracles and its pat tokens of the hand of God — I could not help feeling that Greene was blatantly stage-managing his characters and his action in order to put across his theological message.

But, except for Sarah, whose personality is blurred, the first part of the book is just about flawless (and much that is admirable carries through, of course, to the end). The atmosphere has a high charge of mystery and a curiously appropriate touch of seediness, which Greene is so adept at suggesting. The narrator ("I am a man known by his surname") comes graphically to life. Sarah's husband is marvelously right in every detail. And the detective, the admirable Parkis, is a gem.

Across the river and up a tree

The stringent laws of probability which apply to a realistic novel such as Graham Greene's are erased as one enters the world of **Truman Capote.** I was not in the least incredulous when, in Capote's new novel, ***The Grass Harp*** (Random House, $2.75), a posse of strangely assorted characters march off into the woods and take up residence in a tree-house, where they repel the Sheriff's attempts to haul them back to town. Mr. Capote creates a world in which it seems perfectly natural for people to lodge in treetops; and equally natural for a retired judge to propose marriage to a dotty old spinster while the two of them are perched on a branch.

In Capote's lexicon, rationality is the token of a drab and shrunken soul, and eccentricity, preferably a touch of battiness, is a sure sign of grace. The beautiful are those generally accounted misfits, derelicts, and gypsies; and the damned are those who embrace the prosy ways of the conventional order. This is a juvenile heresy, with an ounce of truth in it to a pound of silliness; it readily leads to intolerable cuteness and orgies of whimsey and esotericism.

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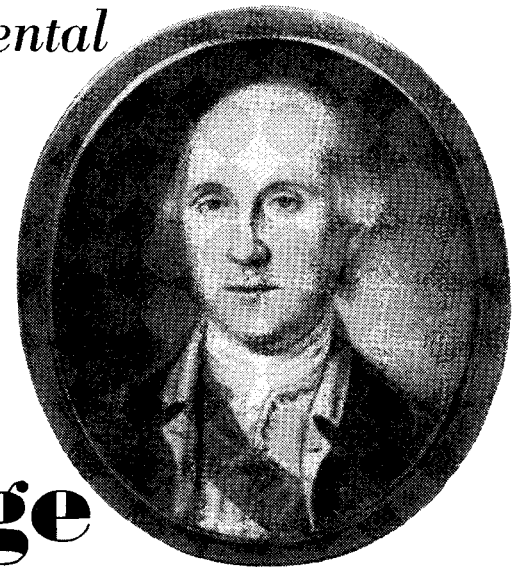

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Fortunately Mr. Capote, in this second novel of his, has kept a firmer grip on the products of his imagination. The style is more direct, the action brisker and free from obscurity. *The Grass Harp* is a beguiling tale, full of happy inventions and often very funny.

The story is narrated by sixteen-year-old Collin Fenwick, who has grown up with two old spinster cousins, Dolly and Verena Talbo. Dolly's pride and joy in life is a herbal dropsy cure which she brews herself and sells by mail. When Verena, who lives for the accumulation of riches, announces that she is setting up a factory which will make the dropsy cure big business, Dolly refuses to come through with the formula and secedes from the household. Dolly, Collin, and an ancient servant hide out in a tree-house in River Woods, where presently they are fortified by two allies and receive an entertaining visitor, Sister Ida, a comely revivalist with a raft of illegitimate children. A jolly and adventurous time is had by all, but eventually the old demon, Reality, wins out.

The ending, which leaves Collin glumly entering the age of manly pleasures, is wan with nostalgia for the dear, departed days and dear, departed Cousin Dolly; but it does wrap things up fairly appropriately. Within its own terms, *The Grass Harp* comes pretty close, I should say, to being a complete success. It charms you into sharing the author's feeling that there is a special poetry — a spontaneity and wonder and delight — in lives untarnished by conformity and common sense.

Under cover

In January, 1948, **John Roy Carlson,** the pseudonymous undercover man, went off to take an undercover look at the Arab World. After some thought about disguise — over and above the pretense of being a Jew-hater — Carlson hit on a dazzling solution: he switched to his real name and went disguised as himself, an American Christian of Armenian descent. Equipped with first-rate Arab press credentials, he accompanied a group of Egyptian volunteers into Palestine and saw the fighting in and around Jerusalem from the Arab side. In Cairo and points East, he hobnobbed with Egyptian Green Shirters, Moslem Brothers, henchmen of the Mufti,

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Lebanese Falangists, Armenian terrorists, Arab Communists of all nationalities, and a former Nazi general training units of the Syrian Army. Now he tells all in ***Cairo to Damascus*** (Knopf, $4.50).

Carlson's book occasionally reminded me of a story I heard during the war about an alert F.B.I. man from Texas who was transferred to New York. He took the wrong subway one day and, finding himself in the German section of Manhattan, dashed to a telephone and reported that he had uncovered "some mighty subversive characters." On page after page, Carlson breathlessly quotes the unneighborly remarks about the Jews made to him by Arab leaders; and in general his reaction to the Middle East is that of a dyed-in-the-New Republic Innocent Abroad; which is rather comic when you remind yourself that here is a demon sleuth at work. Then, too, Carlson suffers from an occupational failing of the undercover business: he cherishes the devious approach, loves to make things sound tougher than they need be. I myself wandered around the Middle East just after the war, and got to see a good many of the sinister characters mentioned by Carlson simply by identifying myself as a correspondent of this journal.

Still, I have to hand it to Carlson: he has a genius for pushing beyond the conventional reportorial track and he has exceptional guts and stamina. The story he has brought back from the Middle East is full of high adventure and strong in human interest. On the strictly political side, it is not a balanced picture and some of it is old stuff. But Carlson does present a fair amount of little-known and fascinating information; and he presents it with a lively flourish.

Out of Bondage (Devin-Adair, $3.50) fills out the story which **Elizabeth Bentley** has told and retold in Congressional hearings, grand jury investigations, espionage trials, and newspaper interviews — a story whose reliability every reader must judge for himself. In the body of confessional literature by ex-Communists, *Out of Bondage* belongs in what might loosely be categorized as the juvenile delinquent bracket. Miss Bentley, though in her middle twenties when she joined the Party, never got beyond the high-school stage in Marxism-Leninism before she made her debut in the under-

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ground, where she was too busy being a spy queen to catch up on her dialectics. Whenever the Party Line switched (she tells us), she would ask the man she loved, an agent of the N.K.V.D., to please explain; and in a few minutes it would all make perfect sense. Unless her book misrepresents her, Miss Bentley must be one of the most naïve human beings who ever walked the path of conspiracy.

In spite of the schoolgirlish tone and a compositional device which breeds mistrust — half the book is in dialogue, and it is inconceivable that Miss Bentley can have remembered, word for word, hundreds of conversations ranging from 1934 onward — *Out of Bondage* is an interesting and instructive picture of the life of a Communist secret agent and of the workings of the Communist underground in the United States. Returning from studies in Italy in 1934 and unable to find a job, Miss Bentley became "haunted by the problem of our maladjusted economic system." An earnest idealist, she felt compelled to work for social betterment, and soon gravitated into the Communist Party, which charmed her with its simple explanation of the world's ills and the concrete solution it offered. Using in each case (as was customary) a different alias, she became a member of so many Communist groups that once, when she arrived late at a Workers' Class and was asked her name, she had to answer: "I don't know, Comrade Professor."

Miss Bentley moved on into the underground after meeting and falling in love with Jacob Golos, one of Moscow's top agents in this country. In due course, she became the "contact" with several important groups in the Federal government who were allegedly turning over information to the Russians. During the war, says Miss Bentley, so much high-powered material was flowing her way that Golos had to rebuke Moscow for keeping him inadequately supplied with microfilm. After Golos's death, Miss Bentley found herself reporting to a Russian. The appalling cynicism of the new Russian bosses and the ruthlessness with which they treated members of the American underground eventually opened Miss Bentley's eyes to the wickedness of Communism. She took her story to the F.B.I.; and after this, working in liaison with the F.B.I. and living under frightful

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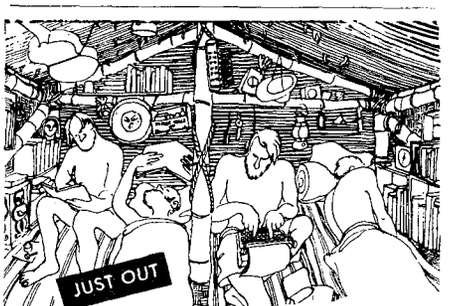

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strain, she remained another year and a half in the Communist underground.

There is one important aspect of Miss Bentley's book which I find irresponsible: when she names the people who collaborated with the Communist apparatus, she fails to indicate whether they have since left the Party. There is a trivial detail which tickled me to death: one of Miss Bentley's most exhausting chores as a conspirator was Christmas shopping — the N.K.V.D. had the highest regard for the value of Santa Claus.

The possessed

The Conformist (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50), the new novel by **Alberto Moravia** (author of *The Woman of Rome*, *Two Adolescents*, and *Conjugal Love*), is about a man whose whole life has been governed by an obsession — "a desire for normality, a wish to conform to a recognized, general rule; a longing to be like everyone else, inasmuch as to be different meant to be guilty." Interwoven with this theme is a second one: the seeming absurdity of happenings which fatefully shape human lives.

As a small boy, Marcello Clerici derived an inordinate pleasure from destroying things — first flowers, then lizards. But he began to be tormented by a sense of abnormality and guilt. This was hardened into an obsession by a sinister event in his boyhood. A homosexual made advances to him, and, after a scuffle, Marcello ran home thinking he had killed the man.

Now, however, at thirty, Clerici feels securely entrenched in the normality he has tenaciously pursued. He has molded himself into a calm, colorless man, rigidly conventional in his tastes and ideas. His career as a Fascist official — it is 1937 — has led him into the Secret Police; and though he dislikes the regime's immorality, his spirit of conformity makes him unquestioningly loyal. Clerici marries a girl who appeals to him as the prototype of bourgeois conventionality, and his honeymoon furnishes a convenient pretext for a trip to Paris, where he has a mission to discharge: he has to look up a former professor of his, Quadri, now a leading fighter against Fascism, and point him out to a pair of professional killers.

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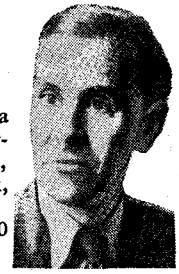

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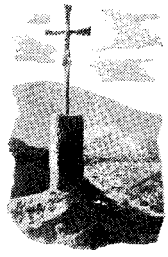

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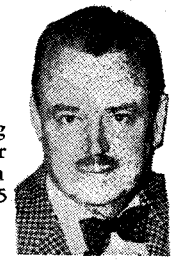

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that his bride, Giulia, is not what he had imagined — she was seduced at fifteen by the family lawyer and for six years remained his mistress. Clerici reconciles himself to this, only to find that he himself is in danger of destroying everything he has struggled for: he falls absurdly in love with Quadri's wife, a Lesbian infatuated with Giulia. The events which follow lead Clerici, years later, to the realization that the sense of guilt which hounded him toward normality was senseless, because no man is innocent; he recognizes that he has bound himself to a mean, devitalizing conformity for the mirage of a normality which does not exist.

Every book of Moravia's — and *The Conformist*, with its consummate craftsmanship, is, I think, his most impressive — increases my admiration for his rare combination of talents: for the sharp individuality and driving energy of his storytelling, and the depth, subtlety, and richness of his psychological perceptions. His is a corrosive vision which bites like acid through the cant notions about human nature. He brings to light the devil in the flesh and in the psyche, and he tells us, without moral indignation and without despair, that that is the way Homo sapiens is. His work may often have a harsh flavor but it is refreshingly adult and virile. *The Conformist* seems to me one of the outstanding novels of 1951.

Moravia's wife, who writes under the name of **Elsa Morante**, is also represented with a novel which centers on a lifelong obsession. ***House of Liars*** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.00), winner of a literary prize in Italy and a runaway best-seller there, is a capacious family saga (set, apparently, in Sicily), in which the main strand is Anna de Salvi's extraordinary passion for her cousin, Edouardo — a handsome, wealthy young aristocrat, whose energies are ruthlessly devoted to feeding his monstrous self-love. Anna, who belongs to a decayed branch of the de Salvis, has inherited her parents' fatal propensity for illusion; and she sees in the lordly Edouardo her ideal of perfection. After he has left her and poverty has forced her into marriage, the fantasy which she conjures up out of her brief relationship with Edouardo remains the most vivid and binding reality in her life. When she learns that he has died, abroad, she starts writing herself passionate letters in

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his name. And finally she has hallucinations that he has returned to become her lover.

At the start, *House of Liars* struck me as contrived and overextravagant. But the characterizations turn out to be rich, vivid, and arresting, and Anna's obsession is made sufficiently persuasive. My feelings about the book are very tidily summed up in the endorsement of it vouchsafed by Robert Penn Warren: "Elsa Morante has the real fictional magic, and once you step inside her orbit you might as well submit."

More than a hundred thousand readers would say, unhesitatingly, that **Sholem Asch** has "the real fictional magic." If any of them happen to be reading these lines, I can best serve them by suggesting they skip the next paragraph, and simply take note, if they haven't done so already, that Mr. Asch has a new novel out, ***Moses*** (Putnam's, $3.75) — a loving reconstruction, on the grand scale, of the Old Testament story.

I have to confess that my past and present efforts to step into Mr. Asch's orbit have not resulted in submission to his spell. As I plowed through the massive solemnity of *Moses* I felt a certain kinship with the Hebrew slaves lugging around blocks of stone for Pharaoh; and the neo-Biblical rhetoric, with its incongruous lapses into colloquialism, beat upon me like the overseer's lash. It gives me no pleasure to disparage the enormous creative effort which has gone into Mr. Asch's novel; and his passionate dedication as a writer commands respect. But it would be hypocrisy to profess that I can see what Asch's telling of the Moses story has that the Old Testament version does not have — except for roughly 100,000 additional words and the fact that we did not have to read it in Sunday school.

"Roughhouse Ross"

Harold Ross, founder and editor of *The New Yorker* magazine, now in its twenty-sixth year, has accomplished the neat trick of becoming one of the least-known celebrities in the United States. Until a few years ago, when he sparked a successful protest against the broadcasting of commercials at New York's Grand Central Terminal, Ross had an almost unblemished record for preserving his anonymity — his name does not even

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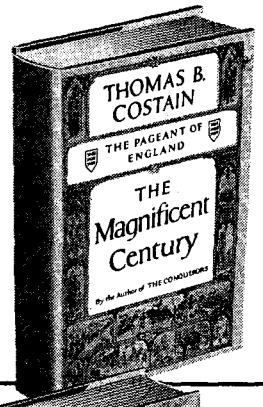

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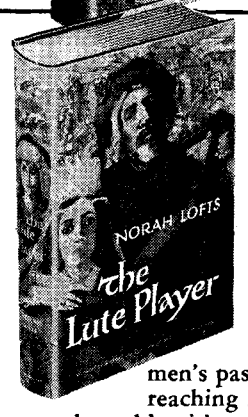

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Introduction by John Chamberlain

Buckley's career at Yale (class of '50) was brilliant and stormy. The class historian described him. "The most outspoken *News* chairman in 70 years, William F. Buckley, Jr., neatly undercut tolerance, tomfoolery, and everything to the left of Senator Taft . . . we had none to match him." His first book amounts to a declaration of war against the present drift of American education. Using his own alma mater, Yale, as a case in point, he shows how "academic freedom" is being used to undermine traditional American values. Buckley is an eloquent spokesman for the new generation of conservatives — the" new radicals" on the university scene. **$3.50**

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appear anywhere in *The New Yorker*. But within a tight little sector of the magazine world, Ross has long been the storm center of a wildly improbable and marvelously diverting legend, nine tenths of which is solidly rooted in fact. Now the facts about Ross are set forth between the covers of a book: ***Ross and The New Yorker*** (Doubleday, $3.50) by **Dale Kramer.**

When Ross launched his new magazine in 1925, he had the unlikeliest possible background for the founder of a journal which was to become the bible of sophisticates and would-be sophisticates. He had started his career as "Roughhouse Ross," tramp newspaperman in the West, expert freight hopper and loudest man at a poker game. In World War I, he had been one of the soldier-editors of *Stars and Stripes*, and his post-war years in New York as editor of the American Legion magazine had not softened his monumental contempt for "eastern dudes." Even when *The New Yorker* had grown into a smashing success, Ross betrayed guilt-feelings about running a fancy-pants magazine. He himself, despite expensive tailoring, managed to retain something of the backwoodsman in his appearance: Alexander Woollcott, with his usual barbed affection, once said that Ross looked like a dishonest Abe Lincoln.

Everything about *The New Yorker* is touched with paradox and improbability. Its aloof, coolly ironic, meticulously polished prose has been the end product of an editorial bedlam seldom equaled in magazine publishing — staff members have compared its offices, with their cell-like cubbyholes, to the slum area of a rabbit warren. One of Ross's disruptive idiosyncrasies, in earlier years, was a passion for "efficiency systems," which were notably efficient at perpetuating chaos. Another was his firm belief in the war-of-nerves technique for getting the best out of his staff and contributors. A third was his mania for tearing down and making over the intraoffice topography — he has sometimes found himself deskless and forced to give dictation by the water-cooler.

Ross has frequently betrayed a morbid concern that the coexistence of male and female on *The New Yorker* would bring disaster to the magazine. When hiring Wolcott Gibbs, Ross sternly laid down the policy, "Don't seduce the contributors." This, Gibbs stated years later, was the only con-

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sistent editorial policy he had known the magazine to have. But four qualities more crucial than consistency of policy have made Ross the very great magazine editor he is — a boundless interest in fact; an indefatigable perfectionism; a hatred of ballyhoo and bunk; and an inflexible insistence on the separation of business and editorial departments.

Mr. Kramer's profile of Ross and his magazine is, unfortunately, the work of an outside operator; it does not match up to the dead-pan brilliance and devastating finality of the profiles in *The New Yorker*. But the subject contains a prodigiously rich lode of choice anecdote and intriguing fact, and Mr. Kramer has competently shaped it into an extremely entertaining book.

Potpourri

LETTERS TO BENVENUTA *by Rainer Maria Rilke.* Philosophical Library, $2.75.

It was while he was in Paris in 1914 that there began between the great German poet and a young Viennese pianist the intensive twenty-four-day correspondence of which *Letters to Benvenuta* represents but part. Magda von Hattingberg, whom Rilke addressed as "Benvenuta," has withheld her own contributions to the exchange. However, it is not a further documentation of their unusual association (of which Magda von Hattingberg wrote in *Rilke and Benvenuta*, 1949) that is intended, but a new, revealing fragment of the poet himself — of his roving, lively thought with its teeming intimations of man's innate mystery and its exuberant intellectuality and wit.

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What develops from this impromptu reunion, amid cocktails, reminiscences of St. Tropez, charades, a Brush Arbor meeting (down the hill) of Holy Rollers, an expedition to inspect a pony, is both dramatic and subtle, and suggests without special pleading the contrast between the aimless and the consecrated life.

Miss Gordon knows her people and her Tennessee and presents them with fidelity and felicity.

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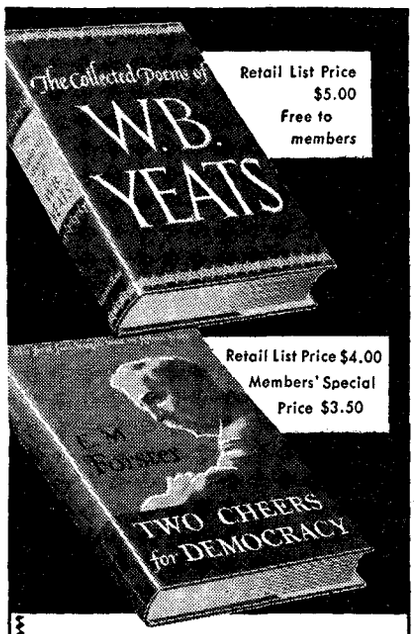

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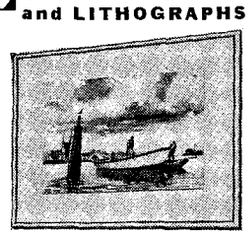

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THE LOBBYISTS *by Karl Schriftgiesser.* Atlantic–Little, Brown, $3.50.

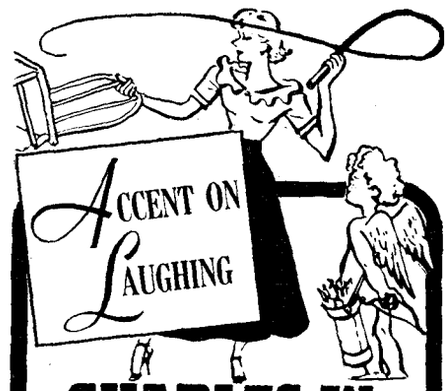
The Lobbyists compels a reviewer to resort to the battered cliché: Every American should read this book. In the hands of a writer of less integrity, the story could easily have been played for sensationalism. Mr. Schriftgiesser has preferred to stick to a scrupulously documented history of lobbying "through its development from the simple days of persuasion down to the present time," and he has tried to show "how lobbying, which is both good and evil, has become an integral part of the democratic legislative process." Judging from the record, lobbying today is more often evil than good. The most active lobbyists are fighting the cause of extreme reaction, and in many cases disobeying the Regulation of Lobbying Act passed by Congress in 1946.

THE BETROTHED *by Alessandro Manzoni.* Dutton, $5.00.

This accomplished new translation by Archibald Colquhoun revitalizes, for the English-speaking reader, one of the most inviting classics of Italian literature. Manzoni's great novel, first published in 1826, tells of the adventures of two lowly peasant lovers whose marriage is long thwarted, first by a lecherous nobleman, then by the turmoil of the times. Around the figures of Renzo and Lucia, Manzoni unfolds all of seventeenth-century Italy and its dramas — its predatory noblemen, its murderous *bravi*, its servants of the Church, some saintly and some imperfect; its wars and plagues and famines. It is a lurid tapestry of a lurid epoch, but through it runs a subtle vein of irony and social satire. The technique is clumsy — any hack today knows more about the carpentry of the novel than Manzoni did — but the book transcends mere craftsmanship. If devotees of the historical novel are not discouraged by the fact this is a classic, it should achieve considerable popularity.

THIS AMERICAN PEOPLE *by Gerald Johnson.* Harper, $2.75.

Mr. Johnson's essay is prompted by the widespread concern that the "loyalty" jitters and prevalence of fear are blinding us to the meaning and responsibilities of life in a democracy. While it is the finest form of government yet devised, democracy is also, Mr. Johnson reminds us, "a dangerous form of government" — the architects of the American system were courageous men, willing to take colossal risks. Keeping one eye fixed on American history, Mr. Johnson cogently discusses the risks which Americans must take, here and now, if they are to be genuinely democratic. The essay is a bit general in tone — not as factual and specific as it might be about the concrete issues of the day. But all the same, it's something to be grateful for.



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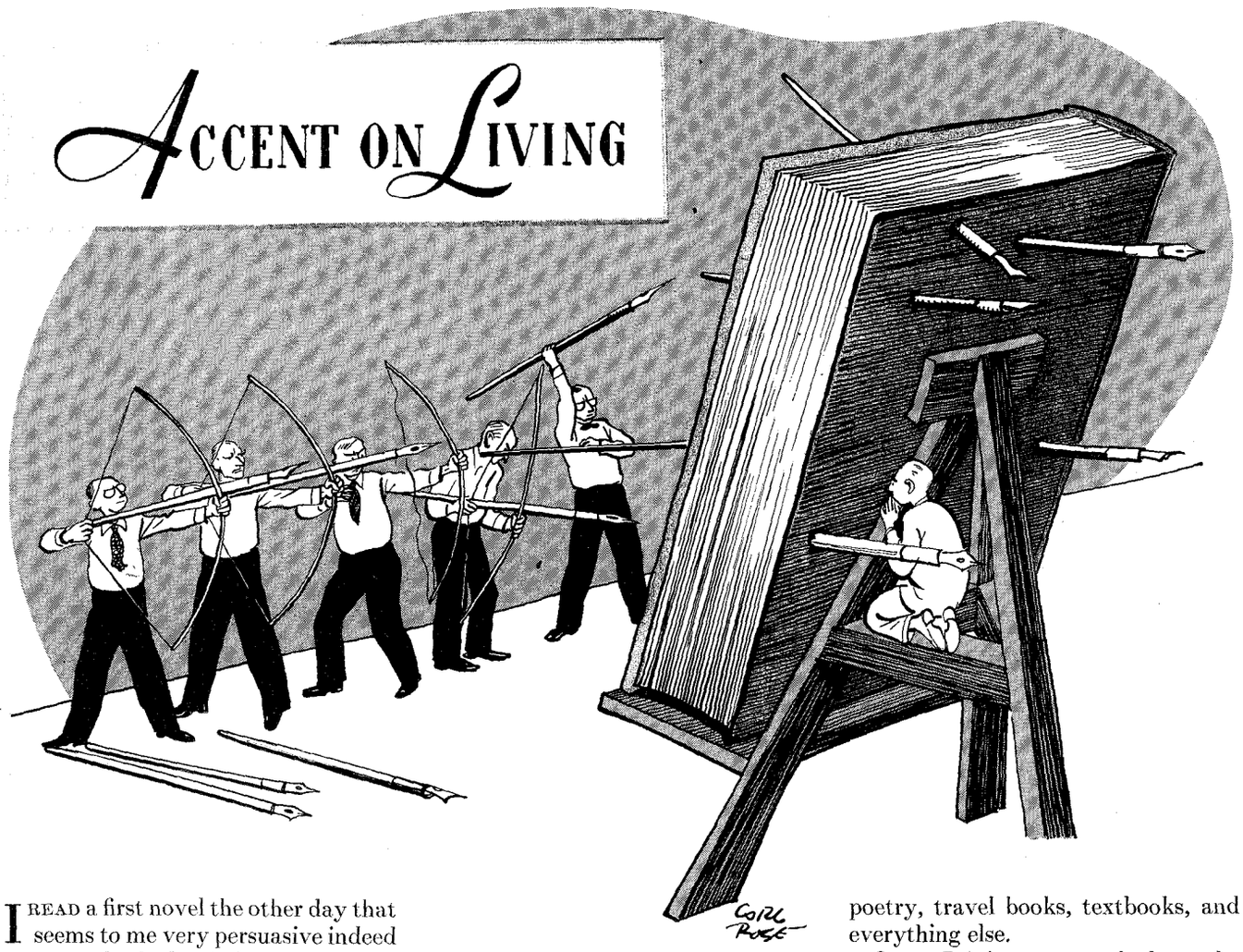

I READ a first novel the other day that seems to me very persuasive indeed — an unabashed melodrama, exciting, moving right along and, by reason of much vivid detail, convincing. The writing was admirable, the author plainly a man of taste and discernment. It was the kind of book, I judged — erroneously — which would either be praised by reviewers or be ignored altogether. It was a "regional" novel, laid in a country which I shall call Nirvana.

It astonished me some days later to come upon a bulky full-dress review of this work. A fine thing, I thought, that this worthy book by a new author has earned for itself so thoroughgoing a critique, and I plunged in all innocence into comparing notes with the critic. I regret to report that our findings had little in common. It would not be quite fair to say that he fell on the book as on a tackling dummy and brought it to earth with a crash. His negatives were less headlong, but he left the reader in no doubt that here was an effort that missed out cleanly on just about every count. He did concede that the novelist (who had been born and raised in Nirvana and had lived there for most of his life) was not unfamiliar with certain parts of the region, but that was about all. Scheme? Commonplace. Characters? Artificial. Writing? Bah!

At this point, I could not help wondering what all the shooting was about. Why set up this pathetic little tin can on so conspicuous a stump, before so large an audience, and pepper away at it for a full page? I remembered with a vague sense of guilt my own enjoyment of the novel, and I was trying to account for what might have been a bias of my own, when suddenly all became clear. Why was the reviewer, whom I shall call Henry Dudgeon, so down on the book? The answer lay in an editorial note about him. "Mr. Dudgeon," so the note went, "is the author of *two novels* about Nirvana."

The proprietary type of reviewing — and surely some formal term for so widespread a critical form is warranted — is by no means limited to regional novels. Its incidence is just as frequent in history, biography, poetry, travel books, textbooks, and everything else.

Oscar Lewis once touched up the historian-proprietor-reviewer very handsomely in a chapter of his novel *I Remember Christine* ("Portrait of a Professor," April, 1942, *Atlantic*): "His reviews are always models of impartiality. He goes into the subject in detail and with authority. He weighs the book's good and bad qualities, points out errors of fact and interpretation, and tells what field the author has attempted to cover and why he has failed."

Whenever the proprietary approach wears thin, the literary editor can turn to the symbolism school of reviewing. This is carried on by critics who have staked out no special field as their own private reserve but who are very fast men with a symbol. There is no reality in any book which Brood, the symbolist critic, reviews: it all means something else, and here, fortunately, is Brood to explain matters.

Brood has the drop on the author, and on the reader, all the way. His patient explanation of what a novelist has tried to achieve is handed down with far more assurance than

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even the author could muster. Brood's reader will have to write himself off as one who has muffed all the larger meanings of the novel. At the most, all the author could ever do to set matters straight would be to write a letter to the literary editor and say he hadn't meant it that way at all.

What would the symbolist reviewer make, for instance, of *The Caine Mutiny*? "Although Mr. Wouk's book contains much distracting detail," Brood would write, "he has chosen to unfold his story in symbols which the structure of his novel fails to support. Thus we begin with young Willie Keith on his graduation from Princeton and his employment as a pianist in a night club, a position which Mr. Wouk has devised to symbolize Willie's mother. But the mother is plainly intended by the author to symbolize war itself, whereas the whole theme of the war in *The Caine Mutiny* is no more than the symbol of Marie Minotti, whom Mr. Wouk seems to regard as Willie's Italian-American love-object.

"Marie is, of course, the symbol for Princeton — that is, adolescence," Brood would continue; "but Mr. Wouk's management of these complex relationships falters when he installs the Princeton-symbol in the Aztec Lounge of a Seventh Avenue hotel whose name — possibly in recognition of the degree to which the whole book is indebted to Kafka — is not vouchsafed the reader."

The remedy for this kind of reviewing is simple enough, if literary editors wish to apply it: the symbolist critic would be assigned nothing but nonfiction — preferably books on gardening, home handcrafts, poultry management, first aid, Diesel engine repairing, and such. Proprietary reviewers could be blanked out simply by withholding all assignments from anyone who had ever published a book, or hoped to publish a book, about anything.

CHARLES W. MORTON

TOURIST IN HAITI

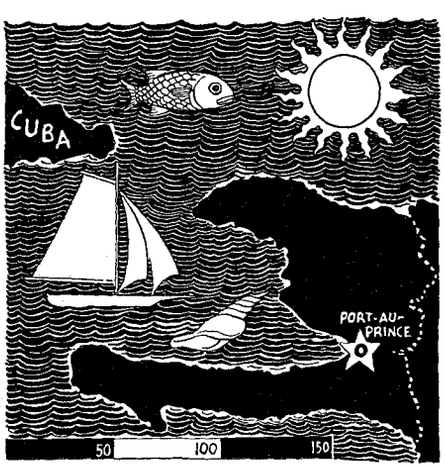
by CASKIE STINNETT

A former newspaperman now engaged in public relations work in Philadelphia, CASKIE STINNETT *takes his vacations in the wintertime and spends them in Haiti.*

IN HAITI, I recently saw a tow car yank a Ford off its chassis and tow the body on to the garage, unaware that most of the car hadn't moved. In a small coastal town, I saw a hotelkeeper peer unashamedly into the market bag of a rival innkeeper in order to measure the competition before buying. In its volatile political campaigns, black skin is so much of an asset that a recent candidate for president accused an opponent of being a white man who was passing. Here a first-rate planter's punch is obtainable for a nickel; a good filet mignon can be bought in a restaurant for fifty cents; hotel accommodations, including toothpaste and postage stamps, can be had for two dollars a day; and the company of some of the most charming, gentle, and childlike people in the world can be had for free.

Haiti is a small republic lying just east of Cuba and about four and one-half flying hours from Miami. In every other respect it is centuries away, and certainly is the most primitive land within easy reach of the United States. Of the twenty-two American countries, Haiti is the second smallest in size, yet it leads all others in density of population. Around 3,000,000 people are crowded together in its 10,700 square miles — an area about the size of Vermont. The density of Haiti's population is greater than that of either China or India, which accounts somewhat for the fact that 90 per cent of the Haitians have annual incomes under twenty dollars.

In all of Haiti there is less than 100 miles of paved roads; there is not a single public water supply system



whose water can be drunk without boiling, and few if any covered sewers. It has less than 2000 white people. The country's educational system is sorry beyond description. Among the peasants, who make up 98 per cent of the population, the accumulation of sufficient money for a wedding ceremony is a hardship. A man and woman start living together and save jointly for the wedding celebration. This institution, known as *placage*, often permits several children the opportunity of attending their parents' wedding.

These things probably account for the fact that Haiti is not the slick Caribbean tourist attraction that its neighbors, Jamaica, the Dominican Republic, and Puerto Rico, are. But it has strong partisans who return year after year. They like its climate, which varies from the eighties in the winter to the nineties in summer, its incredibly blue sea, its purple mountains, its French flavor, the throb of its drums, and its rum. Independent rum drinkers will tell you Haitian rum is the world's finest.

There are several ways of getting to Haiti, but the quickest is to fly from Miami. No passports or visas are required. Pan American runs daily flights to Port-au-Prince for $155, tax included, round trip. The landing field is modern and safe, the customs inspection is casual, and there are always taxis at the airport to take visitors to the hotels. Haiti is generally inexpensive, and often downright cheap, but there is one exception: the taxicab. Whenever possible, drivers will charge all they can get.

Port-au-Prince, the capital and only city, is a relatively civilized, shoe-wearing metropolis of 150,000 people, which begins at the Gulf of Gonave and spreads up the mountainside for several miles. Its streets are narrow and teeming, like most tropical ports, and it's a strange mixture of the modern and the primitive. *Burriques*, small burros, struggle with new American automobiles for the right of way

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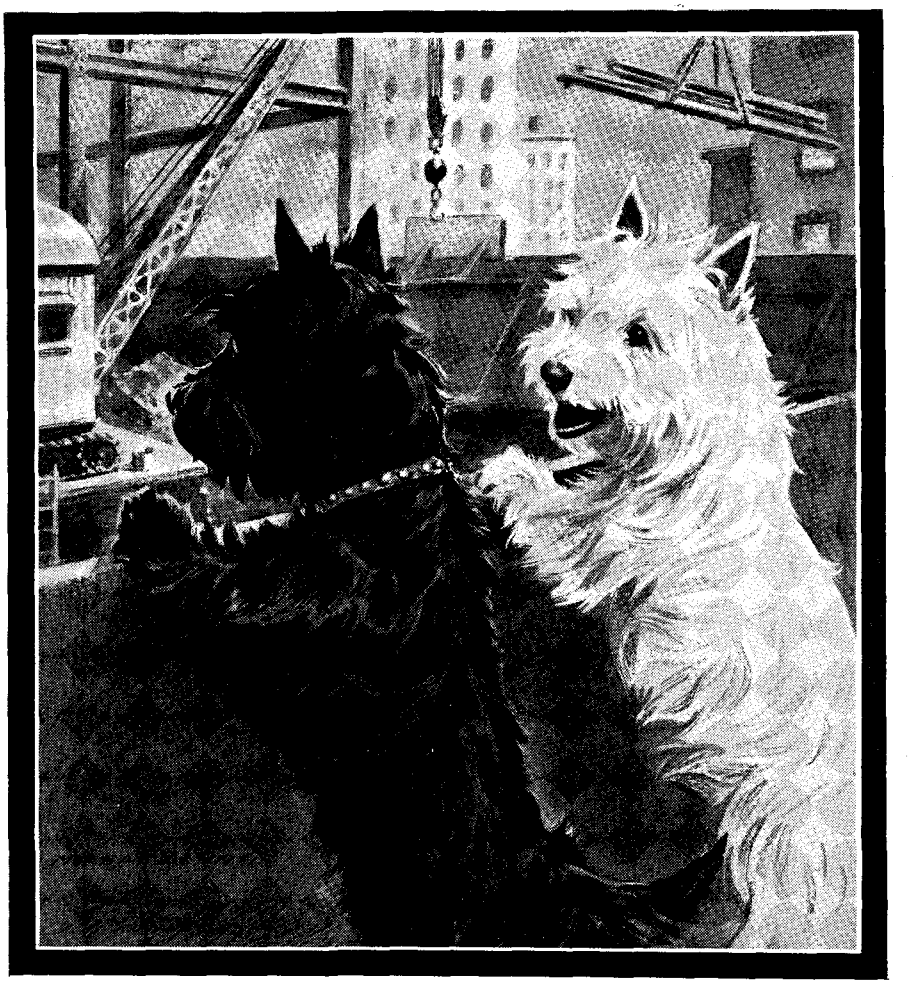
in downtown streets, and women bearing heavy loads of vegetables on their heads sometimes jam the sidewalks. Traffic congestion on the Grande Rue, or Rue de Trujillo, or Rue President Franklin D. Roosevelt (it is the main street and goes by all three names) is indescribable.

There are three very good hotels in Port-au-Prince, the best of which — La Citadelle — would be a good hotel anywhere. Perched on a hillside almost on the outskirts of town, La Citadelle commands a magnificent view of the entire city, and the hills behind the hotel offer walks by day and the sound of drums at night. Rates run around twelve dollars a day, including meals that are planned with an awareness that American stomachs aren't conditioned to plunge immediately into the more exotic Creole specialties. Fried plantain and mango pie are balanced with steak and potatoes.

The other hotels, the Sans Souci and the Splendide, charge similar rates; although downtown and lacking the view and charm of La Citadelle, both are comfortable and pleasant. The Splendide has a swimming pool for its guests, which is an asset since the city has no beach. Guests at the other hotels use the pool at Club Thorland, which is filled by a stream that rushes down from the mountains. Several new hotels were built for 1950's ill-fated Bicentenaire, Haiti's wistful attempt at a world's fair, which collapsed almost before it started; but unless Haiti gets a totally unexpected tourist boom they aren't likely to stay open long.

Food in Port-au-Prince is reasonable in price and excellent in quality. There are several showy restaurants as well as a few which appear to be an open invitation to ptomaine, yet whose food is clean and pleasing. One of the latter is Papa Denis's, a roofless place with a dirt floor, located a few blocks from the President's Palace. Here you get an unlimited number of Denis's special cocktails, made of first-run rum the average American would hesitate to use for thinning paint but which tastes delightful when mixed with whatever Denis mixes it with; an eggplant dish cooked with rice and conch; a filet mignon; a bland soup in which a crab is floating; yams and syrup; and a bottle of rum placed on the table for after-dinner drinking. All this comes to about ninety cents.

Port-au-Prince is the center of Haiti's business world, and most of



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ts export trade is handled from offices on the Rue de Quai. The most important export item is sisal, a tough vegetable fiber which is woven by the Haitians into a variety of articles from ladies' purses to furniture, while large quantities of coffee, sugar, ba-

nanas, and cocoa are shipped from Port-au-Prince and the other two leading ports, Jacmel on the south coast and Cap Haitien in the north. Haiti is an agricultural country, and a very poor one, so its commercial life could hardly be called brisk. The currency in circulation in all of Haiti totals about three dollars per person.

Haitian currency, incidentally, is simple to handle; the gourde, worth twenty cents, is the basic denomination, and its value is pegged to the dollar. Many shops make change in both U.S. and Haitian currency, mixing dimes and quarters with gourdes.

Port-au-Prince, like all Haiti, is strictly black. Unlike the other Caribbean islands which have large percentages of Negroes, Haiti is 99-plus per cent black. There are very definite social differences based on degree of color, with the light-skinned Haitians traditionally making up the elite, but these are local distinctions and the visitor would do well to ignore them.

Haiti's cultural ties are almost exclusively with France, or rather Paris, since the Haitian seems to feel that there is little in France except Paris. Well-to-do Haitian men go off to Paris to school, and any formal party in Port-au-Prince will find a good sprinkling of guests wearing original Paris gowns. The language of the upper-class Haitians is French, although everyone in Haiti speaks Creole and the large peasant population speaks nothing but Creole. Most people tend to call Creole a patois, but this is bitterly denied by the Creole scholars, who point out that it is a language in that it has definite rules of grammar, declensions, and rhetoric. Furthermore, Haitian poets and writers are now writing in Creole and this should give it the dignity of a language. Regardless of what it is, Creole has a pleasing sound, is colorful in expression, and a rich vocabulary has grown up around it. Its origin is vague, but it is known to have drawn heavily on certain African languages, as well as on the French dialects of Normandy and Picardy, with some Spanish and English words added during the years. Knowing French won't help the visitor too much with Creole: the French word *petit* in Creole becomes just *ti*, and *fille* becomes *fi*. Thus a small girl is a *tifi*. This can drive French students crazy.

A word here about voodoo, or *vodun* as the Haitians call it. Don't expect to see anything sensational, because it doesn't exist. There are native religious ceremonies, which make full use of the drums and dancing, but they are far less sensational than a Holy Roller service in Tennessee.

Traveling outside of Port-au-Prince is rewarding but not too easy. Roads are practically nonexistent and bridges are unknown. Buses — trucks with wooden seats built on the deck — manage to crawl through the jungles and over the mountains, but, as the Haitian Tourist Bureau slyly warns, this mode of travel is recommended "for only the most adventurous." The Haitian Air Force flies passengers around the island, with regularly scheduled flights to the principal towns, and the service is safe and inexpensive. Many an American commercial line could envy the Haitian Air Force's safety record: over ten years of flying without a fatal accident. This is especially impressive when one recalls that the interior of Haiti is made up of an endless succession of mountain peaks and that an emergency landing would be impossible.

Jacmel, a hot, sun-baked little coffee port on the southern coast, has begun to draw a few visitors, chiefly because the beach at Carrefour Raymond, a few miles east of the town, is the only first-rate beach in Haiti. Haitians are not island people in the same way that South Pacific islanders are, and their interest in boats and swimming is about as compelling as that of a Kansan. Thus they see no sense in developing beaches, although they get a lot of fun watching the *blancs* toast themselves in the sun. This they witness from the shade of the palm trees that line the beach. The Hotel Excelsior, in Jacmel, accommodates visitors at two dollars a day, including everything. A more attractive rate is obtainable on a weekly basis.

Cap Haitien, in the north, was formerly Cap François, the colonial capital of the country. Here Henri Christophe, Toussaint L'Ouverture, and Dessalines led the slaves to rebel against the white plantation owners and set up their own shaky state. Although burned several times, once by Christophe himself, Cap Haitien is easily the most impressive town in Haiti and still retains, quite unselfconsciously, the flavor of its colonial past. Cannon, once turned on Napoleon's ships, still lie in the streets along the waterfront; and on a mountaintop twenty miles away is the brooding, massive Citadelle Laferriere, built by King Henri Christophe to keep Napoleon out of the city. It takes four hours to climb to the top of the peak on which the Citadelle is built, but it's worth it.

A few miles outside of what is now Cap Haitien, an admiral named Christopher Columbus permitted a small ship, the *Santa Maria*, to run aground

on a coral reef. The ship, according to history, broke up, and only its anchor remains to be shown to persons interested in this fifteenth-century nautical disaster.

A HOLLYWOOD CHILD STAR'S GARDEN OF VERSES. V

(Apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson)

by EDMUND J. KIEFER

THE world is so full of a number of things —
But none with the bang that publicity brings.

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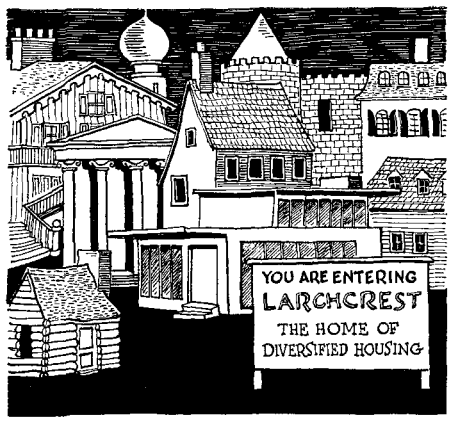

THE LARCHCREST CODE

by WEARE HOLBROOK

WEARE HOLBROOK *has written many light articles for news syndicates and magazines. A former Iowan, he now lives in Hartsdale, New York.*

EVERYONE who visits Larchcrest for the first time is impressed by the fascinating diversity of its architecture. Driving out there from the city, you pass through mile after mile of suburban developments with assembly-line bungalows and pink brick garden-apartments that are as monotonous as the back streets of Baltimore. Then, like a burst of melody after five-finger exercises, Larchcrest wheels into view. Its tree-lined streets are winding, and every turn presents a new vista of well-spaced houses — Georgian, Dutch Colonial, French Provincial, California Spanish — each with a style and individuality of its own.

This structural variety, so rare in an age of mass-production "projects," was not achieved without effort.

Some thirty years ago, when the post-war real-estate boom began stamping its waffle pattern on the countryside, the Town Planning Committee established a building code which immediately set Larchcrest apart from the less imaginative communities around it.

The code specified that "*because uniformity in the exterior design and appearance of buildings erected in the same residential neighborhood for occupancy as dwellings adversely affects the desirability of neighboring areas for residential purposes and impairs the benefits of occupancy in such areas . . . no building permits shall be issued for the erection of any building for occupancy as a dwelling if it is like or substantially like any neighboring building then in existence or for which a building permit has already been issued.*"

But a casual visitor observing the charming variation of outlines and façades does not realize the extent to which this regimented nonregimentation has been carried. Its effect is apparent not only on the houses but on the people who live in them.

About ten years ago, despite the success of the Planning Committee in combating uniformity, it became evident that a definite "Larchcrest type" had developed. Though one man might live in a Swiss chalet and his next-door neighbor in an adobe hacienda, they tended to think and act alike. They drove the same kind of cars, patronized the same tailors, sent their children to the same schools, read the same papers on the same trains, and voiced the same opinions on politics, sports, education, and culture in general.

Eventually they even grew to look alike. The typical Larchcrester could be identified at a glance by his rimless spectacles, golf-club complexion, upturned hat brim, conservative bow tie, and straight-stemmed pipe.

To discourage this stultifying stereotype the Town Planning Committee announced that "*because uniformity in the appearance and behavior of occupants of dwellings in the same residential neighborhood adversely affects the aesthetic and cultural development of neighboring areas, destroys individuality, and impairs the effectiveness of the architectural diversification already achieved . . . no resident shall be permitted to occupy a dwelling in this area if he or she is like or substantially like any other occupant of a dwelling in said area.*"

As a result of this ruling, the Larchcrest type soon disintegrated. Bowlers and berets broke the monotony of the upturned felts; meerschaums and drooping calabashes competed with the straight-stemmed briers on the 5.22. In many instances, facial resemblances were hidden behind beards. Life in Larchcrest had the visual excitement of a perpetual Beaux Arts ball.

But it had its heartaches, too. There was poor Ted Kneever, for example. Ted and his wife came to Larchcrest in 1942 and bought a Texas ranch house which was flanked by the Pillsburys' Southern Colonial mansion on the right and the Dixons' New England salt-box on the left. Ted was a shy, blond young man who worked as a research chemist and had never been west of Cincinnati, but in deference to the Planning Committee he distinguished himself from his

neighbors on either side by affecting the broad-brimmed Stetson, string tie, and checked tweeds of a wealthy cattleman.

The Kneevers had no children, but they were prominent in practically every community activity except the P.T.A., and within a few years they had established themselves as one of the most popular couples in the Larchcrest younger set. When, in the autumn of 1945, it was announced that Mrs. Kneever was "expecting," showers descended upon her in a cloudburst and the congratulatory backslapping left Ted blushing and

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breathless. On December 10 the congratulations were redoubled, for Mrs. Kneever gave birth to twin boys.

Their happiness was short-lived, however. Two weeks later, the day after Mrs. Kneever and the twins returned from the hospital, a Mrs. Ormsbie called. "I am a representative of the Town Planning Committee," she explained. "Would it be possible for me to see the babies?"

With no misgivings, Ted wheeled in the double bassinet. "There they are," he said proudly. "Richard and Robert."

"What darlings!" exclaimed Mrs. Ormsbie. "And which is Richard?"

"This one," replied Ted, after only a moment's hesitation.

"Oh no, dear," his wife interposed. "That's Robert."

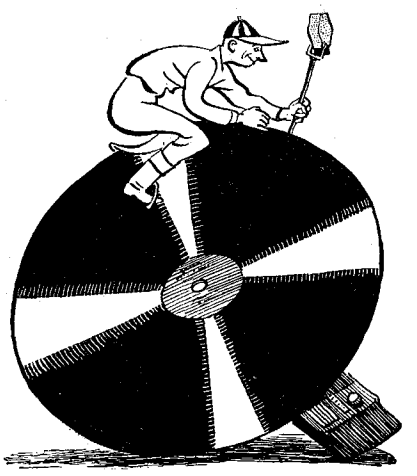
"Just as I thought!" Mrs. Ormsbie sighed. "Even their own father can't tell them apart. I am afraid, Mr. Kneever, that I shall have to turn in an unfavorable report. Naturally the Planning Committee is willing to concede normal family resemblances, but this is a case of exact duplication."

"But they're not identical twins," Ted protested. "The doctor said so."

"Nevertheless, they are 'like or substantially like' each other — which, according to the code, means that they cannot be permitted to occupy any dwelling or dwellings in the same area. Of course," Mrs. Ormsbie added kindly, "you won't have to move immediately, Mr. Kneever. The Committee will allow you the customary sixty days of grace."

Six weeks later the Kneevers moved away, and nobody in Larchcrest ever saw them again. They now live in a new housing development on Long Island, in a Cape Cod cottage with Venetian blinds — the seventeenth in the fifth row from the highway.

The twins are doing fine. But, ironically, Richard is slender and dark, while Robert is plump and fair. They don't look a bit alike.



WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC

by EDWIN O'CONNOR

EDWIN O'CONNOR *has written several articles about radio for these pages. He is the author of a recently published book,* The Oracle, *the central character of which is an omniscient and thoroughly fraudulent network commentator.*

GENETICALLY speaking, the disc jockey, or chatter-platter man, who may be heard on virtually every radio station in the country as he spins his records and gabbles away, is a comparatively recent breed of cat. He came into existence little more than twenty years ago, and at that time it would not have been inaccurate to define him as one of radio's humblest toilers: a durable, often anonymous creature, given to few illusions about his status in life, and fully aware that he had been born, not of art, but of thrift.

To his employers, the early disc jockey had but a single positive merit: he represented the cheapest possible way of filling time on the air. The disc jockey knew this; quite naturally, it helped to keep him meek. His one function was to break up, at regular intervals, the flow of recorded music which he played. This was in accordance with the established radio tradition that music, if uninterrupted by human speech, is somehow distasteful and really not entertainment at all.

In the pursuit of his simple, punctuative duties, the primitive disc jockey evolved a kind of universal patter, which was used by all of his kind, and which, as a mark of professional identification, was as unmistakable as the cauliflower ear: —

1. "A change of mood, a change of tempo, and it's Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians with The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven. . . ."

2. "Comes now travel time on our Magic Ballroom as Glen Gray and the Casa Loma band take us on a musical journey to *Hindustan*. . . ."

3. "And now a lovely girl, a lovely song — yes, it's Sandra Gable and [pause] *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*. . . ."

As radio entertainment has the advantage of being audible rather than visible, it was considered both safe and standard to dress up the show by referring to all feminine vocalists as "lovely" or "bewitching."

Lifeblood of the early disc-jockey program was the "request," particularly if the program were aired late at night. Letters, postcards, telegrams, and telephone calls poured in from the more sentimental inhabitants of firehouses and lunch carts, asking that certain songs — "Our Song" — be played on the air and dedicated to their various inamoratas. Thus: "And now for Gussie at The Jolly Pharmacy, for Celia on the night shift at Waterman's Foundry, for Mildred at Harvey's Bar and Grille, from Edward, Frank, and Danny-boy, it's the Duke's version of that perennial favorite, *Sophisticated Lady*. . . ."

The occasional visits of flesh-and-blood celebrities to the disc-jockey program were great events, for it was by association with the famous that the show acquired something of the flavor of the main tent. Touring band leaders were especially in demand; they usually responded, not unwilling to publicize their one-night stand in the disc jockey's territory. Disc jockeys situated on the main lines of travel could expect periodic visitations from Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw; those geographically less fortunate were forced to content themselves with infrequent consultations with Husk O'Hare and his Genial Gentlemen of the Air.

For such an interview the disc jockey boned up by reading *Variety* or *Billboard;* the real *aficionado* might be found with a copy of *Downbeat* on his person. It was bonanza for the band leader: he had only to remember to pepper the interview with his host's Christian name (to indicate palship), and to supply the automatic answers to the automatic questions. He was delighted to be back in Wichita (Dallas, Providence, Des Moines); yes, he looked forward to seeing all his old friends that night at the Palais Royale Ballroom (dancing nine to one); yes, there were some really great new tunes coming along these days, and by a stroke of singular good fortune, he

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happened to have made records of same, which shortly would be available for public purchase.

This was all innocent, if relatively mindless, endeavor, and — perhaps unfortunately — it is all in the past. The disc jockey of today is the high-compression type, geared to his times, profoundly aware of himself; he is light-years removed from his professional ancestor. While at least equally gabby, today's product lacks the humble, obliging core natural to a man who night after night spent his hours spinning a succession of acetate discs for the lovesick many. Today's disc jockey disavows the request. He willingly accepts letters, telegrams, and particularly telephone calls from the world outside, but they are given short shrift until they touch upon a favorite topic: —

"Hello, I'M ON THE PHONE! . . . What? . . . Yes, honey, this is Sidney La Grange. . . . You want to hear what? . . . I'm sorry, we don't play requests on this program — no — no — no. . . . WHAT WAS THAT? . . . You say you'd know me anywhere on account of my voice? . . . You say you think it has a great deal of charm? . . . Well, thank you, doll, you're very sweet to say so. . . . What? . . . You say you listen to me every night and you really should go to sleep but you're so interested you just can't turn me off? . . . That's very wonderful of you to say that, honey, and I appreciate it, I really do. . . . What's that? . . . You say I'm funnier than Milton Berle? . . . I see. Well, look, doll, no one admires Milton any more than I do. I've known him for years and he's a Great American, but the point is you just can't compare

us. I mean, our *styles* are entirely different. . . ."

A telephone conversation of this kind, provided it sticks to the proper subject, is subject to indefinite prolongation; over the years, the disc jockey has become a Personality, worthy of sustained discussion. As such, he is of course no longer confined to the realm of popular records in his talk; his range has grown with his stature. In answering the phone, he talks volubly and with confidence on any number of large matters. This sometimes disconcerts a good many people, including some of the guests who may drop in to appear on his program. The band leader of today is apt to have a hard time of it in his interview: —

BAND LEADER: So as I was saying, Sidney, we open tonight at the beautiful Star-Bright Ballroom for a short —

DISC JOCKEY: Excuse me just a minute, Al. Hello, I'M ON THE PHONE! . . . Yes. . . . What's that? . . . You say you want to know what I think of sending American troops to Europe? Well frankly, honey, I think I may go along with the President on that one. Yes, yes — good night. Now, Al, what were we saying?

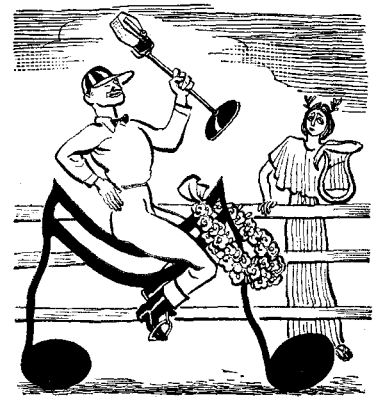
BAND LEADER: Well, I was just saying, Sidney, that tonight is the night we begin our three-day engagement at the beautiful —

DISC JOCKEY: Pardon me, Al. Hello, I'M ON THE PHONE! . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . You say you listen to the program every night and you think I'm great? Thank you, honey. . . . What? . . . What do I think about capital punishment? I'm very much against it, doll. You should know that by now if you listen to this program as regularly as you say you do. Good night. Now, Al, how long are you going to be around these parts? Always good to see you.

BAND LEADER: Thank you, Sidney, and I don't need to tell you how much I always enjoy being on the air with you. Ah — the point is, Sidney, I was saying that the boys and I open tonight at the —

DISC JOCKEY: Hold it just a second, Al. Hello, I'M ON THE PHONE! . . . Yes. . . . You want to know what? . . . You say you want to know my personal opinion of Stalin? . . . I don't think we need to go over that again, doll. I mean, I think that by this time Joe Stalin knows just exactly what I think of him. . . .

This is a far cry from the days of "a lovely girl, a lovely song," yet it is a logical departure, for with the new disc jockey, songs and vocalists, whether lovely or unlovely, are conspicuous by their relative absence. As the disc jockey came to talk increasingly about himself and similar topics of global interest, something had to give; it was the music. The result has been that the average program of this nature today is a great deal of jockey and very little disc. Music has come to be very nearly as



foreign, on these programs, as self-criticism.

This is discouraging, not only for the itinerant band leaders, but also for those few remaining listeners naïve enough to believe that there should be some music on a recorded music program. And it still comes as something of a shock to many who, tuning in the radio late at night, happen by chance across rich, authoritative baritone pronouncements on everything from fiscal distribution to man's final end, and discover that they issue, not from an archbishop or the head of the Securities and Exchange Commission, but from the tireless larynx of Sidney La Grange or Crazy Chester McGee, the new-found shepherds of Lombardo-Land.

●

HOME MORALE

by HUGHES MEARNS

SHE never failed to cheer him up —
He wrote depressing books —
By chirping, "Dear, the world is *so*
Much better than it looks."

When he'd cry, "War is genocide!"
The thought would not appall;
"You'd be much calmer, dear," she'd say,
"To take no side at all."

He'd growl, "All men are paranoids,
From Cain's descendants sprung";
She'd say, "I'm glad I had mine out
When I was very young."

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For tension in the home;
And simple honest ignorance
Is good domestic loam.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

REPAIRS AND MAINTENANCE

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman who is now an associate editor of Pathfinder. *"They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the* Atlantic.

THE music-loving lady was wound up, perhaps pardonably. To unwind, she sat down at her typewriter and extemporized, as follows: —

DEAR MR. CONLY: —

As a reader of your quarterly articles in the *Atlantic*, I have been influenced by what you have written about home-music installations to the point of persuading my husband to get a custom set instead of the commercial set we were thinking about. So perhaps you will be interested in our experience. I emphasize the cost aspects throughout because that is where I take issue with you. I do not question the superiority, from a musical point of view, of the equipment you advocate.

It was your March, 1950, *Atlantic* article, I believe, which listed the approximate costs of the components of a home-music installation and suggested how superior it was to a commercial set. We had been considering a $400 [trade name] set, but decided instead to get the custom set, since apparently it would cost no more, and probably less.

Let me say right here, we knew nothing whatever about the technical aspects of a phonograph or radio. We therefore planned to have all the installation and assembly done for us. Nor did we have an old radio cabinet; and since we live in an apartment, it was not very practical to install the set in the wall, so we had to have a cabinet built as well.

We went to Blank's, here in the area, and put ourselves in the hands of one of their "knowledgeable young men," as you call them. To house the set, he suggested a two-part cabinet — the bottom to hold the speakers, the top to contain the remaining components. These two parts, of mahogany veneer, cost $150.

The young man described to us the merits of various components and we decided on a Meissner tuner, an Altec amplifier, a James Lansing speaker, and a Garrard 3-speed record changer, with General Electric pickup cartridges and sapphire styli. Later, on the advice of a friend, an enthusiast in these matters, we changed to a Brooks tuner, which costs more but has drift-proof [automatic frequency controlled] tuning. The total then amounted to $507, considerably more than we had anticipated — or than the commercial set — but we figured the difference would be justified by the extra musical performance we could expect.

This was in September, 1950. In a couple of weeks our set came and we promptly paid for it. Luckily, before the installer left, I made some reference to the Brooks tuner. This led to our discovering that the tuner was a Meissner — they had failed to make the change, though they had billed us for the Brooks. So the set had to go back for the change in tuners and it was a whole impatient week later that we finally got the set. I was somewhat disappointed to note that the upper cabinet was several shades lighter than the bottom, but we let that pass. I mention it only for the sake of completeness. The music — and, after all, that was the main thing — was superb. We particularly enjoy opera, and the wealth of operatic LP records available now are a real joy to us.

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Your articles very definitely lead one to demand the best in musical reproduction. So, when our record player developed an unpleasant hum and, not long afterward, the radio's volume collapsed to almost nil, we called on Blank's knowledgeable young men again. And this is where our education really began. We learned that not only are the parts expensive, but the labor of these technicians is paid at the rate of $5 an hour. The volume loss was apparently due to some tubes, replaced for $6.80. The changer noise was due to a broken drive-belt — but it took the technician three trips to get everything fixed up, with a bill from Blank's arriving promptly on the heels of each trip.

In fact, there were so many bills for such apparently inexpert work that, upon our protest, one of them was withdrawn.

The worst thing is that our favorite station, a local good-music station, is no longer as pleasant to listen to as it used to be. There is continual interference by another station, some kind of "harmonics," which, unfortunately, occurs only in the evening. Blank's young men do not work evenings. If they should do so, the rates, naturally, would be double. Blank's thinks that something is "out of line," and we are to try turning our set at different angles to see if that will eliminate the trouble before one of their experts comes out again.

All this happened about six months after we got our set. So can you blame me when I smile a bit wryly at your comment [April, 1951]: —

"It is a fact that, up to now, a music lover who bought equipment from these people almost could not be gypped, try as he might."

I am not implying that we have been gypped. But I do think that, when it comes to costs, your attitude has not been completely realistic.

So please don't make too many more recommendations on how we can improve our musical enjoyment. I'm afraid we just can't afford anything like a uranium stylus, remote-control tuning, gold-plated baffles — or whatever is "in the cards for the future."

Seriously, we have enjoyed the articles, and it is thanks to them that we have the wonderful music our set provides. Only, take off those rose-colored glasses.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) A. V. Roe

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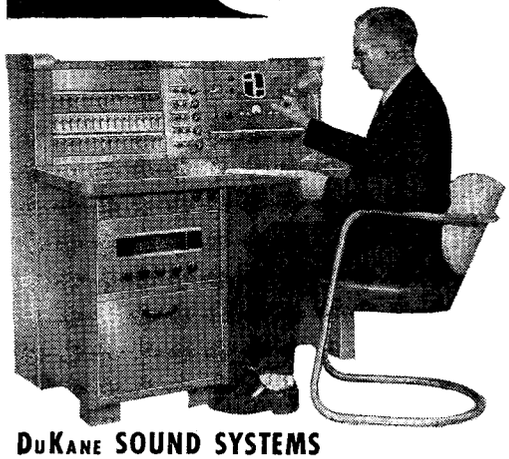

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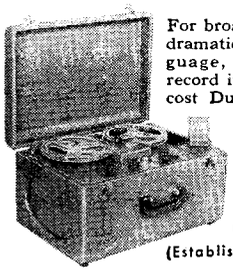

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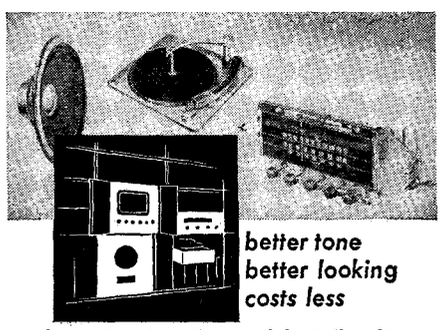

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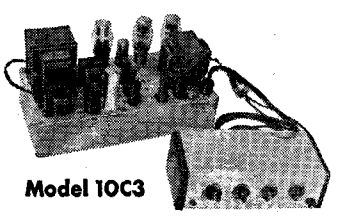

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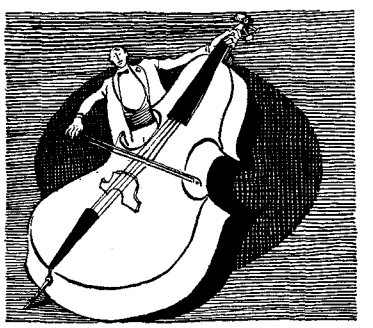
What makes Mrs. Roe's letter impressive, apart from its acid waggishness, is the possibility that her real name may well be that ominous word, legion. It is estimated that something like a million high-fidelity, custom home-music sets are now operating in American homes. Owners of many of them, without doubt, were impelled to buy by the doting phrases of magazine writers. The results, in many cases, may have been distinctly disappointing in terms of (*a*) economy and (*b*) performance.



The latter factor has not entered largely into Mrs. Roe's grievance, at least. And the economy factor, in her case, was complicated by a service problem.

Mrs. Roe, alas, had caught Blank's in the very process of expansion, bedeviled by more business than they could handle. High fidelity was, for the nonce, a boom industry. Shopmen hired one day vanished the next, off to set up establishments of their own. Equipment was being sold without the leisurely inspection it used to get, so that trouble calls poured in continually, threatening to eat up the profits. Blank's bothered bookkeeping partner was rushing out bills at the tinkle of a telephone. The cabinetmaker was making sectional cabinets in job lots, sometimes producing mismatches. No one liked the confusion, but no one had a quick cure for it. Meanwhile, customers who squawked loudest got the best service. The milder ones, like Mrs. Roe, took the brunt of the boom.

At that, Mrs. Roe didn't do too badly, bargainwise. In March, 1950, the *Atlantic* suggested $143 as the lowest practical price for a custom installation. In September, 1950, Mrs. Roe made her purchases. Between March and September, however, came June. In June came war in Korea, and prices began changing wildly in the United States. The components the *Atlantic* had tallied and priced at $143 jumped to well over $200.

Nor did Mr. and Mrs. Roe get a "minimum rig." The inner works of their set cost $307. Those of the $400 commercial set they had considered would sell (net) at about $140. On their sectional cabinet they spent $150, more than the average rig-buyer spends and probably more than the commercial set's cabinet would cost. But for it they got (as well as an unplanned two-tone color-effect) a sealed, bass-reflex, Fiberglas-padded acoustic chamber, which no ready-made set under $700 offers. Even counting in the $50 installation fee which Blank charges, the Roes saved at least 30 per cent of what they would have had to pay for comparable performance in a factory-assembled set.

However, there was a certain amount of needless negligence in Blank's installation. The disorder likeliest to afflict a Garrard record changer (and no make is immune to some trouble or other) is slippage of the drive belts which work its $33\frac{1}{3}$ and 45 revolutions-per-minute pulleys. Apologetically aware of this, the manufacturer tells what to do about it in a leaflet enclosed with every changer. The remedial procedure is as simple as changing a sewing-machine bobbin — except that Blank's didn't supply the Roes with the leaflet.

Blank's would also have saved themselves money (they don't really make any on service calls) by instructing the Roes, who are intelligent people, how to pull the tubes out of their FM tuner, so that they might bring them into town for testing. This is always good beginning procedure when radio volume dies down.

The same thing applies to the interference on the Roes' favorite station. All FM is subject to directional effects. If the loop antenna, tacked to the back of the cabinet in most installations, intersects the line of broadcast at the wrong angle, it may pick up a certain station feebly. If the tuner is a fairly sensitive one, like the Brooks, it may then pull in part of the signal of the *next* station up or down the dial to make up the deficiency, so to speak. (As a matter of fact, when the station it's tuned to goes off the air, a Brooks automatic frequency control will hunt up the most convenient adjacent broadcast and bring *that* in, after a moment or two, instead.) All the Roes had to do was turn their cabinet, find out which angle brought in their good music station, unstaple the antenna from

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the cabinet, and spread it at the proper angle. There really was no occasion for a $5-an-hour technician to hurtle seven miles through the suburban night in a jeep to set things right.

Despite all this woe, the Roes were basically well-served. That is to say, they escaped even more distressing and less reparable troubles — and probably by having dealt with Blank's.

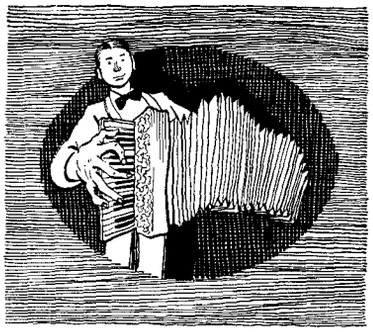
Basically similar to Blank's is the Shrader Manufacturing Company, of Washington, D.C., which is one of the largest installation firms in the country. William C. Shrader, 31-year-old president of the organization, will readily admit having been through the same growing pains as Blank's and having committed, at one hectic time or another, most of their sins. He thinks he has licked the service problem now by furnishing with each rig a service contract which guarantees complete service for ninety days at a rate of $5 per item when brought in by the customer, $10 when a pickup call must be made.

In the midst of explaining this, Shrader was called to the telephone to talk to a woman less fortunate than Mrs. Roe. She had recently bought, across the counter and in another city, a full set of components. She described them.

"What kind of music do you listen to most?" interrupted Shrader.

"Chamber music."

"Just a minute," he broke in again. "Do the violins sound steely? Ever tried a wood-wind record? Does the clarinet squeak painfully? I thought so." He talked to her briefly before hanging up.



"She," he remarked, "really has troubles. That speaker she bought, and her amplifier, are both respectable components. Only, both of them have 'peaks' in the same place in the sound-spectrum, up in the middle treble range. Individually, each is tolerable. Together, they're not. They reinforce each other's faults. So — her rig is a shrieker.

"What can she do about it? Exchange her speaker, probably. There are about four others in the same price class. She got the precise one she shouldn't have. What she *should* have done, of course, was consult an experienced installation man before buying."

Reminded that not all audiophiles live within calling-range of good installation men, Shrader nodded.

"In a pinch," he suggested, "they can pick a few likely-looking components from catalogues, then write to the manufacturer of each and ask him what other components work well with his. Also, there are quite a few reliable sales organizations who'll advise mail-order buyers."

Shrader seemed to think, though he politely didn't put it that way, that a little knowledge, in the audio field, is a dangerous thing. The first thing prospective buyers learn about is frequency range, and they focus on that.

"Balance!" said Shrader. "Balance — that's the important thing. Before worrying about the last overtone of a piccolo or a 30-foot organ pipe, find out whether or not a rig will make middle C sound like middle C."

Probably the amplifier is the first thing for a new, inexperienced buyer to choose. For one thing, the jumps from price class to price class are rather more abrupt among amplifiers than among other components. For another, the smaller, less expensive varieties of speakers have suddenly gained new respectability, as the experts have discovered new and better ways to use them.

The most ingenious of these techniques employ something every home possesses — a corner. Most of them, likewise, are derivatives of the Klipsch corner system.

The Klipsch system itself (which is described by its inventor in the Summer issue of *High Fidelity*) derives from the folded-horn system long ago worked out for theaters. In a Klipsch, which is both massive and expensive, the tweeter, or treble speaker, aims directly out into the room. The woofer, or bass speaker, is totally enclosed from the front. Its sound is guided back through a carefully measured series of folded passages, and emerges from apertures left between the sides of the cabinet and the two walls of the corner. In effect, the sound has traveled through a long and correctly

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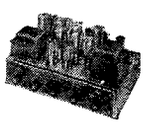

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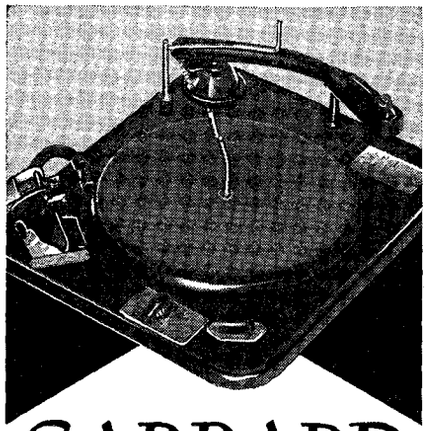

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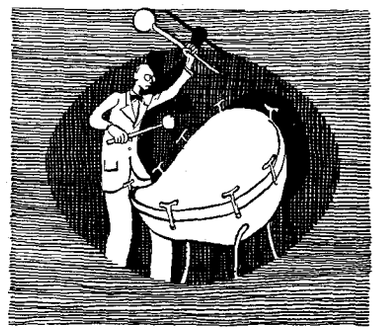
flared horn, giving it a tremendous bass range.

The variations on the Klipsch theory mostly let the woofer generate frontward as well as backward (whether this is good or bad is a controversial matter among the experts, but both sound good to the amateur). This allows small, one-unit speakers to get into the act. This method has been adroitly exploited by Electro-Voice in its "Aristocrat" corner cabinet model. A saucy little device, the Aristocrat is but 30 inches high, 19 inches wide, and 16½ inches deep, and costs only $60. It was designed for use with E-V's $27 12-inch SP12-B speaker, but will work with most good 12-inchers. With the SP12-B, it delivers down to 35 cycles per second, which is as low as anyone need worry about. Developments like these give prospective buyers a little more leeway in the purchase of components other than speakers.



DEAR MR. CONLY: —

Having just read prepublication proofs of "They Shall Have Music" for November, I strongly suspect that Mrs. Roe's letter, Blank Company's behavior, and certain of your remarks may leave your readers with some conclusions contrary to the best interests of high fidelity.

To begin with, there's nothing new about home installation involving separate amplifiers, radio tuners, pickups, record players, or speakers — except that they've been getting better every year. To cite an extreme example of hi-fi's antiquity, a design patent for corner horn speakers was granted to Audak's ingenious Maximilian Weil in 1925. Hi-fi's continuing development is precisely that of automobiles since the Model T and home permanents since the old stove-heated hair curler.

Regarding the upkeep of hi-fi systems, Radio Shack happily reports: the percentage of equipment failures and customer complaints (refunds, replacements, exchanges) is *far lower* in the hi-fi division than in any other segment of our business. There are highly acceptable products available in every price range. All American manufacturers guarantee free parts replacement within ninety days of purchase by the customer, and Hermon Hosmer Scott guarantees *his* products for a full year.

Our policy goes the manufacturer one step further, permitting free repairs (including parts *and* labor) within ninety days of the purchase date. In addition, all equipment is returnable for immediate refund or exchange within ten days. (In view of our policy, it should be clear that Radio Shack is *not* the Blank Company, nor is Mrs. Roe a Radio Shack customer.) I am placing special emphasis upon these points because I know that I speak as well for the majority of our competitors on the selling end of hi-fi.

Our advice to the Mrs. Roes of this world is to investigate the reliability of the company with which they are doing business *and* the manufacturers whose products they purchase. Trade advertisements, Dun & Bradstreet, consumer publications, and the advice of technically-minded friends are just a few of the resources open to everyone.

Hi-fi is tried, tested, and approved for performance and economy as advertised. We are amazed and chagrined to think your impressive audience will be exposed to the notion that one bad apple can spoil this particular barrel.

Sincerely yours,

LEWIS KORNFELD
Radio Shack Corporation

* * *

Microgroove recording is now in its fourth year — and about 150 manufacturers are in business. The quantity of their output dismays even dealers, let alone reviewers and shoppers. A record need be in no way obscure to escape notice, and many of merit do. Here are some which shouldn't:

***Bach: The Musical Offering* — "Das Musikalische Opfer"** (Hermann Scherchen conducting nine "soloists"; Westminster: 12" LP). Few American listeners ever heard of Vienna's Herr Scherchen until his fine Haydn recordings began to appear last year. Now they will find he's equally sure-footed with Bach — and this is deep Bach, easily botched. The instrumental chamber-group

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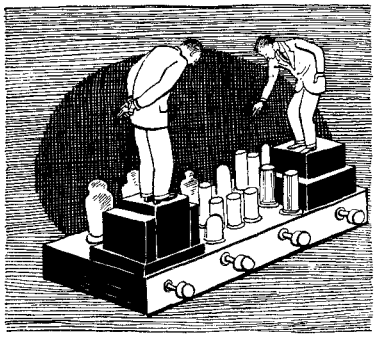
measures up handsomely. Recording: faultless.

Beethoven: Fantasia in C Minor for Piano, Orchestra and Chorus (Friedrich Wuehrer, piano, with Vienna Symphony Orchestra and Akademie Kammerchor, Clemens Krauss conducting), together with **Schubert: Gesang der Geister über den Wassern** (Vienna Symphony Orchestra and State Opera chorus, Krauss conducting; Vox: 12″ LP). Brahms comes inevitably to mind when these works are heard together, for here is Beethoven writing something very like the *Academic Festival Overture* in spirit, while Schubert clearly anticipates the *Song of Destiny*. The performances aren't quite colossal (the Schubert is the better), but the recording is good.

Compenius Organ Album (Finn Viderø playing an organ built by Compenius in 1610 and now in Frederiksborg Castle, Denmark; Gramophone Shop Celebrities Album No. 8: six 12″ 78's). The ancient wooden organ lisps and trills its way with great charm through works of such sixteenth- and seventeenth-century composers as Gibbons, Praetorius, Frescobaldi, Cabezon, and Titelouze. Viderø is a deft organist as well as a musicologist. For those who crave a second helping, there is the GSC Album 8, in which Viderø uses a 1944 baroque-style organ for a straight seventeenth-century program. Recording is by HMV, leaving nothing to be desired.

Debussy: Trois Chansons de Bilitis (Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, with George Reeves, piano;



John Wummer, flute; Laszlo Vargo, cello), together with **Ravel: Chansons Madécasses** (Tourel and Reeves; Columbia: 10″ LP). Until a musically and technically perfect record comes along, this will do nicely.

Gay, John: *The Beggar's Opera* (with separate singing and acting casts, directed by Max Goberman and Frank Papp; Desto: three 12″ LP's in album, with libretto). To ridicule Italian operas about dukes and counts, Gay wrote this one about thieves and "fences"; a sort of "Guys and Dolls of 1728." In 1951, it still sounds crisp and tuneful, containing sixty-nine songs. Recording: good.

Machaut, Guillaume de: Notre Dame Mass (Dessoff Choirs and New York Brass Ensemble, Paul Boepple conducting; Concert Hall: 12″ LP). Written in 1364 for the coronation of Charles V of France, this probably is the first polyphonic Mass all by one composer. It's modified Gregorian, with a good deal of pomp and sonority. Recording: good.

Mendelssohn: Concerto in E for Violin: Accompaniment Only (Carl Lamson, piano; Educational Recording Co., Washington, D.C.: 12″ LP). Here is a chance for the budding violinist to play with Carl Lamson, Kreisler's accompanist for thirty years. Selected short subjects fill out the record, which is the first of a series of accompanist-records this firm plans. Others will include accompaniments for voices, some advanced, some simple.

Mozart: Quintet in A Major (Sidney Forrest, clarinet, with Galimir String Quartet; Lyrichord: 12″ LP). "Take it big" might be the Mozart-playing motto of this ensemble, and the result's invigorating. Lyrichord is featuring Forrest, a young Baltimore clarinetist, in several records, including one of a Hindemith sonata (with Erno Balogh, pianist) which is well worth listening to.

Pre-Baroque Sacred Music (Harvard University Choir, Radcliffe Choral Society, William F. Russell conducting; Festival: 10″ LP). There isn't the faintest glee-club taint about this, and the recording, done in Sanders Theater, is splendid. Composers include Dufay, Byrd, Palestrina, Josquin Desprès, Praetorius.

Villa-Lobos: Bachianas Brasileiras No. 1 and Choros No. 4 and No. 7 (Chamber groups under direction of Werner Janssen; Capitol: 12″ LP). The *Bachianas*, for eight celli, will be familiar to many listeners; the two *choros*, for winds, are less well known but immediately appealing. Another exemplary wide-range West Coast recording.

Alec Wilder Octet (Columbia: 10″ LP or four 45's). Subtle, witty, semi-baroque settings of songs like *Sweet Sue*, featuring harpsichord, flute, and other unlikely instruments. Best number: *Sea Fugue Mama*.

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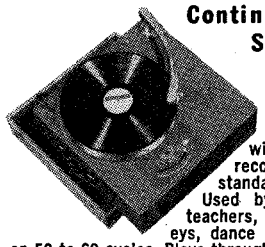

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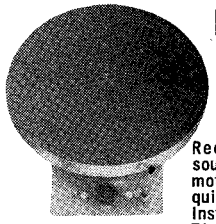

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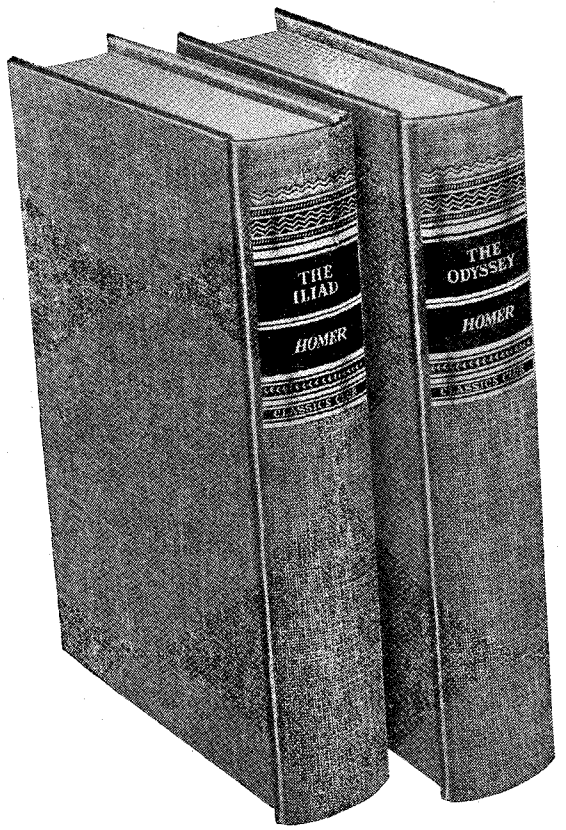

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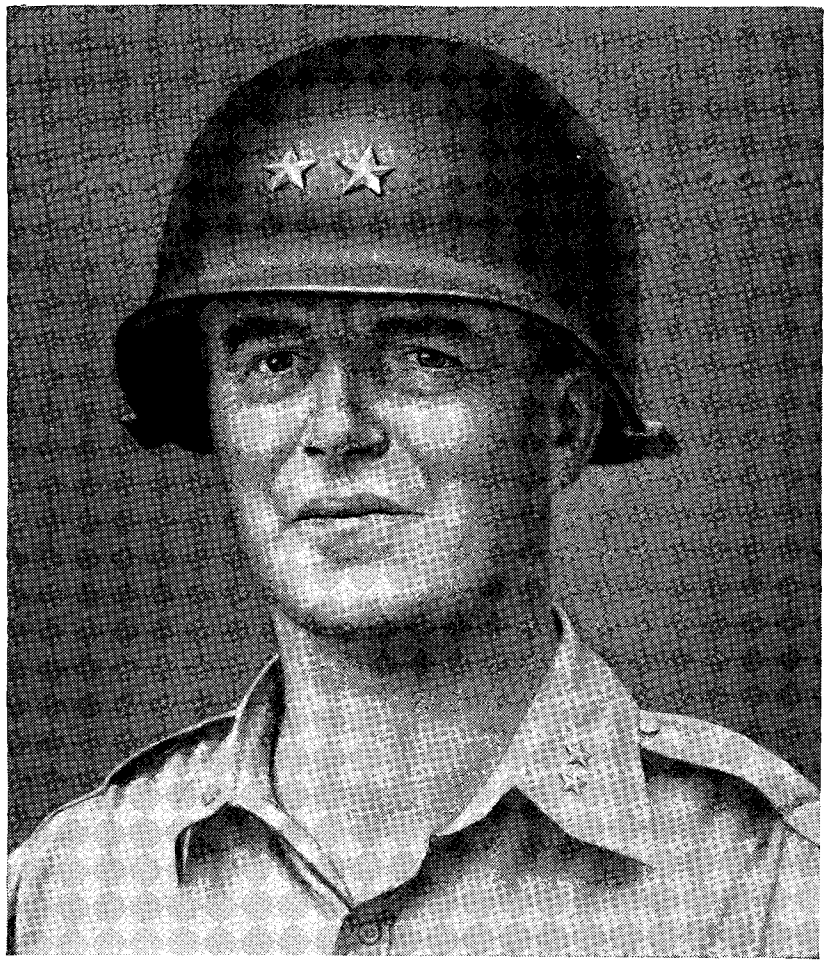
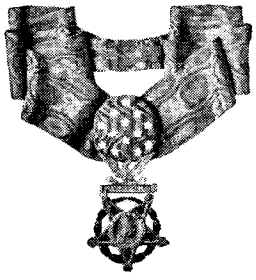


Medal of Honor



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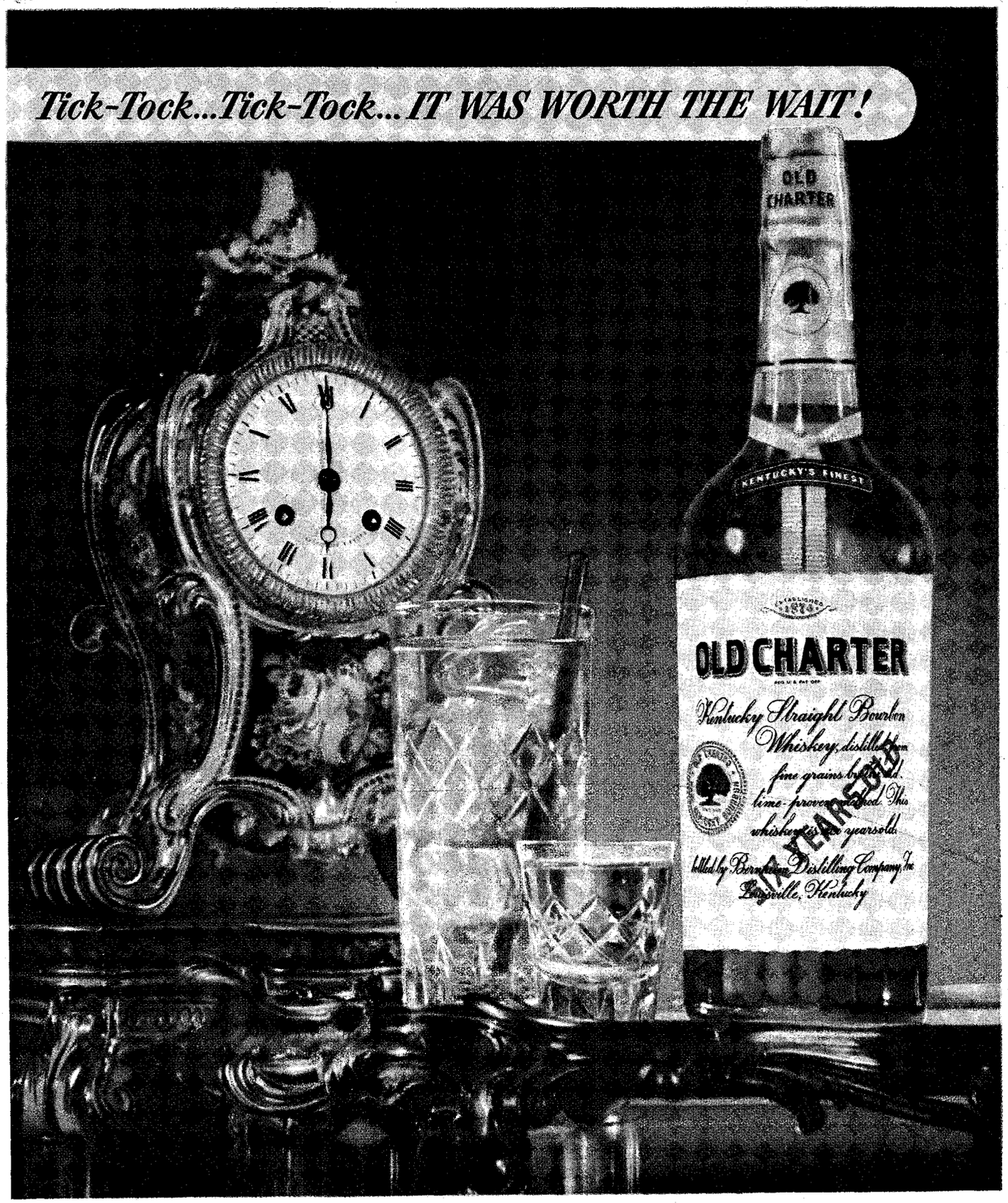

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